

# THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

AUGUST, 1923

## THE ROAD AWAY FROM REVOLUTION<sup>1</sup>

BY WOODROW WILSON

IN these doubtful and anxious days, when all the world is at unrest and, look which way you will, the road ahead seems darkened by shadows which portend dangers of many kinds, it is only common prudence that we should look about us and attempt to assess the causes of distress and the most likely means of removing them.

There must be some real ground for the universal unrest and perturbation. It is not to be found in superficial politics or in mere economic blunders. It probably lies deep at the sources of the spiritual life of our time. It leads to revolution; and perhaps if we take the case of the Russian Revolution, the outstanding event of its kind in our age, we may find a good deal of instruction for our judgment of present critical situations and circumstances.

What gave rise to the Russian Revolution? The answer can only be that it was the product of a whole social system. It was not in fact a sudden thing. It had been gathering head for several generations. It was due to the systematic denial to the great body of Russians of the rights and privileges which all normal men desire and must have if they are to be contented and within reach of happiness. The lives

of the great mass of the Russian people contained no opportunities, but were hemmed in by barriers against which they were constantly flinging their spirits, only to fall back bruised and dispirited. Only the powerful were suffered to secure their rights or even to gain access to the means of material success.

It is to be noted as a leading fact of our time that it was against 'capitalism' that the Russian leaders directed their attack. It was capitalism that made them see red; and it is against capitalism under one name or another that the discontented classes everywhere draw their indictment.

There are thoughtful and well-informed men all over the world who believe, with much apparently sound reason, that the abstract thing, the system, which we call capitalism, is indispensable to the industrial support and development of modern civilization. And yet everyone who has an intelligent knowledge of social forces must know that great and widespread reactions like that which is now unquestionably manifesting itself against capitalism do not occur without cause or provocation; and before we commit ourselves irreconcilably to an attitude

<sup>1</sup> Copyright by the Atlantic Monthly Press, Inc., in the United States of America and in Great Britain. All rights reserved. This essay is now available in permanent form between covers.

of hostility to this movement of the time, we ought frankly to put to ourselves the question, Is the capitalistic system unimpeachable? which is another way of asking, Have capitalists generally used their power for the benefit of the countries in which their capital is employed and for the benefit of their fellow men?

Is it not, on the contrary, too true that capitalists have often seemed to regard the men whom they used as mere instruments of profit, whose physical and mental powers it was legitimate to exploit with as slight cost to themselves as possible, either of money or of sympathy? Have not many fine men who were actuated by the highest principles in every other relationship of life seemed to hold that generosity and humane feeling were not among the imperative mandates of conscience in the conduct of a banking business, or in the development of an industrial or commercial enterprise?

And, if these offenses against high morality and true citizenship have been frequently observable, are we to say that the blame for the present discontent and turbulence is wholly on the side of those who are in revolt against them? Ought we not, rather, to seek a way to remove such offenses and make life itself clean for those who will share honorably and cleanly in it?

The world has been made safe for democracy. There need now be no fear that any such mad design as that entertained by the insolent and ignorant Hohenzollerns and their counselors may prevail against it. But democracy has not yet made the world safe against irrational revolution. That supreme task, which is nothing less than the salvation of civilization, now faces democracy, insistent, imperative. There is no escaping it, unless everything we have built up is presently to

fall in ruin about us; and the United States, as the greatest of democracies, must undertake it.

The road that leads away from revolution is clearly marked, for it is defined by the nature of men and of organized society. It therefore behooves us to study very carefully and very candidly the exact nature of the task and the means of its accomplishment.

The nature of men and of organized society dictates the maintenance in every field of action of the highest and purest standards of justice and of right dealing; and it is essential to efficacious thinking in this critical matter that we should not entertain a narrow or technical conception of justice. By justice the lawyer generally means the prompt, fair, and open application of impartial rules; but we call ours a Christian civilization, and a Christian conception of justice must be much higher. It must include sympathy and helpfulness and a willingness to forgo self-interest in order to promote the welfare, happiness, and contentment of others and of the community as a whole. This is what our age is blindly feeling after in its reaction against what it deems the too great selfishness of the capitalistic system.

The sum of the whole matter is this, that our civilization cannot survive materially unless it be redeemed spiritually. It can be saved only by becoming permeated with the spirit of Christ and being made free and happy by the practices which spring out of that spirit. Only thus can discontent be driven out and all the shadows lifted from the road ahead.

Here is the final challenge to our churches, to our political organizations, and to our capitalists—to everyone who fears God or loves his country. Shall we not all earnestly coöperate to bring in the new day?

# THE CONVERSION OF A SINNER

BY PHILIP CABOT

## I

THIS is a record of personal experience. It is not a system of philosophy nor a theological creed. I make no pretense of proof of the beliefs I state because they are not conclusions reached by conscious logical mental processes. I think them true for me because they produce certain results; they give me more vitality and power and a keener zest for life. They may not be true for any other man, but, unless I am wholly different from all other men, they must contain some truth or light for them.

I begin with the story of another man.

I knew him for several years only as we know our business associates, the men whom we see often at Directors' and Executive Committee meetings; a thin-faced, alert, courteous gentleman, with a deep wrinkle between the eyes and dark circles under them; a mind keen as a rapier, stored with knowledge of life and men, and illuminated with flashes of cynical humor. But it was not until I crossed the continent with him on a tour of corporation inspection that I saw the real man. Revelation began on the train with his humorous side-thrust at my third volume of Gibbon's 'Decline and Fall,' which struck him, an up-state New Yorker, as typical of my Puritan descent, and for long thereafter he used to greet me daily with the question, 'Still Declining and Falling?' To which I had no apt repartee in view of the undoubted fact

that I found the volume of *The Devil's Paw*, by E. Phillips Oppenheim, to which he was wedded, far more amusing.

And then his game of bridge! It was of the fierce predatory type, for a high stake, which sent me 'to the mat' in the second round, hopelessly outclassed. To miss a possible trick caused him a sharp pang, and he rarely did it. But I first caught him without his mask on a morning when, after a night in a small country hotel of western Oregon, I saw him get out of bed — or, rather, the ghost of him. Hollow-eyed, with cheeks fallen in and a temper about as genial as that of a bald hornet, he offered no vestige of a salutation until, after bolting three cups of black coffee and cursing the bellboy because it was not strong enough, he was moved to say, 'Cabot, I can remember the time when one cup of coffee with my breakfast would set me up for the day. Now three on an empty stomach just bring my head above water.'

That was the man without his mask, and I was shocked but hardly surprised to hear, three years later, that he was dead, having been killed by the overturning of his motor while running at the high speed habitual to him.

The incident was shocking but surprise was unwarranted, for the thing was not really an accident: it was implicit in his life. But ten years had elapsed before its full significance dawned upon me. Then, in that inci-

dent I saw myself and some millions of my fellow countrymen mirrored to the life. It was really the picture of a man whose world was not 'God's perfect Universe,' but, in sober fact, a Hell from which his craving to escape drove him to excitement in various forms, of which three cups of black coffee before breakfast were perhaps the most effective and the least harmful. As with most powerful business men in America to-day, his business was not a trade nor an intellectual pursuit, but a game of wild excitement, played day and night, not for money or the advancement of knowledge or the benefit of mankind, but for the excitement of the game itself; and his so-called amusements — bridge, literature, and motoring — were mere variations of the same thing. His whole life was one huge gamble — which he ultimately lost.

The class to which he belonged is limited, but the morbid craving which drove him on can be seen on every hand. Take, for example, the industrial worker. A large fraction of his time and all his savings are spent on strikes which, in the last analysis, amount to a declaration that *his* life, also, is in Hell and that he won't stand it any longer. And this in the face of the fact that his material condition or 'standard of living' is unequalled in the world's history.

Nor is this condition confined to men. Their women-folk, whose natural life is housekeeping, homemaking, and the care of their children, are on strike, too, declaring such work to be 'sordid and degrading,' and seeking escape from it by every means in their power.

All these human souls exhibit the same craving to escape from the slavery of their lives, and they have tried every form of excitement to satisfy their craving, only to find that

like all stimulants they make the craving worse.

No one will deny that relaxation and amusement are necessary for us all; but, in order to see clearly the change which has taken place, compare our forms of amusement with those of fifty years ago. In literature, painting, and music, the classics of our grandfathers are pronounced dull and slow to-day and things with 'more snap to them,' as we phrase it, have taken their place. Not beauty but excitement is what we crave, and this not alone in our sedentary relaxations. In the out-of-doors world our grandfathers, of a Sunday afternoon or on week-days, as opportunity offered, strolling in the woods and fields, acquired an intimacy with the trees, birds, and flowers, which they prized; or they hitched the fat old horse into the carryall, loaded in their children and women-folk, and jogged along the quiet roads at an average of four miles an hour. To-day the woods and fields are deserted, except for the hunter, strung with the thirst to kill, while ten million motor-cars whirl us at blinding speed, over crowded thoroughfares on which we dodge our neighbors with incredible agility and fierce irritation, returning home dazed and exhausted with a record of one hundred miles or so between luncheon and dinner.

If these things be relaxing to the nerves and elevating to the spirit, human nature has changed indeed! They have the earmarks of stimulants, not sedatives; of the fear of life, rather than the love of it. Foreign observers have often remarked with a touch of humor that Americans work hard and hurry over their play. But this is not hurry; it is hysteria — a sort of spiritual madness.

This is the condition of our world which all men recognized — all men,



it seemed, except myself. Slower than most to see the obvious, I am, however, more impatient of a mystery. Most social phenomena have an ascertainable cause or origin. What is the origin of this universal madness?

Physicians and the public-health authorities do, it is true, report an increase in diseases of the nervous system and deaths from heart disease. But the increase is not very great and is wholly insufficient to account for such a condition of mind as we see about us. For this condition is nationwide; a large fraction of our population is affected; clearly this is not exactly a case for the doctors of medicine. We must look elsewhere. Here are some straws that may show where the wind is.

## II

A profound political observer is said to have remarked, many centuries ago, 'He who believeth doth not make haste'; which, being interpreted, means that the man who has a clear purpose in his life, and a firm grasp upon his work, is the master of it, not the sport of circumstance, driven hither and yon by every change of wind. The man who is always in a hurry is the slave of his work.

A recent article by an eminent economist in a well-known quarterly has developed at some length the proposition that the mechanical devices which man has produced have now become so powerful that they have taken command of his material world and made him their servant and their slave. And this is true. Our machines do govern us; the material has overwhelmed the spiritual. The mechanical genius of America has evolved the marvel of 'quantity production,' by which wonderful combinations of machines turn out their product with incredible volume and cheapness. But the men who

feed the machines do so at the price of body and soul. The destruction of these things which we cannot replace is not included in the cost of production. Our captains of industry figure depreciation on their machines, but not on their men. If the depreciation of human souls were included in the cost, 'quantity production' would lose its charm for them, because it would not be cheap.

Quantity production and 'the dominion of machines' are not, however, *inventions* of our Western world; they are *expedients* to which we have been forced by the drying-up of the springs of our spiritual life. The workingman from whom the 'joy of labor' has taken flight, has sought refuge in high living — which he miscalls a high standard of living and which involves high wages to support it. It is in the struggle to avoid a 'labor cost' so high that it would stop production and reduce us to beggary that our complex mechanical and industrial system originated. The root cause is our spiritual poverty, and if Labor now suffers from 'the dominion of machines,' the fault lies at its own door. But, unless some remedy for this can be devised, our machines will wreck our civilization by destroying the race.

And moreover it is clear that this poverty of spiritual life, or loss of Faith, is not confined to America. All Christendom is affected. For note well that the World War was not the special crime of any group of individuals, or of any one nation. Europe drifted into that war because of lack of leadership among nations whose material resources and power had wholly outgrown their spiritual control. And the civilization of Europe to-day, four years after the Armistice, is, according to the most competent observers, upon the verge of collapse. Without Faith the nations perish.

Here then perhaps we have our clue. The conditions which we see around us are conditions of disease, and it is disease of the soul rather than of the body.

Look now at a concrete example: the conditions, material and spiritual, in our American world which drove my friend to his death, had driven me, after twenty-five years of battle, to the verge of it. My soul, like his, had for many years been fed on stimulants and sawdust, and in a final revolt it wreaked its vengeance upon my body, which soon went down in defeat. For eight years more, however, I refused to see it so; fought stubbornly against disease with all the weapons which medical science could provide, but without any real success. I contrived, it is true, to keep myself alive by a system of fierce repression which required me to give up all the normal pleasures of life and almost all human society. But the achievement was of more than doubtful value, so far as I can see, and was due more to the instinct to cling to mere life than to an intelligible purpose.

Early last summer I became interested in considering the power and operation of the subconscious mind, and perceived how much more active, powerful, and important its processes are than those of which we are conscious, known as intellect and will. The examples of the stone and the bicycle and of the six-inch plank in the floor *vs.* the six-inch girder on the skyscraper as footpaths showed the superiority of the subconsciousness to the will; while the quest for the forgotten word demonstrated its faultless memory. The superior quality in some persons of the thinking processes during sleep interested me because it was not true apparently of every one. Then I learned that some healers made their 'suggestions' at night, and remembered that hypnotic influence was based upon

a condition resembling sleep in the patient. I read that M. Coué affirmed that cure by autosuggestion was highly effective; that the suggestions should be made night and morning, and without effort of will.

Of course, the reaction of the soul on the body (malignant or beneficent) had been observed and preached for two thousand years or more. In my own case, I found that if I instructed myself in *spoken words*, at night, just before going to sleep, as to the problems to be dealt with and the pitfalls to be avoided on the next day, great improvement in conduct and achievement could be produced.

After following this procedure for a short time, it came to me that what I was saying was tending to 'degenerate' into prayer, a form of begging to which I had never fallen; and then, with a real shock, that the times of prayer from time immemorial had been morning and evening, the very times fixed by Coué for autosuggestion. Moreover, the method of Coué and the method of prayer taught by the Church were strikingly similar. Both rested their healing power on belief, conviction, *faith* — the surrender or subordination of the will being a first essential.

It then came to me that from the time of Zeno, at least, men of spiritual insight had perceived and declared that God was within us; that the human soul was a part of God; and that it should be sought and would be found within and not without.

With these notions in my head, I looked curiously about me for evidence which would refute or support these assumptions, and *this* struck me as significant. As a whole, the American people appear to fair-minded outsiders to be remarkably unspiritual, material, practical — far more so than their ancestors. In other words, the tendency of the nation — or, at least, of the

upper classes — seemed to be toward materialism, toward building up the mind at the expense of the soul. Such a process would result from starving the soul and feeding the mind, and if, as it seemed to me, the soul and the so-called subconsciousness were closely allied, or were one, it was of vital importance how men spent the last hours before sleep.

Then the remarkable development and spread of the American newspaper hit me, and I realized that although, a hundred years ago, good men read their Bibles before going to bed, to-day they read the newspaper, play bridge or billiards at the Club or after overeating at a friend's house, and, in the morning, get up tired and cross and go to their city business. Obviously, if the soul is nocturnal and has to be fed night and morning, it is being fed on chaff, and the starvation or atrophy which our critics discern is exactly what we should expect.

This idea was supported in my own case by great increase in calmness and poise following a change of routine which put the evening paper before supper and the Bible or its spiritual equivalent after.

Toward the end of August, upon the verge of despair, I went up to my camp in the Connecticut Valley for two weeks of so-called rest, taking along a liberal supply of the 'very light' novels on which I was accustomed to feed, and, by accident, a little book on the *Meaning of Prayer*<sup>1</sup> which a dear friend had given me to read.

It was August, the weather was rather hot and muggy, life looked very bleak, though fortunately not very long, for me, and the novels for a space went well. But after a few days even E. Phillips Oppenheim could not hold my attention, and one hot morning, throwing down the book in despair, my

eye fell on the *Meaning of Prayer*. I began to browse on it with a vacant mind which rapidly changed to an absorption so complete that I was keenly annoyed by the arrival of lunch-time, three hours later. That afternoon I went back to Oppenheim but, finding him intolerable, took up again *The Meaning of Prayer* with a rather sheepish feeling to be reading such a book. The hours of the afternoon, however, vanished as those of the morning, and supper was another unwelcome interruption — a remarkable fact for a man living on a starvation diet, in whom the pangs of hunger were never quenched.

After supper I sat down to think. This thing looked serious. Here was I for the first time in my life bored with novels and absorbed in worship. Was this the first stage of conversion or the madness which precedes death?

### III

After a few days of this sort, during which I experimented and examined my sensations with scientific coldness, I was convinced that I was not mad. Something different was in process. It seemed that in worship, or prayer, and in my Bible, the solution to the riddle of my universe had been revealed to me; for I was living in a new world of peace, beauty, and gladness, such as I had never conceived. I was devouring the Sacred Books with the hunger of a starving man; the material world with its harassing duties, dangers, and excitements had faded on the horizon, and my wreck of a body (to maintain which in operation at all had been taking most of my time and all of my will-power) seemed a wholly secondary matter which was looking after itself very well.

That condition has continued except that I have returned to the world

<sup>1</sup> By HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK.

of men, taken up again my daily chores with the keenest interest and with a sureness of touch and an absence of worry and excitement to which all my associates can testify, and my health has continued to improve in a remarkable way. My experience was, I think, a sort of 'conversion,' though not of the usual type; for subsequent reading has taught me that the sensations of genuine conversion of the explosive type, such as often occurs to those in middle life, are so ecstatic and ineffable as to be beyond the power of man to describe. Certainly it has never been done. Adjective is piled on adjective, as Ossa on Pelion, but no clear picture results; and as to what might be called normal conversion, of the sort which comes to thousands during adolescence, it is apparently such an easy and painless process as to escape observation, and so descriptive analysis, in most cases. I conclude, therefore, that mine was not a genuine conversion, for the process was perfectly conscious and easily described.

Sitting in my great cool living-room, with the humming of the bees and the sound of the river in my ears; rowing on the river at sunrise; mowing my grass or weeding my garden, or even while putting on my boots, ideas would pop into my mind and automatically fit themselves in with other ideas like the pieces of a picture puzzle. Sometimes they took places apparently without reference to the ideas already there, and for days would hang in space so to speak. But gradually the gaps were filled in and the picture became complete.

At the time, the process seemed miraculous and I had the feeling of being controlled by an external power; but, as I was spending much time in reading the Bible, *The Meaning of Prayer*, *Varieties of Religious Experience*, and other books on philosophy,

I now see that the ideas gleaned from these books and sinking into my subconscious mind were simply reappearing after the process of assimilation had reached a certain stage. My mind wandered very much, concentration was never achieved, and it is certain that no reasoning process produced the final result. It was mainly subconscious, but, by a gradual process extending over some weeks, a clear picture was produced, the picture of the relation of my soul to all other souls, and thus to the Whole, the Infinite, or God — Who is the sum of all.

I use the word picture and refer to it as 'seen,' but it is a thing of feeling and not of vision, a synthesis or harmony of the universe, which belongs rather in the realm of music. Life is like a great chorus in which each soul has its certain place. If it finds that place and fills it, it is happy and successful — it lives in Heaven; otherwise it is unhappy and lives in Hell.

Our modern world has its gains as well as its losses, and one of the gains is that it has accustomed us to miracles and we see them for what they are — merely as effects, of which we do not know the cause, but which produce results on which we can rely. My conversion, therefore, while miraculous, did not excite me, for even at first it seemed far more credible and normal than the atomic theory, for example, or electrical phenomena, such as alternating currents, telephones, and wireless; and, as I have examined at more leisure and with more thoroughness what took place, I think I see in it the normal working of cause and effect, based upon laws which are of twin birth with man; a part of the Law of the universe, but one which each of us must painfully rediscover for himself. The truth which has always been known had just dawned upon me, namely, that there is a material body

and a spiritual body; that the spiritual body, in other words the soul, must be tended and fed as well as the material body, and that worship of God by prayer is the method by which it is fed. Without such feeding it will die and, in my case, a starved or ill-nourished soul had produced almost fatal reactions upon my body. The results, therefore, which we see on every hand, of feeding our souls on stimulants and sawdust, — namely, disease and death, — seem to me exactly what we should expect, and the miracles of healing by Christian faith are the normal working of cause and effect. For I take the heart of that faith to be that belief in God, shown by love and obedience to His will, gives men the power to draw strength and life from God.

And there is another way of stating the same thing which I find useful. If I assume that God is Love, Goodness, and Truth, — or, if you prefer, the Harmony of the universe, — I find that He is also Life. For Love, Goodness, and true ideas in the mind do, I find, give me vitality and working power. I find, for example, — and so do other men, — that worship revives and invigorates me, while anger, hatred, and jealousy exhaust and depress. In short, God is Truth and Truth is Life, while sin and error are untruth and so 'not Life.' So far as action is governed by fear or sin it tends to become automatic, a reflex from a false premise in the subconscious, and to that extent the soul has atrophied and died; while action based on true spiritual motives makes the soul more alert, that is, more alive. Sin is a perversion of the soul, like cancer in the cells of the body, and if not eradicated it will slowly eat its way through the whole structure and kill it.

The Christian faith, put at its very lowest, is a working hypothesis like the Law of Gravity, the theories of

electricity, astronomy, and physics. In all these cases, if the hypothesis works, by explaining the facts we observe, we adopt and use it. These are acts of faith and appear to me more questionable, far less supported by evidence and far more difficult to believe than the Christian's faith in God. Our faith in God, in the power of His love, and in the life-giving results of obedience and surrender to His will, is supported by the whole history and experience of man. It has been tested and proved, not hundreds but literally millions of times. If evidence from experience can prove anything, it has proved this. It is really amazing what hard work we make of it. Men are skeptical about God because they cannot see him. It is quite respectable to be so. But are they skeptical about an 'alternating current,' or a telephone message, or an atom, because they cannot see it? They would not dare to say so. Times have changed. Five hundred years ago the position was exactly reversed. To confess skepticism about God would send a man to the stake, while all respectable persons thought Columbus was crazy and that of course the world was flat. Now we seem to be ruled by science and machinery. A man may be as skeptical as he will about the power of God, or what is far worse, may not bother his head about it in any least degree; but to question the atomic theory or the law of gravity or the justice of the prevailing industrial system will cause his neighbors to shake their heads.

To-day we deify the intellect and are skeptical about God; but the mystic of the Middle Ages was an example of skepticism of another sort. We usually class as skeptics the men of high intelligence and learning who worship the mind and doubt the existence of God because the mind cannot grasp and ex-



press Him; while the mystic, seeing the proof of God in the whole universe about him, and the wisdom of yesterday proved the folly of to-day, was skeptical about the power of the intellect to grasp and describe the Infinite, but believed in God because he saw His works.

And, therefore, it is clear to me that the true remedy — in fact, the only one — for the ills from which we suffer is a revival of our faith in God. Our lives are torn to rags and tatters by the whirling nebulae of disconnected activities which fill our days, resulting so often in a final explosion from the centrifugal forces generated by such rapid rotation. Vivid faith will centralize or polarize our lives, giving them a central motive — the service of God — which will unify our efforts, making them more effective and relieving us of the killing strain of heterogeneous action. Faith will construct for each of us the great girders binding the rim of the wheel to its centre, which will be strong enough to resist the pull of centrifugal forces and enable the machine to do its work.

The miracles of science are 'seen' by their results, which we accept without question. We believe them, we say, because they work. But does not our belief in God 'work'? I believe it to be the most dynamic thing in the world! It works more, and more powerfully, than all the works of man. Millions have put it to the test of experience and their lives testify to its truth. What more could be asked in God's name or the Devil's? No law of which we have any conception is so completely and convincingly proved. No rational man, therefore, it seems to me, *who will give his mind to it and will examine the evidence*, can remain in doubt that God is the source of life and that by faith — that is, love and obedience to His will — man can draw life from

that source. The reason that so many men doubt is because they have never looked at the evidence. It is time they did.

#### IV

But how shall we achieve and hold to our faith? Discussions of this problem are as old as man, being discoverable in the oldest books of the Bible, in the teachings of the Greek philosophers, in the Neo-Platonists, in the writings of the Fathers of the Church, and of all the mystics. But each generation prefers to restate its truths, and the discussion best suited to the need of our times, as I see it, is in Hocking's book, *The Meaning of God in Human Experience*.

Briefly stated, what Hocking says is this. There is in this universe a God all-powerful and all-wise, and the existence of man depends upon so regulating or tuning the individual life as to act in harmony with the divine plan. It is the will of God that man should devote much of his time in this world to accomplishing material work; but God's universe is so devised that too great absorption in material ideas, as the result of which they come to be regarded as ends in themselves, produces a subtle poison, or toxin, which saps man's energy, makes these ends appear worthless and thus deprives life of its zest. This is a necessary result of the fact that man, being human, all his efforts must contain a certain coefficient of error which, if allowed to continue for too long a time without correction, will make his course wholly wrong and all his efforts futile. The way to correct the error, the antidote or antitoxin for the poison, is to set aside for a time all material work, and to concentrate attention on God, the spiritual centre of the universe. Just as the sea captain corrects his course by daily observations of the sun, the



centre of the solar system, so man must correct his course at frequent intervals by transferring his attention to God by means of worship or prayer. After the corrections have been made — that is, after God has indicated to him his true course — man's attention must be retransferred to the temporal world and its material duties. This transfer and retransfer is the principle of alternation so illuminatingly stated in Hocking's book.

It seems to me, therefore, that the method or technique by which this is accomplished *must be* the most important study of man; for in proportion to the completeness of his success in devising a method for real communion with God will be his power to tune his life in harmony with the Law of God, with the consequent ability to draw that vitality and power to make himself a useful servant, which is the purpose of life and the only source of happiness and success.

Unfortunately the human soul is the most lonely thing of which we can conceive. No 'communion of souls' is possible in the deepest sense — only communion with God. No human soul can touch any other soul except through the medium of God, so that the method of communion or worship must be unique for each individual and he must discover it for himself. But there are certain general principles which are of universal validity and which are the foundation on which the individual may build. All are as old as man and antiquity is the proof of their validity. But modern science has done much to explain their origin and force and should be accepted for what it can give. The fact that our material and mechanical discoveries may for the moment have overwhelmed us should not blind us to their value. An all-wise God has not willed these developments without a purpose. Our spiritual progress is

temporarily in arrears, but the day will dawn when we shall have regained such spiritual mastery as will put these machines in their proper place.

Now the practice of worship by prayer can be approached in many ways, and nothing is more striking, or at first more baffling, than the different ways in which praying men approach it. One of the hindrances most often met with is the argument of those who think of prayer as asking for things, that a wise and loving God knows what we need before we ask for it, and will give us what is good for us. But we must remember that in communion with God, as with individuals, 'the question which has not been asked cannot be answered.' Until we are *prepared to receive* God's gift, that is, until the thing we ask for has become a dominant desire of our lives, our prayer for it *cannot* be answered. We may pray for an understanding of God's love, but until we have firmly grasped the meaning of the Commandment 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself,' and have an earnest desire to obey it, our prayer for the needful strength must go unanswered.

It is in this aspect of prayer that modern psychology can help us. From time immemorial men have prayed morning and evening and now we know the reason why. Most of our actions and all of the internal functions of our bodies are controlled, not by the intellect and the will, but by the subconscious. The spring of action, whether in our daily judgments or in our digestive metabolism, is inaccessible to the intellect and the will except through the subconscious. The subconscious holds the key. We can, in fact we must, communicate with the subconscious through the intellect controlled by will; all action by the subconscious must originate in the conscious mind, but the conscious mind

cannot control the act. It is to the application of this law that the miracles of healing by suggestion and faith are due, and moreover it has recently been proved that there are what might be called tides in the subconscious; that is, that there are times at which it is nearer to the surface or more accessible than at others, and that for most people these times are morning and evening — the ancient times of prayer.

The value of this principle in its application to prayer is this: in order to get our dominant desire made effective in our lives, we *must use the subconscious*; an important aspect of prayer is the clear and explicit instruction of the subconscious as to what we intend to be our dominant desire in order that it may be accomplished. I find, therefore, that for me an important part of the preparation for worship is the soliloquy, night and morning, in which I definitely instruct my subconscious as to the results of my conscious thinking about my daily life. Before praying for grace to love our neighbors we must first grasp what we mean by that, wherein we fail, and what is in fact our dominant desire about it. This desire we must clearly communicate to the subconscious to be made effective. Then our prayer for the needed grace can be and will be answered — but not before.

And there is another way in which the new psychology has enlightened me. The great class of mental disorders from which men suffer, known as the phobias, can often, we are now told, be attacked successfully if the cause of the fear can be discovered. The destructive power of fear seems to be due to the fact that it originates in instinct and is not grasped by the mind. If the origin of the phobia can be dragged out into the sunlight of the mind, it loses its power and dies like the disease-germ when exposed to the sun. And this

same principle can be applied, I think, to our sins and false ideas, by soliloquy or prayer. Self-examination and confession are in fact the ancient application and use of this principle which we have just discovered.

This is supported by what we know of the practice of the men who have made prayer the most powerful agent or working force in their lives. 'Chinese' Gordon, for example, writes, 'This morning I dragged Agag out into the presence of the Lord and hacked him to pieces' — Agag being used by him for a symbol of his own worldly ambitions.

Of course, soliloquy of this sort is not exactly prayer; it is rather the preparation for prayer by laying the foundation for dominant desire, but such a dominant desire, expressed in the constant work of our lives, is a prerequisite of worship and effective prayer.

I think we must admit that the verbal prayers of confession, humiliation, and self-abasement resemble soliloquy more than prayer, and they must be practised with discretion. For the sick soul to dwell upon its sickness is likely to make the sickness worse by concentrating too much attention on it. Mind cure, or the religion of healthy-mindedness is most vital for the sick — which explains the well-known fact that only the very saintly should dwell upon their sins. But that such prayers may be very helpful and profoundly important is proved by the calming and cleansing reaction which they certainly produce, so that perhaps we ought not to be too critical in making an exact distinction.

The miraculous cures that have been accomplished by the disciples of mind-cure, Christian Science, and autosuggestion seem to me to result from a method which is in fact common to all of them, although it has been obscured by superficial differences which have

been overemphasized. Each of them has developed a formula or method by which the mind of the patient is concentrated on the conception of health, at times and in ways which successfully transfer this image to the seat of action in the subconscious. This concentration is the secret of their success, and I am tempted to believe that the miracles of healing of all times rest upon the same foundation. The simplest and perhaps most effective example is the formula of M. Coué repeated twenty times night and morning.

Now it is impossible for me to doubt that if the same concentration can be achieved in Christian prayer, similar but more far-reaching curative results will be produced. I hold that the great problem for each of us in developing the technique of prayer is to ascertain exactly by what method such concentration upon the symbols of his faith can be produced in his individual soul.

## V

Our daily prayer, however, and the method of preparation for it, is not, I think, the most important form of worship by means of prayer. The deepest form of worship is communion with God in order that our souls may be fed and the course of our lives directed in true accord with His will. For this the 'Seeing Eye' and the 'Listening Ear' must be developed by an utter concentration of all our spiritual powers — which requires time. Silent attention, with every spiritual sense alert, is the attitude of the worshiper who would hear the word of God.

In developing individual technique, the practice of the great mystics in their preparation for revelation furnishes some guidance. It was a process, occupying days or even weeks, by which the worshiper divested himself one by

one of all his bodily and material desires and interests, using the intellect and the will to their uttermost limits, until, having eliminated every thought but the love of God, and with his whole personality concentrated on that conception, he made the final leap, surrendering absolutely to the will of God and becoming merged in complete communion. Something of this sort must take place, I think, in every individual when, turning away from his material work, he seeks that alternation, or communion with his God, which is necessary for his soul's life. The method of preparation for this must be unique in every case. Some will find the best environment in their church, as the greatest symbol of their spiritual life; some in the star-lit heavens; some in gazing at the blue or snow-capped mountain, outlined against the sky, or the lonely desert, or the endless sea. It was the habit of Jesus, when he prayed, to go into the wilderness.

In the course of years, each man must learn, at the peril of his spiritual life, where and how best to develop the seeing eye and the listening ear and, having done so, he must frequently submerge himself in these conditions and surrender himself to silent worship. Obviously, however, this is not a condition of body and mind which can be attained by the worshiper in a few moments or a few hours. It is on a wholly different plane from the level of our daily lives. This process of 'alternation,' vital as it is, takes so long a time that it can be accomplished only at considerable intervals, and, for most men, can never become a part of their daily lives. The periods when we turn to God to adjust our spiritual courses must be systematic and periodic, but can hardly be daily. Such of us as are intended to do material rather than spiritual work must do it with such insight as our daily praying

can afford, sustained and corrected *at intervals more or less widely separated* by periods of retirement and complete concentration on worship. Two things, therefore, become of vital import: that the technique of our daily prayer should be developed with such earnestness and intelligence as to make it as powerful as possible in the support and guidance of our daily work; and that the periodic 'alternations' should be sacredly observed, adequately protected, and, by the use of the highest skill possible to us, rendered as fruitful as our spiritual power will permit. Special periods must be set aside for them, with which nothing, not even illness, should interfere. In fact, if we fall ill such an alternation may prove to be the proper cure.

As a nation we surely have the vacation habit; men in all walks of life, even to the lowest, now take vacations liberally. But how do we spend them? Some of us alternate our city lives with a few weeks at a 'Summer Resort,' where jazzing and the movies, with fireworks and violent exercise, constitute our 'relaxations.' Others pack their wives and children into a motor-car, grasp the wheel, and proceed to tear off more miles per hour for more hours per day than any normal being ever before imagined. There are a favored few who can retire to great and beautiful country estates, and who do so for months on end. But even then they do not seek a revival and re-orientation of the soul. The same

round of material occupation goes on. We live in a burdensome luxury and in a whirl of social dissipation. The great American country houses are as laborious to manage as a summer hotel. Such an environment is not the atmosphere of high spiritual life.

Something far removed from this must be devised. The wise old Roman Catholic Church has offered one solution. For laymen as well as for priests it provides places of retreat; places of dignified and spiritual symbolism, to which the spiritually exhausted man may retire for a period of fasting and prayer, to cleanse and call home his spirit and prepare himself to serve again his God in the material world. Something of this sort is obviously necessary for us all as a beginning, and from this each soul must build up for itself, with its highest skill and will-power, a method of cleansing and purification which shall make possible a true communion with God.

Such a method of developing and feeding the spiritual body seems to me to be the cure for that disease of the soul from which I and many of my fellow men are suffering. It will, I think, cure the spiritual madness which I tried at the beginning to describe, and may enable us to save our tottering civilization by regaining control of the great scientific, mechanical, and industrial processes which have deprived us of liberty, the pursuit of happiness, and, almost, of life itself.

# THE TO-DAY TO-MORROW

BY MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE

## I

STRANGER, you say you ain't been in the mountains of West Virginia so very long? Then I reckon you ain't heard all the tales the fellers tells about Tony Beaver, and that log camp of his'n up Eel River.

Well, *sirs!* Tony he cert'nly *is* a great cuss! And if you'll set a spell now, and spread your years, I'll pour a tale into 'em about how Tony hitched that powerful yoke of oxen he's got him up Eel River onto the wheels of time, and had time running all up and down the days, back'ards and for'ards, whichsoever way he said for it to go.

I reckon that was about one of the *most myrac'lous* things Tony ever pulled off — and dangerous too when you come to study on it; and yit he done it all for nothing in this world but to satisfy a child, what was jest a little feller going on five years old.

That little feller, he used to play round Tony's log camp. He had a crippled foot and could n't walk so very good, so all the hands used to tote him; but his fav'rite riding place was Tony Beaver's shoulder, and I jest b'lieve he thought Tony pulled the sun up with a string in the morning, and let her run down agin at night. Seemed like Tony he tuck a dee-light in doing all sorts of onusual things to please that child.

Maybe you've seen fellers take a bucket of water and swing it round so fast that never a drop will drap out? Well, Tony he went 'em one better'n that. When he got his bucket going

good, he stopped it right *spang upside down* over his head, and not a drop spilled! I'll be dogged if *I* know how the feller done it! And the hands they was all jest carried away by the sight; but that kid, he never batted a eye. 'I knowed *you* could do it Tony!' he says.

'Yes, *sir*, fellers!' he says, telling 'em all, 'Tony Beaver *he* kin do it all right!'

Well, that little feller's faith in him tickled Tony right much. It was a kind of a offset to ole Preacher Moses Mutters, what was allus a-hanging round camp, and sing-singing out, 'You *can't* do it, Tony — it's ergin reason!'

Mutters wa'n't that preacher feller's real name, that was jest a way the hands all had of calling him, 'cause he was allus muttering round, and so gloomy like. That ole brother, he set a great store by reason, and he was mightily outdone by all the *on*reasonable jobs Tony pulled off up Eel River. So thar Tony was sorter betwixt the two of 'em. The preacher allus tuning up, 'You *can't* do it, Tony — it's ergin reason'; and the little feller, jest looking at him so trustful, and saying, 'I knowed *you* could do it, Tony!'

Well then, one day, that little feller he tuck down sick, and when Tony got the word of it, he jest fa'rly tore up Jack till he got ahold of the finest doctor in the county. The doc', he come up Eel River, and went up Flint Holler, whar the little feller lived in a log cabin with his mammy, and he looked the young-un all over, and had



him to put out his tongue, and all like that, and then he dosed him some, and 'lowed he'd be all right to-morrow.

'I'll be all right to-morrow,' the little feller says, saying it after him mighty trustful like.

Well, Stranger, right then and thar was whar all the trouble commenced. The next morning when Tony went up Flint Holler, and round Hare Hill, to the little feller's cabin, he found the young-un all in a turrible fret.

Tony, he come right inside — though it's the truth, he don't like to go under a roof, or tromp on sawed boards — and steps over to the bed, whar the little feller was laying all kivered up under a quilt of the Rising Sun pattern.

'Hey now! What's the trouble, Buddy?' Tony asks him.

'I can't git better, Tony,' the little feller says kinder pitiful.

'Why, Honey, the doc' said you'd be better to-day,' Tony tells him.

'No, Tony! no!' the young-un says, all wrought up; 'he said I'd be better to-morrow!'

Tony he busts out with a great laugh at that. 'Why, Honey,' he says, 'to-day is to-morrow!'

'No, it *ain't*, Tony!' that little buddy answers him back. 'This ain't to-morrow — it's jest *to-day*! An — an —' he says, all filling up to cry, 'how kin *to-day* be to-morrow? We can't find to-morrow, Tony. Mammy and me been a-looking and looking all night for it, but to-day jest kep' right on, and on, and never *did* git to be to-morrow! I want to-morrow, Tony,' he says, crying; 'I can't git better till it comes.'

Thar you see how it was, Stranger — the young-un had got all balled up in his mind, and jest *could n't* git it figgered out that to-day was to-morrow. And when you come to study it over, you'll see thar was some sense in what he said, for it cert'nly is *so*, Stranger — to-day *ain't* to-morrow — it jest nat-

cherly *can't* be! But if it ain't, then whar *is* to-morrow? Even watching it very close, a person can't hardly say when to-day quits and to-morrow commences. And it's the truth, I don't know myself if to-day ever *does* git to be to-morrow — so it wa'n't no wonder that sick child was kinder twisted up over it.

'No, Tony! No! To-day's *to-day* — it *ain't* to-morrow!' he kep' on saying to everything Tony told him. 'I can't git better till it's to-morrow — *you* git to-morrow for me,' he says putting his hand in Tony's so trustful like; '*you* kin do it easy, Tony!'

Well now I reckon that was jest about the biggest job Tony Beaver ever had handed out to him. But he ain't never the feller to turn a job down 'count of it's looking big, so he scratched his head a spell, and then he says, 'Well Buddy, I'll do the best I kin.' And then he come on back to camp to figger how he was to do it.

Ole Brother Mutters 'lowed the way was to set up all night with the little feller, and when the clock struck twelve to tell him now it was to-morrow. 'That's the reasonable way of doing it, Tony,' he says.

'But the reasonable way ain't *my* way,' Tony tells him. 'And more'n that, you know I ain't never a hand to go under a roof and tromp on sawed boards.'

Howsomever the hands all 'lowed Brother Mutters was right, and they got Tony pusuaded to try that way, though he done it ergin his better jedgment.

Well, that night Tony he went up Flint Holler to the little feller's cabin, and fetched hisself in a big gray rock — what still had some moss hanging on it — to set on; for Tony he never will set in a cheer. And he told the little boy that to-morrow would be along late in the night, and he'd be thar to ketch it.

So the little feller went on to sleep mighty trustful and satisfied; and Tony sets down on his gray rock by the fire, and dozes along till it come nigh midnight. Then he tiptoes over to the bed, and whispers that to-morrow would be thar when the clock struck.

'*When the clock strikes!*' The little feller whispers back in a kind of a sacred voice, like he was at prayer-meeting. 'O Tony!' he says, 'let me set in your lap! I want to be setting thar when to-morrow comes.'

So Tony he wraps the Rising Sun quilt round him, and sets down on his gray rock, with the little feller on his knee — and I reckon it was a funny sight to see Tony Beaver setting under a roof!

Well, after a little bit, the clock commenced to wheeze like it was cl'aring its throat for sumpin big, and fetches out twelve strokes, and Tony hollers, 'Here's your to-morrow, honey!'

The little feller looks all about him, up at the joists, and down at the floor, and then back ergin at the clock, and seems like he was kinder blank, like he'd expected to-morrow to jump out from somewhares and be different.

'Is it to-morrow, Tony?' he asks, sorter doubtful.

'Yes, *sure* it is!' Tony says. 'And now to-day you'll git better.'

Well right thar Tony slipped up. He sure oughter of knowed better'n to say that to-day word.

'You said *to-day!*' the little feller hollers out, ketching him right up. 'And this *is* to-day, it *ain't* to-morrow! Tony, you *fooled* me!' And with that he busts out crying like his very heart was broke. 'Put me back in bed,' he says. 'You fooled me, Tony, I — I don't want to set on your lap no more.'

## II

Well, that pretty nigh killed Tony, and he come on back to camp fa'rly

raging. He give one holler that fetched all the hands out of the bunk-house on the jump, and standing up thar in the moonlight, looking powerful tall, he told 'em all what had happened.

'And *that's* what comes of *me* going under a roof, and trying to be reasonable! And *now,*' he hollers out, 'I'm *done* with reason! And by the sap of all the white oak trees running in spring, and by the breath of the gray rocks, I'll fine me a *on*reasonable way of doing it!'

You better b'lieve all the hands kep' mighty still at that, for they knowed better'n to cheep when Tony busts loose with them cuss words. But course Brother Mutters had to tune up.

'Yer *can't* do it, Tony! Yer can't put *back* the wheels of time, and yer can't put 'em for'ard neither!'

'I can't, can't I!' Tony hollers at him. And with that he let loose sech a blast of a look at that preacher, that I reckon it would of blowed him right off the bank, and down into Eel River itself, if Big Henry, what's one of Tony's stoutest hands, had n't of seen it coming, and ketched ahold of the ole feller jest in time.

'Yoke up them oxen of mine!' Tony hollers out, and all hands jumped like he'd cracked a pistol.

Now, Stranger, them oxen of Tony's air jest about the *most* monstrous animals the world ever *did* see. Maybe you recollect a ole song that runs kinder like this, —

Tony Beaver had a ox,  
I mind the day that he was born;  
It tuck a jay bird seven years  
To fly from horn to horn.

Well I jest b'lieve that's nothing in this world but a dog-goned lie. But I know them beasts must be all out of the common, or folks would n't tell sech tales about 'em.

Well, when they fetched 'em round, Tony he tuck a powerful stout log

chain, and hitched one end of it to they yoke, and without saying nuthing to nobody, he went off into the woods with the t'other end. The chain it onwound, and onwound, and went crawling away into the bresh after Tony Beaver, looking like the biggest nastiest kind of a snake a person ever *did* see. After a right smart spell, the chain it quit onrolling and lay still, 'cept that every once in a while, it'd give a kind of a jerk, like Tony was fooling with it at the t'other end.

But whoop-ee! — all to onct that chain it give a powerful jump and commenced to run back outer the woods like the dogs was after it! Then d'rectly there come the awfulest kind of a battle betwixt Tony Beaver and that log chain. Course the hands they could n't see nuthing 'cept the chain's end of it — but that was a plenty! The dog-goned thing it wriggled and wrastled, and lashed itself up and down, hither and yon, like it was fighting for all it was wuth to bust loose and git on outer them woods. And every now and ergin it'd hump itself up in the middle, like you've seen a inch worm do, and strain and strain to pull free that away. But in the end Tony he won, and after another turrible thrashing and lashing of itself, that jest natcherly cut the bresh all to pieces anywhares near, and even felled a couple of white oak trees, the chain 'peared to give up and lay still — 'cept that it was trembling like a person with the ague.

And you better b'lieve all hands stood back outer the way, looking on with all the looks they had, for you *know*, Stranger, it must of been sumpin' mighty onnatural that would make cold iron carry on that away.

Well, after a spell, Tony come on back outer the woods, with the sweat jest a running off'n him.

'Thar now, *that's* fixed!' he says, kinder panting like.

And not a one of the hands dast to ask him *what* was fixed, for they knowed dog-goned well it must of been sumpin' turrible strange that would draw the sweat on Tony Beaver.

Tony looks around at 'em all, and he says, 'One end of that chain's hitched to the wheels of time, and the t'other's hitched to them beasts — and *now* I 'll have time going to suit me!'

And with that he spits on his hands and ketched aholt of his raw-hide whip, that's got a lash to it pretty nigh half a mile long, and he swirls it out and cracks it, *Pough!* And them oxen, they bowed they heads and heaved into the yoke. And they heaved, *and they heaved* — but nuthing did n't happen.

'Yer *can't* do it, Tony! It's ergin reason!' ole Brother Mutters sings out.

'Man! I'm *done* with reason!' Tony hollers back at him. And this time Big Henry wa'n't quick enough, and the blue-lightning look Tony shot at that preacher blowed him clean off'n the ground, and landed him down in a bresh pile a right smart piece away.

And Tony he cracks his whip ergin, and hollers 'Yer-r—*rup!*' at the team. The crack of that whip was like a thunderclap in cl'ar weather, and that holler of Tony's went bounding on down Eel River, chipping the rocks off from side to side, till it jest natcherly bounced out in the levels at the fur end. And *Great Day in the Morning!* Them beasts went for'ards, and the *wheels of time commenced to turn!*

Well, *sirs!* When that happened, Stranger, they say it was like the whole world had busted loose from her breaks, and it made the stoutest hand thar reel like he had the blind staggers — all, that is, 'cept Tony. It ketched ole Brother Mutters in the stomick, and he fell over acrost a stump, and commenced to give up his victuals.

'Whoop-ee! I got her going!' Tony sings out. 'By the breath of the gray

rocks! I got time going to suit me now!

But hold and below! It wa'n't more'n the shake of a lamb's tail 'fore Tony seen he'd slipped up bad. Dogged if he had n't them beasts headed wrong, and what do you reckon! 'Stead of pulling down the to-morrow he was after, he commenced fetching up yesterday, and the day before, and then d'rectly it was last week, and in a nother pair of seconds it was last month itself! Well, sirs! that was jest a little more'n the hands could stand, and they all busts out hollering at Tony to quit.

Stranger, did you ever see the past fetched back into the present?

Well, I ain't neither, and I ain't craving to. You see like it is — we looks down the past through a kind of a haze, like them pretty blue mists you'll see hanging over the mountains in Indian summer weather, and everything looks mighty meller and nice through it. But when Tony set time to vomiting up them yesterdays that way, they come up into the cold light of the present all mother-naked as you might say, and it was a *turrible* sight to see 'em. Big Henry seen hisself drunk last month, and while he'd looked back on it as a kinder glorious event, when the world was all lit up, and him the biggest Mister Man in it, it did n't look that away now. When he seen that past of his'n laid right out thar in the present, he knowed that was one time he'd jest natcherly been a fool for want of sense. And the t'other fellers seen things too that made 'em all swaller powerful hard.

Every feller seen his own past, but could n't see the t'other feller's; so did n't nobody know what it was ole Brother Mutters seen, but whatsoever it was, it sunt him off in a long explanation to the Lord.

Well, Tony he seen right off he'd made a big mistake, so he drewed them beasts to a halt, and then he had 'em

to back, back, and he run all them yesterdays and last weeks down into place ergin, very keerful like. They tell me the hands could hear them past days falling back down the skidways of time, *Plup! Plup! Plup!* to wait thar for Jedgment Day. They say as how it was a mighty strange and awesome kind of a sound — and I reckon it must of been, and not a sound that any common person would crave to hear.

Well, Tony he seen the trouble was he had them beasts headed towards the east, and course they was pulling up the west, which was whar all them yesterdays had went. So he turned 'em round westward; and this time when he cracked his whip, and hollered at 'em, it wa'n't but a minute 'fore they fetched into view jest the prettiest little to-morrow a person ever did see. But it was so all-fired skeery, it was nigh impossible to hold it. It would n't more'n peep over the edge of to-day, when, whoop-ee! it 'd run back ergin into its hole like a ground hog what had seen its shadder. Time and ergin them beasts fetched that to-morrow down, and time and ergin, strain as they would, it slipped erway from 'em. So in the end Tony seen he'd have to figger out a nother way of ketching it. And he knowed, too, he'd have to hurry, for by now it was right late in the day, and it would n't be so very long 'fore that to-morrow would be swinging into place at its natcheral time — and course that would n't do that little feller no good at all.

So Tony he studied a spell, and then he had the hands to git to work and sew a whole parcel of feed-bags together. And when they had a big lot of 'em fixed, and all spread out on the ground, Tony smeared 'em over right thick with tar, and then he went on back to his team.

This time he did n't crack his whip or holler at 'em; he jest whispered

sumpin' right easy in the year of one of 'em. What that word was *I* don't know, Stranger, and I never seen a hand what knowed. All I know is that the minute he'd said it, and jumped back outer the way, them powerful beasts give sech a heave ergin the yoke, that they jest fa'rly fetched that to-morrow down with sech a run and a jump, that it bounded out head over heels, and landed down right spang in the middle of all them tarred bags — and *thar it stuck!* The tar it helt it, and when the team was drawed back by the turrible pull of time at the t'other end, that to-morrow it busted loose from the string of tother days, and was left laying out thar flat in broad daylight.

Well, *sirs!* it was the fust time in all of they lives that any of them hands had ever seen a to-morrow laid out along side of a to-day, and they cert'nly was carried away by the sight. They jest natcherly had to hold they eyes in place, or they'd of popped right outer they heads and down into all that tar like a row of buttons. They looked, and they looked, and it's the truth they could n't find nuthing 'cept cuss words to say erbout it.

Don't ask *me* what the dog-goned thing looked like, for I jest don't know, and you kin easy see I ain't no hand to make a tale up and pass it off for truth.

Well, after all hands had jest erbout cussed theyselves dry over it, Tony had 'em to ketch aholt of them bags and tote the to-morrow up Flint Holler. Thar they spread it out in front of the little boy's cabin. Tony he went inside and fetched the young-un out in his arms, and the minute he laid eyes on it, his face all broke into a laugh. 'It's to-morrow!' he says.

It beats me how that kid knowed right off it was to-morrow, for it's the truth, Stranger, *I* would n't know to-morrow from last week — no, sir, I would n't, not even if you was to lay

'em out right side by side! But course you know children is different.

'It's to-morrow!' the little feller says, 'and *now* I'll be all right!' And with that he reaches his arm round Tony's neck right tight, and snuggles his head erginst him. 'I knowed *you* could do it, buddy!' he says.

So Tony he knowed he'd been right in picking the onreasonable way.

### III

Well now, Stranger, you mought think after all that big to-do, they could of had some rest up Eel River; but you got to recollect that when any feller's so high-handed as to pull a to-morrow outer place like that, they's mighty apt to see trouble 'fore all's over; and I tell you, it wa'n't but jest a little bit 'fore all that crew run up erginst jest about the worst piece of trouble a person ever did see.

But not knowing what they was heading for, they lef' that to-morrow laying up thar in the holler for the little feller to git well on, and made for camp as onconsarned as you please.

Tony he went off in the woods ergin, and d'rectly that thar log chain commenced to squirm and jump erbout mighty oneasy like. And then all to oncet from 'way off somewheres, they heard Tony holler, '*Look out! Look out!*' And Great Day! That chain come a-lashing, and a-t'aring outer the woods like a black-snake racer — and you hear me, all them hands side-stepped outer its way in a hurry.

Well then, Tony come on back, and he says, '*Now* we'll knock off and call it a day.'

So all hands tumbled into the bunk-house early, and was snoring along jest as pretty and nice as you please, when late in the night, ole Brother Moses Mutters sets up a turrible lamentation, groaning and moaning.



'What in the *Heaven's* the matter with *you*! Air you tuck in the stumick ergin?' Big Henry hollers at him, mighty mad at being waked up. Only it wa'n't *Heavens* Big Henry said, and he did n't use sech a genteel word as stumick neither, for he's a kind of a rough hand, and'll lay his tongue to any word he pleases, and be jest as apt as not to come right out and call a bull a bull, 'stead of a 'gentleman cow,' like any person what's been raised right knows it ought to be called.

'Big Henry,' says ole Brother Mutters, looking mighty wild and solemn with his hair all tousled up on end, and nuthing but his shirt on, 'Big Henry, git up from thar, and make ready to die — for the end of the world is coming at sun-up!' And with that the ole feller busts out with a turrible howl, and flops down on his knees. 'Lord, I never done it,' he says. 'It was all Tony Beaver's doing! Lord, this is me — Moses Mutters speaking. Do pray take notice *I* did n't have no hand in it, it was that crazy Tony Beaver —'

'*Quit that!*' Big Henry hollers at him, jumping outer his bunk, and jerking the preacher up standing. 'You quit telling the Lord tales on Tony Beaver, or I'll jest natcherly bust your head off,' he says. 'Now then stand up on your two hoofs, and tell the fellers what's the trouble.'

All hands was awake by now, sitting up in the bunks, kinder blinking in the lantern light.

Brother Mutters had to ketch his breath, and swaller some, 'fore he could git his words out, Big Henry'd jerked him up so sudden; but he layed it all out plain enough onct he got his wind.

'Don't you all know we're a-heading for to-morrow jest as fast as the world kin travel — and *there ain't no to-morrow thar*,' he says.

The fellers all stiffened up mighty

pale at that, and commenced to cuss to theyselves.

'Well I reckon there's a plenty more to-morrows — Tony he only tuck one,' Big Henry says.

'*Yes!* He only tuck one!' the preacher hollers out. 'But he tuck the one we *got to have!* O my Lord! Tony Beaver's made a hole in the roadbed of time, and we're a-heading straight for it!'

One of the hands rips out a powerful cuss word at that. 'What'll happen when we hit the hole?' he says.

'She'll *drap* — the world'll drap right through it,' Brother Mutters groans. 'She'll either drap *away* from the sun, and all flesh will be froze to death; or she'll drap span into it, and all be burnt alive.'

*Well, sirs!* At that all hands bust outer the bunk-house, like logs busting over a dam, and made for whar Tony was laying out in the moonlight, with his head on a gray rock.

'Git up from thar, Tony Beaver!' they hollers at him. 'Git up 'fore the world draps!'

And then, turrible skeered, and all clammering at once, they layed out to him what they was all heading for.

'Aw, it'll be all right,' Tony says, gitting up and shaking hisself more like some kind of a wild varmint than a human.

But the hands kinder sensed that for all his bluff he was right oneasy hisself, and that skeered 'em worse'n ever. Some of the fellers was all for rustling round, and trying to run that thar to-morrow back into place ergin 'fore it was too late. But Tony he would n't hear to that.

'Any hand that wants kin take that thar log chain back in the bresh, and hitch it to what I had it hitched to,' he says; 'but you hear *my* horn, I'd as soon have the world drap, as to fool with *that* place ergin!'

And recollecting how that chain had carried on, there wa'n't a hand thar craved to take the job.

'More 'n that,' Tony says, 'that thar to-morrow's jest natcherly ruined anyhow, and you could n't run it back into place ergin, all stuck up with tar like it is.'

That 'peared to be sense, too, and it looked like there wa'n't a thing to do but jest set and wait for the world to drap.

Well, while they was all standing round waiting, — and a plenty of 'em was shaking like they had the buck ague, — the question come up, if the world was to drap, when would she do it? Some fellers 'lowed it'd be at midnight, and some ergin said it would n't be till daybreak. So thar they had it back and forth, and all got so hot, that Big Henry, and Jim Sullivan, that's Irish stock off'n Piney Ridge, even squared theyselves off to settle it with they fists. But the t'other fellers made 'em quit, for they said it'd look kinder ornery, and maybe give the Eel River crew a bad name, if they was to go into Kingdom Come fighting. That ca'med the Sullivan feller, but Big Henry said he'd as leave go thar fighting, as to go any other way. But erbout then some feller had the sense to look at the time.

'Here!' he sings out, 'it's after midnight now, and she ain't drapped yit!'

'Then it'll be at sun-up!' ole Brother Mutters busts out. 'She'll drap at daybreak! O Lord! *I* never done it! Lord this is Moses Mutters speaking. It was all Tony's —'

'Did n't I tell you to *quit that?*' Big Henry hollers at him, dancing up to the preacher, and looking powerful dangerous. 'You shet up now and forever!' he says, 'and more'n that, when we git across into the next world, if I ketch you up at the Golden Gate tattling out tales on Tony Beaver to Saint Peter, I'll jest natcherly bust you down to the

t'other place,' he says. Only Big Henry laid his tongue to a stronger word than 'the t'other place.'

Well, that dried up Brother Mutters on that head; for skeered as he was of what was coming, he was more skeered of what was right beside him. So he went off on another trail, and commenced telling the Lord how it looked like a shame to have the world come to a end in sech nice fall weather. And that was kinder funny too, for heretofore, the ole feller was allus preaching erbout the world being a desert drear. But he tuned up different now.

'O Lord,' he blubbers, 'don't let the world drap in fall weather when the ground smells so good, and the trees is all colored up nice. If she's bound to drap, let it come in a cold spell in the winter, or along late in March, when the traveling's bad, and the mud up to the hubs of the wheels; but *do pray* don't let her drap *now!*'

That set all the hands off sniffing, and wiping they sleeves acrost they noses. For if ole Brother Moses had to tell the Lord how pretty it was in fall weather, he did n't have to tell none of *them*. They jest natcherly knowed for theyselves how the ridges looked, all colored up red and yeller, with the sun shining over 'em, and the squirrels barking up every holler on frosty mornings. 'Now jest look what Tony Beaver's done!' they says sniffing and using they sleeves: 'gone and ruined the world on a pretty day in October!'

Tony he told 'em to shet up all that foolishness, and he jest kep' a-standing up thar on his gray rock with his arms folded, and trying to make out like he did n't keer nuthing for nobody. But Big Henry noticed he was staring mighty hard at a pint off erginst the sky. 'What's that you're a-looking at, Tony?' he asks him.

'Well,' Tony says, 'I been noticing these last mornings, that the sun strikes

right betwixt them two big pines jest as it tops the ridge. If she don't strike thar this morning, then we'll know that the world is kinder out of plumb.'

Well, *sirs!* That sunt the hands limp, for it looked like Tony hisself wa'n't so sure how things was going to be. And when Tony Beaver's oneasy, you better b'lieve it's time for any common person to be skeered outer his very gizzards. All the fellers bust loose into a turrible cussing and praying and clammering, like a gang of wild geese what had lost they leader.

By now it was drawing on towards dawn, there was a pale glimmer in the east, and them two pine trees stood up powerful black and strange-looking erginst the sky. All to onct Tony Beaver raised up his hand and says, 'Listen!' mighty solemn.

Every feller quit cussing, and ketched his breath at that, and over in the woods they heard a little bird cheep, and another answered it back, and then another and another. Not singing yit, jest cl'aring they throats to tune up. And that was a turrible awesome sound, for every hand knowed it was the forerunner of dawn.

And Great Day in the Morning! Jest that minute a strange kind of a dampness come out all over the ground, like the earth itself had broke into a cold sweat. And while they was all a-staring down at that, and listening to the birds cheep, and knowing they was right on the edge of to-morrow, and *no to-morrow thar* — jest that minute the whole world commenced to tremble and to quiver, and to kind of squat down like a skittish horse what sees sumpin' turrible on in front.

'*She's drapping! She's drapping!*' Ole Brother Mutters screeches out, and fell over like he was dead.

The world give another kind of a long tremble, and then, *whoop-ee!* it

give sech a powerful leap and a bound, that it knocked every feller thar right off'n his feet head over heels down on the ground — all, that is, 'cept Tony. For a pair of seconds it seemed like they kind of hung on the edge of sumpin', and then thar was another kick and a scramble, and after that the world settled down like it was over all right.

'She made it! She made it!' Tony busts loose. 'By the breath of the gray rocks, she made it all right!'

Jest that minute the sun come up over the ridge, and hung right spang betwixt them two pines, and all the little birds tuck a big mouthful of song, and commenced to pour it out. The hands set up on the ground looking round kinder dazed; and thar was jest about the prettiest fall day a person ever *did* see, with the long blue shadders laying over the frost, and the mists smoking off'n the mountains that was all red and yellor and joyful.

'Tony,' Big Henry says, gitting onto his feet weak like, 'what happened?'

'Why, you big *idgit*,' Tony says looking him squar in the eyes, 'don't you know this is a *Leap Year*? Do you reckon,' he says, 'I'd be sech a fool for want of sense, as to pull a to-morrow outer a year what could n't leap the hole, and what had a extry day to spare anyhow?'

Big Henry looks at him for quite a spell, and then he says, 'Well, I *will be dogged!*' kinder awestruck.

Well Stranger, you jest can't make *me* b'lieve Tony had it all figgered out as fine as that, for he ain't no kind of a forelooker, and if he wanted a to-morrow, he'd help hisself to it and never stop to think; and I b'lieve him hap-pening to hit a leap year wa'n't nuthing in this world but his dog-goned luck.

But it was all too much for ole Brother Mutters, and they laid *him* out for dead till nigh sundown.

## THE PLAIN IRISH PEOPLE

BY MARY E. L. HENNIGAN

THE clouds hang low over Ireland, turning it to a land of horrors; days of labor in the midst of fighting and sudden death; sleepless, watchful nights, when every knock upon the door sounds an answering knock of dread upon the hearts of those who hear. The young and bold again are falling like grain before the scythe; the old are left again to gather the harvest of grief. Even the face of the land is torn and stricken; burned shells of houses stare with window-frames like eyeless sockets upon broken roads, rude, dusty gaps where bridges were, great trees flung outstretched across every lane and breen. And old Ireland, holy Ireland, Ireland of faith, of peace, of kindliness, hospitality, ready laughter, generous tears, song and prayer and the dancing — is it then gone forever? Or is it still there, hidden somewhere under all the ruin? A while ago I said to myself, 'I shall go and see. If it is there I can find it.'

I have only sunny recollections of Ireland. My earliest ones go back many years to my childhood, when I saw it for the first time. I am often reminded that, 'that was an awful year entirely — sure, it rained rivers every day — hardly ever we got the harvest in — 't was the year, indeed, when the InnisBoffin boat was wrecked below on the strand and the three drowned!' Yet when I open the door of the gallery in my memory where the pictures of that first summer hang, I see only sun-drenched canvasses that show glimpses of glorious mornings — Pool-a-Sogarth,<sup>1</sup>

and white little bodies, Ellen and Rose Honnie and Bridget and Mary, churning its cool green depths to hissing foam; shining, blue afternoons, and a race with the shouting wind across lush meadows, hair streaming, long legs leaping ditch and dyke like a colt's; lilac evenings, and tales about the Sheoques, or the black dog of Sikeen; bed, long before the dark curtain of the night had shut out the last rosy light of day.

One or two of my canvasses, to be sure, have little, little shadows that have grown very light with the years: the day I had to wear shoes because 'the lady Gibbonses,' visiting from Castlebar, 'would remark'; days when I left the sea and the races with the singing wind, to sit quiet at strange fireplaces, in other villages, where Grandmother-from-America was making duty calls; the dreadful day of M'ria's wedding, when I let Tommy fall into the big flash, dragging him out, with all his red calico finery muddled to a deep black, just in time to meet the arriving side-cars of the groom's party. Now that I take another peep, I see that Tommy, at three, was quite a shadow in himself. He followed us, Bridget and me. He told things: who skimmed the cream off the big jug in the chest; who, playing doctor, mixed the horrid dose that made poor Rose so ill; how often Biddy took the wrong turn at the bridge and so arrived at Pool-a-Sogarth instead of at school; and that the long white cotton garments which modest Grandmother-in-

<sup>1</sup> The Priest's Bathing-Place.

Ireland always insisted upon for bathing suits were wet from soaking in a near-by pool, not from legitimate use. Yes, Tommy was rather a dark spot in those days. I had forgotten it, perhaps because even at three there had begun to shine through, the earnest, honest, cheery, fine spirit that has since made him seem golden.

I was eighteen when I visited Ireland again. Tommy was ten — a thin, awkward, freckled, eager youngster, who dragged me away from pleasanter pursuits to see a birdeen's nest, or the coves where the 'wather-dogs' had their beds. He had two books, begged or borrowed from someone, which were his treasure. One was an Irish history, the other a collection of Irish poems. 'Wait yet now, Mary,' he would say, waving his book of poems at me. 'Wait yet now, till I sing you this wan.' Then, in a hoarse, harsh, tuneless voice, stumbling over unfamiliar words, he would sing about Dark Rosaleen, and the Rapparees, and Rury on the Hill, and 'There's men can strike for Erin yet, sez Paudge O'Donoughue!' He read constantly from his history, muttering to himself as he crouched on the hob by the firelight. If the tide of victory were swinging to his beloved Irish, he would rise half out of his place, eyes flashing, one hand clenched high above his head. But if, alas, success were on the side of the 'Sassenach' (the English), he would shrink into the shadows of his corner, thumping the clenched fist on the bitter page before him. How often we laughed at him — Bidy, his older brothers, and I — who, admiring them for their size and their steps in the dance, was still too young to know that he, not they, was Ireland. Long after they had settled themselves as good American citizens he was to translate into deeds the patriotic fervor of his poems.

Those were golden times, during that

second visit, golden with the light of the fire around which we gathered every evening. The days were negligible, to be passed, somehow, until the night fell. At night the young people gathered in our house. They always lingered half an hour or more around the gable end outside, their suppressed chuckling and whispering audible above the furtive scraping of their heavy boots on the cobbled pathway, before they summoned courage to come in. Then they burst in, all together, and hurried with downcast eyes and low greetings of 'God save all here!' to accustomed places, on the hobs, the meal-box, or the window sills — for chairs were very few. They were shy young people, much in awe of their elders, sadly lacking in initiative and self-possession. Not even close relationship with 'herself,' Grandmother-in-Ireland, who was Aunt M'ria to most of them, or nightly visits, could give them courage to come in boldly and singly. When their shyness had worn off, someone usually produced a violin and the dancing began. Such dancing! jigs, reels, sets, horn-pipes, slip-jigs, the Waves of Tory, the Walls o' Limerick, the White Cockade; such ringing of nailed boots on the cement floor; such hearty swinging by the boys of their rosy-faced partners; such a breathless rousing finish to every set! When I was thirty-four, I touched with tender fingers the little hollow in the floor, near the hearthstone, that my eighteen-year-old dancing feet had worn there. Sometimes we sang. Often we told fairy tales, true stories, 'for I know thim it happened to.' Then we drew in close to the hearth for company's sake, deserting the darker corners in the big kitchen, where the rafters were dim and black above, and the firelight made strange flickering shadows on the low white walls. The story-teller usually prefaced his tale with a cautious glance



around, and a 'God bechune us and harm!' for who knew but that, outside in the purple dark where the wind sighed through the rustling thatch and the sea moaned on the strand, 'thim-selves' were listening.

Grandada, gone hours before to bed, but not to sleep, usually broke up the gatherings with a call from his room to Michael. Michael, with seven years of college behind him, had failed of becoming a priest. Since then he had not fitted exactly into the life of the village. He hunted, fished, rode, read, but never labored in the fields, in the bog, or at the kelp. Consequently the day began for him whenever he chose to rise.

'Michael-O,' Grandada would say, 'what time do ye get up in the morning?'

'Oh anny time, sir,' would come Michael's unfailing and truthful answer.

'Well,' Grandada would return, 'anny man that gets up at that time, 't is time for him to be going to bed now.'

Whereupon the boys and girls would stir and rise, preparatory to going. They seldom escaped Aunt M'ria, however, without the rosary. 'T is late! Ye'll have it missed now at home,' she would say. 'Let ye kneel down here now, in the Name of God.' So that most of our evenings of dancing and singing and story-telling ended with all of us, great and small, young and old, kneeling together on the rough cement floor.

I thought then that the Sunday afternoon walks, the jolly evenings in the big kitchen, the moonlit dances on the crossroads, the quay, or the bridge, the shy love-making and the drollery were what made the days and nights so bright. I know now it was kindness, unity, lack of envy, simple faith, and clean hearts. Those days were carried in my memory untarnished for fifteen years. Fugitive gleams from

them have since lighted many days that were dark.

To lose forever the Ireland for which those memories stood would have been a grievous loss indeed. And I seemed to have lost it in those years when, reading accounts of 'cowards refusing conscription,' 'traitors, who stab in the back,' 'gunmen,' and 'murder-clubs,' I tried to fit these things to the small boys, now grown, whom I had known — to Geoffrey and James, to Ritchie and Patrick and Tommy. Tommy who sang so lustily — and so tunelessly — of Owen Roe and Rury on the Hill, and who could not still be sitting on the hob among his dreams if the youth of Ireland were stirring in her name! Much more did it seem to be lost during this last year, when I read of worse things: of brother fighting brother, of mother against son, of ambush and execution. Yet, though Ireland might seem full of death, bitterness, and fear, somehow I believed that the Ireland I knew still lived in the hearts of the young.

So I went seeking it. Leaving the pier at Holyhead I closed my eyes, figuratively speaking, — for the senses often deceive us, but the heart never, — and opened them again when the side-car reached the top of Pat Durkan's brae. From there the Village can first be seen. There are eleven houses in the Village, sprawled on the top and down the sides of a steep, barren, treeless brae, all low-walled, whitewashed, thatch-roofed, each as like the other, inside and out, as peas in a pod. They overlook the small green fields and brown bog on three sides, the restless sea on the fourth. The doors stand open all day long. At night, when they are closed, they are not locked. There is no need for lock or bolt where every one is welcome to whatever is within. Each family has for the other food in the famine-time, help in the harvest-time, tears for their grief and smiles for

their joy. No house lacks fire, food, or wine while they are to be found in any other house. It is a humble, poor little village, with no beauty save that of the wild lovely world about it, and the spirit of understanding and compassion that hovers over it.

Within the house on the top of the brae, built by my great-grandfather more than a century and a quarter ago, I stood upon the hearthstone where I had known so many happy hours, and looked about me. Everything was the same; new windows in that side of the house away from the sea, to be sure; the old loft in the kitchen closed up; a new fashion of putting 'a bit o' distemper' in the whitewash to make the walls of 'the room above' a pretty pink; the old-fashioned canopy beds in 'the room below' replaced by modern brass ones. There was, too, a deep-bosomed, calm-eyed young woman raising a new brood in the old nest. Otherwise, it was all the same. The light of the single lamp shone on the old red dresser with its rows and rows of brown and blue delft; on the rafters richly brown with smoke from the fire that had burned without ceasing for a hundred and twenty-five years; on the busy black kettle that had hung from the same crane for almost as long; best of all, on the smiling faces of the entire Village, come to offer me the old greeting, 'Cead mille failte home again!'

Not only that night, but every night, the friends gathered in. Sometimes we danced — the old dances: jigs, reels, sets, the Waves o' Tory, the Walls o' Limerick, the Lancers — in the old way, with a hearty swinging of partners, a ringing of nailed boots on cement floor, a breathless, laughing finish to every set. Sometimes we sang the old songs, the Foggy Dew, Slieve-na-monn, the Snowy-breasted Pearl. And Tommy, dear Tommy, grown tall and straight and hardy, with his hair as

red, his face as freckled, his smile as engaging, as ever, sang lustily — and tunelessly — of Rury on the Hill! The boys flattered me, with the same merry twinkle, as slyly as their brothers had a score of years before. 'Ah, well now! How well ye did n't take ye're time growin' up.' — 'It would be time enough for you to be eighteen now.' — 'Would n't it be a grand thing altogether for us, now, if there was one lassie itself about, like you.' — 'Sure, every lad within in this village is breakin' two commandments, the first and the ninth!'

On my birthday we had a celebration which began at noon with 'a whole lamb 'n' all the trimmin's,' and ended with a dance in the barn that lasted until morning. In the barn Uncle Joe had hung four lanterns — three borrowed, of course. When he speculated gravely as to whether 'T will be enough, I dunno?' one of the boys assured him, 'Arrah, damn it, man! One candle'd do, and that one to blow out!' They all brought me gifts: a teapot, four pounds of tea, an autograph book, a pair of gloves. The last I cherish, because they meant all the spending-money for weeks to come of a youngster who, long ago, had used to grumble because I, a young lady Yank, was given his seat upon the side-car, while he, being only a boyeen, had to walk four miles to mass.

The days were joyous, too, passed as they were, in walking, riding along shining miles of yellow strand, visiting again the coves where the water dogs have their beds. The girls — a new Honnie, another Rose, a second Bridget, come to take the place of the others — took no account of the years between us, but ran in every day to bring me out for a race with the winds down the steep banks above Sikeen, or a chilly splash in the cold green waters of Pool-a-Sogarth.

Not all the nights were passed with dance and song. There was much talk. All Ireland sat in that kitchen at night. There was Mary Lannon, more than eighty-five years, with her delicate, fine old face, her wide blue eyes still merry, her thin sweet voice still lifted often in the songs of her country. There, too, was Richard, her son, perhaps fifty, his long, ungainly body stretched out on the meal-box, his dark sharp face half hidden in the shadows. And, leaning their six feet two of manhood on either side of the dresser, to the imminent peril of the blue-and-brown delft, there were his young sons, Richie and James Peter. About the hearth, playing, or helping with the Irish, which they themselves learned every day at school, the older boys who were acquiring it laboriously three nights a week at the schoolhouse, were the four small sons of the house.

Here, I say, was all Ireland — Ireland of the Famine, and later the Fenians; Ireland of the Land League and the Parliamentarians; Ireland of Easter Week, 1916, and the great and bitter days since then; Ireland about to be. They were all eager, intelligent, fairly well informed. They had opinions about their country, her triumphs, her disappointments, her leaders on either side in the present struggle, her hopes for the future.

What were those opinions? Where did they stand, these people who are Ireland? Ah, well, what does it matter? That is another story for other pens. As for me, I had come to see if, under the seeming changes the years of strife had wrought in them, I could yet find the people I had known, simple, wise, and sane. And there they were, the plain, common, everyday people of Ireland, living their plain, common everyday lives as they had always done, wholesomely and usefully. Bridges were blown up, roads were broken,

there were no markets for their produce. Very well, then; they could keep their produce at home. The eggs, butter, mutton, bacon, fowl that had graced foreign tables went to build the magnificent specimens of manhood who were as different, physically and mentally, from their brothers of those years ago as if they were a different race.

No markets meant very little money. Very well, then, while they had food and fire and a roof, they could manage with little money. The small boys and girls went out to school every day, warmly clad in garments and stockings made from wool sheared from their own sheep, carded, spun, dyed, knitted, or woven in their own kitchens. It is many years since that has been so before.

The whole country, to quote the press, foreign and domestic, was in a state of chaos with nowhere authority capable of enforcing law and order. Very well, then, they could keep the law themselves. There were no police, civic guards or other, within a radius of a hundred miles around the Village, which, by the way, is in the wild west. Nor were there any soldiers except a few — no matter of which army — in a town fifteen miles away, to which town they kept close. Yet, in the two months I was there, there was not a single case of depredation, or disorder, or even drunkenness, not to speak of crime.

In our village and the next there were fifty-four boys. Such boys! Clear-eyed, straight-limbed, self-possessed young giants, whose training of the past years was observable in every movement of their splendid bodies. They had, until recently, all been on the same side. Now they had differences of opinion which some of them at least were actively supporting. But there was neither bitterness between

them, nor harsh judgment of each other. They are not being stampeded or terrorized into anything, correspondents to the contrary notwithstanding. Nor will they be. They will fight, if they decide that that is right, on the side they think is right. Until they so decide, they will live each day as usefully and happily as the circumstances permit; they will pursue the old path of hard work by day, cheerful recreation together by night. They will read and listen — but they will *think* for themselves. They will make their own decision. What that will be, I do not presume to foretell. (Every traveler who has spent ten days in Ireland re-

cently, and many people who have never set foot on her shores, can tell you 'what ninety-five per cent of the Irish people want.' These are larger claims than I, who am of the Irish people, flesh of their flesh and bone of their bone, may make.) I know only this, that they have those gifts of the humble, — understanding and compassion, — both of which will enter into their final judgment. When they truly speak, there will be no confusion nor any misunderstanding of their voice. And it is quite as impossible for that final judgment to be wrong as for the sun, which often hides behind dark clouds for long days, not to shine again.

## LISTENING IN ON THE IRISH QUESTION

BY SAMUEL McCHORD CROTHERS

### I

If the government of the Irish Free State proves permanently satisfactory to its people, it will deprive the English-speaking world of a subject of conversation that has lasted for more than seven hundred years. It has connected the generations together and made them feel as if they belonged to one acrimonious family circle.

When Adrian IV, the only Englishman who ever sat on the Papal throne, issued a bull graciously inviting King Henry II to go over and take possession of Ireland, he set the tongues of people on both sides of the Channel to wagging. The controversy has not ceased from that day to this. Many things have happened since Strongbow, the valiant Earl of Pembroke, landed in

Ireland in accordance with the Papal and Royal will. One question after another has been asked, discussed for a while, and forgotten. But the question of the right of the English to rule Ireland has never been dropped.

In a speech in Dublin in 1866, John Bright called attention to the fact that, five hundred years before, the Parliament of Kilkenny discussed the question: Why is the King of England not a penny the richer for Ireland? We have been debating that question ever since, said Bright, and we are no further on than they were in those days at Kilkenny.

During all that period, not a single new element was introduced into the controversy, with the exception of the

religious animosity that came with the Reformation of the sixteenth century. Neither party changed the subject. The debate was without subtleties. It was a sheer conflict of wills. On the one side was Ireland's will to be a nation; and on the other, England's imperturbable refusal to accept this point of view. Here was a subject that could be discussed for centuries, because each party had only to repeat its former assertions.

If a group of intelligent persons from the different generations that have lived since the days of Strongbow were gathered in a drawing-room, they would find some embarrassment in finding a topic which would be familiar to all. A discussion might be started on the Fifth Crusade, or the commercial policy of the Hanseatic League, or the position of Hampden on ship-money, or the claims of the Young Pretender, or the wars of the Spanish Succession. But the amount of information possessed by the company would not be sufficient to make the conversation general.

'What do you think of the question of investitures?' asks an elderly gentleman of the twelfth century.

'What investitures?' replies a gentleman of the nineteenth century—'or did you say investments?'

The conversation drops.

But let somebody ask, 'What do you think of the Irish Question?' and everybody begins to talk. In the first place, everybody knows that there is an Irish Question and, after a few minutes' conversation, finds that it is the same old question that everybody else knows about. The company is on the easy footing of contemporaries. No matter what generation a person belongs to, he feels perfectly at home. As they all have about the same degree of knowledge, they divide according to temperament. There are those who have made up their minds that the

Irish Question can never be settled, and are rather bored by it, and those who think that it can be settled, and therefore want to keep things stirred up. Then there are the moderates, who think that the Irish Question could be settled if it were not for the Irish.

Ignoring the passage of time, we may 'listen in' while representatives of different periods express their opinions. We do not need to draw on our imaginations, for we have their exact words.

Fortunately, we can go back to the beginning of the trouble and interview a countryman of Mr. Lloyd George, who was tremendously interested in what was happening in his day, and desirous that posterity should know all about it.

Giraldus Cambrensis was the H. G. Wells of the twelfth century. He had an alert mind and a keen scent for the kind of news that had historical value and the kind of history that had a definite news value. He conceived history journalistically, and liked to have it brought down to the minute. When his noble Norman kinsmen, the Fitzgeralds, followed the great Earl of Pembroke to Ireland, Gerald the Welshman knew that something was happening that ought to be written up. He held the pen of a ready writer and resolved to do the writing. He entered into his task with zeal. The Irish Question appears full blown.

Giraldus begins his history of the Irish troubles very modestly at the time of the Deluge, though other chroniclers trace the story back to Cain and his progeny. It appears that Noah had a granddaughter named Cæsara, a very independent young lady who seems to have been the leader of the younger set of the Antediluvians. Hearing that her grandfather was building an ark which was likely to be unpleasantly crowded with animals, she persuaded about thirty of the members



of her set to go over to the Mediterranean; where they built a snug little vessel of their own. They would sail away and find some pleasant island where the troubles of the old world would not follow them. Their motto evidently was, 'For ourselves.' So they sailed away, and at last found the beautiful island of Ireland, where they settled with great content.

But alas! Noah's flood proved universal, and they were all drowned. Giraldus replies to those who doubt this story, 'My business is to compile history, not to criticize it.'

He gossips amiably about the invasion in which his noble relatives, the Fitzgeralds, figured so largely. 'O family! O race!' he exclaims; 'indeed they are doubly noble, drawing their courage from the Trojans and their skill in arms from the French.' But he lets it be known that the Fitzgeralds, after conquering the native Irish, are ready to fight any newcomers. He gives the King advice as to how Ireland ought to be governed, and warns him that it is likely to be difficult. The Irish people are never so light-hearted as when getting up a rebellion. They have long memories, and they carry a detestable weapon called the broad-axe. They excel in irregular warfare. While the heavily armored Norman knight is getting off his horse, the Irish rebels will be in the bogs, making ready for a new attack. As for settling the Irish Question, let no one think it can be done in our day. 'The Irish have four prophets whose writings are still extant. They foretold this English invasion. They say the war will last unto the remotest time. Indeed, they say it will continue till the Day of Judgment.'

## II

It is a far cry from the twelfth to the nineteenth century, but Giraldus Cam-

brisensis would have found much to interest him in a volume published in 1834: *Dermot Mac Morragh, or the Conquest of Ireland*, by John Quincy Adams. To the ex-President the conquest of Ireland was a matter of present concern. Henry II was as real as General Jackson, and his conduct as reprehensible. Indeed, he seems to have feared that his readers might not believe that he was so indignant against malefactors of the Middle Ages, and might think that he was aiming at his political adversaries.

Dermot by his subjects was detested  
As tyrants like him never fail to be.

But for all that, he insisted that it was Dermot Mac Morragh, who lived in Ireland in the time of Henry II, whom he was angry at.

Give me leave to say that I know best  
My own intention in the lines I trace  
Let no man therefore draw aside the screen  
And say 't is any other that I mean.

Like the old Irish bards, Adams ends with a prophecy: —

Soon, soon shall dawn the day, as dawn it must,  
When Erin's sceptre shall be Erin's trust.

John Quincy Adams was not much of a poet, and we may well turn to one of greater genius, who lived at a time when the kings of England had for four hundred years been absentee landlords of Ireland.

'What do you think, Mr. Shakespeare, of the Irish Question?'

He would answer, 'I'm sure I should n't know what to do without it. It's very convenient in my business as a playwright. In an historical play you have to have something in the background that everybody is familiar with. When I want to get rid of a nobleman of high rank, and don't want to clutter up the stage with his dead body, I send him off to the unlucky Irish wars. This makes a very effective end. It's ever so

much better than having him beheaded or run through with a sword.'

Shakespeare takes the Irish troubles for granted. They had always been going on, though nobody cared to ask for the particular causes of them.

In *Richard II*, Willoughby says, —

'The King's gone bankrupt like a broken man.'

And Ross answers, —

'He hath not money for these Irish wars.

That was a chronic condition in those days.

In *Henry IV*, Worcester says, —

'What with the absent king,

What with the injuries of a wanton time

And the contrarious winds that held the King  
So long in his unlucky Irish wars!'

Unlucky the Irish wars certainly were in those days, for all who engaged in them. Ireland is the land of evil tidings. 'The wind sits fair for news to Ireland, but none returns' — at least no good news.

In *Henry V*, the messenger appears with a message familiar to the Plantagenets and the Tudors: —

'From Ireland am I come amain  
To signify the rebels there are up.  
Send succor, Lords, and stop the rage  
Before the wound become incurable.'

Of course, the Englishmen were ready for reprisals, and a new wound was made.

The victories of Henry V in France could not be celebrated on the stage without the audiences that Shakespeare played for thinking of the Irish war that was then going on, and whose issue was still uncertain. The chorus, after describing how London received the news of the glorious victory at Agincourt, expresses the wish that some such news might come from Ireland.

Were now the general of our gracious Empress  
(As in good time he may), from Ireland coming,  
Bringing rebellion broached on his sword,  
How would the people quit to welcome him.

Another Elizabethan poet, Edmund Spenser, had taken part in these Irish wars, and had very decided opinions on the Irish Question. He gives them at length in the *Faerie Queene*. His patron, Lord Grey of Wilton, was one of the soldiers whose stern measures of repression turned some of the fairest parts of Ireland into a desert. Spenser celebrates him as Sir Artegall, or Justice. Sir Artegall uses his sword in the battle with knightly foes, but he has his serving-man Talus, or Force, armed with a big stick to beat down the rebellious rabble.

Turning from poetry to prose, Spenser put his ideas into the form of a dialogue between a stay-at-home English gentleman and a friend who had lately come from Ireland.

*Eudoxus*. — If that country of Ireland whence you came lately be of so goodly and commodious a soil as you report, I wonder that no course is taken to reduce that nation to better government.

*Irenæus*. — Marry, so there have been divers good plots devised, and wise counsels cast, about reformation of that realm; but they say it is the fatal destiny of that land that no purposes that are meant for her good will prosper or take effect; whether it proceed from the very genius of the soil, the influence of the stars, or that Almighty God hath not appointed the time of her reformation, or that he reserveth her in this unquiet state, still as some secret scourge for England, it is hard to be known, but yet much to be feared.

He had heard men of great wisdom say that it 'were well that land were a sea pool.'

*Eudoxus*. — If it be not painful to you, tell me what things during your late continuance there you observed to be most offensive and greatest impeachment to the good rule and government thereof?

*Irenæus*. — Surely the evils you desire to be recounted are very many and are almost countable with those that were hidden in the basket of Pandora. . . . The evils are

of three sorts, the first in the laws, the second in customs, and third in religion.

Eudoxus expresses the greatest surprise when he is told that 'there are wide countries in Ireland where the laws of England were never established nor any acknowledgment of subjection made.' When he is told that among the most rebellious of the malcontents are people of English blood, he exclaims: 'In truth this is more than ever I heard, that any English there should be worse than the Irish. Lord, how quickly doth the country alter men's natures!' How many generations of perplexed statesmen have made that observation.

*Eudoxus.* — Is there any part that has not been subdued to the crown?

*Irenæus.* — More than once they have been subdued, but never to perpetual duty. What boots it to break a colt and then let him straight run loose at random? Whenever the Irish are left to themselves, they forget what they have been taught and shake off their bridles.

*Eudoxus.* — But if their ancestors were brought into subjection, should not the present generation acknowledge the same subjection?

*Irenæus.* — They say not!

Spenser's noble friend to whom he dedicated the *Faerie Queene* came no nearer to a solution of the Irish Question.

The letters of Sir Walter Raleigh teem with bitter jibes about Ireland. 'I hear three thousand Burkes are in arms, and young O'Donnell and Shane O'Neill. I wrote ten days ago of the rebellion, which the Queen made scorn of.' To Sir Robert Cecil he writes: 'Her Majesty hath good cause to remember that a million has been spent in Ireland not many years ago. A better kingdom could be purchased at less price. This accursed kingdom hath always been a traffic in which her Majesty hath paid both the freight and the customs. From this devilish place I

have little matter and less hope — and the shorter the discourse the better.'

To the Earl of Leicester, he says: 'I have spent some time here. I will not trouble your honor with the business of this lost land, nor with the good, the bad, the mischiefs, the means to amend, and all in all of this commonwealth or rather this common woe.'

From the petulance of Raleigh, it is a relief to turn to a bright and airy letter of Sir Francis Bacon to James I in 1606, in which he points the way out. For centuries the attempt had been made to bring settlers from England to hold Ireland for the King. In a generation they had become Irishmen. The English Pale had been the seat of rebellion. Great families like the Fitzgeralds had forgotten that they were not Irish. But would it not be possible to settle the lands in Ulster, which had been depopulated after the last rebellion, with people who could be counted upon to remain at enmity to the native Irish? What of the Scotch Presbyterians, a stubborn folk, as the King well knew? Difference of religion, which made them troublesome in Great Britain, would make them useful in Ulster.

What an excellent division is ministered by God's Providence in the state of Ireland. Let there be a discharge of people from England and Scotland into the waste places of Ireland. So shall his Majesty have a double convenience in the avoidance of people here and making use of them there. . . . It is not possible that many of great means will be attracted to Ulster. But their kinsfolk and tenants will have expectation of a great bargain when the wild Irish are driven out.

Bacon becomes sentimental in expounding this great plan. 'You shall touch the ancient harp of Ireland and, listening to new tunes and harmonies, the barbarous people will discontinue their customs of revenge and give ear to the wisdom of laws and governments.'

This settlement of the Irish Question by the creation of a New Scotland in Ulster seemed good in the eyes of King James. Ben Jonson celebrates it in the *Irish Masque*. He calls upon the people of the troubled island to rejoice.

Come up and view  
The gladding face of that great king in whom  
So many prophecies of thine are knit,  
This is that James of whom long since thou  
    singest  
Shall end our countries' most unnatural broils,  
And if her ear then deafened with the drum  
Would stoop but to the music of his peace.  
This is the man thou promised should redeem,  
If she would love his counsels as his laws,  
Her head from servitude, her feet from fall,  
Her fame from barbarism, her state from want  
And in her all the fruits of blessings plant.

This was a large *if*. It was soon apparent that the Irish did not love the counsels and the laws of King James. That canny monarch was not unaware of this fact. The plantation of Ulster had involved a good deal of expense, and in order to finance the enterprise, a new order, the baronets, was created. Affluent citizens were knighted for a sufficient sum, which they contributed to the royal treasury. At one of these functions, the candidate who was about to be dubbed showed signs of embarrassment. 'Don't be abashed, man,' said the King, 'you have not so much reason to be ashamed of this business as I have.'

### III

The relief furnished by the Ulster Plantation was like that experienced by a patient, when by means of local applications his neuralgia is driven from one part of the body to settle in another. While no part of the English-speaking world has been free from occasional twinges, in the North of Ireland the irritation has had a constancy that has lifted it into the place of a religion. Good people have become martyrs to their antipathies. There

is something liturgical in their objurgations. 'Like prayers divine, they say each day the very same.' It is not a sudden storm that spends itself in fury. It is a steady indignation that floweth like a river. There is an unchangeable conviction that compromise is one of the seven deadly sins.

I pick up a little book published in 1640, entitled *Irish Prognostications*, 'wherein is described the disposition of the Irish with the manner of their behavior, and how they are for the most part addicted to Popery.' Its argument is complete and conclusive.

'A conquest should draw three things after it — law, language, and religion. The vanquished should surrender themselves and imitate the laws, language, and religion of their conquerors. This the Irish will not do.'

There you have the Irish Question in a nutshell, or rather in a bombshell. Whenever it is put that way, there is an explosion.

Evidently not much real progress had been made since, in the previous century, John Derek published *The Image of Ireland*, 'wherein is most lively expressed the Nature and Qualities of the Wild Irish, their notable aptness, celerity, and proneness to rebellion; printed in London for the pleasure and delight of the well-disposed.'

Derek must have thought that his well-disposed English readers were very easily pleased, for he gives them no reason to believe that their good disposition would be appreciated by the Irish. The Englishman, conscious of his own rectitude, he thinks, does not understand how much the Irish dislike him.

The more he seeketh them to win  
The further off they stray,  
As imps that do detest to walk  
The straight and pleasant way.

They even make fun of the serious attempts to improve them.

They harp upon one string  
And therein find a joy,  
When as they find a subtle slight  
To work true men annoy.  
For mockery is their game  
Wherein they do delight.

This temperamental difference which was felt in the sixteenth century was only aggravated by the closer contacts brought about in the seventeenth century by the Ulster Plantation.

During the civil wars of the Cromwellian period, as during the War of the Roses and the wars of the French Revolution and during the World War of 1914, the Irish patriots were singularly self-absorbed. They were so interested in their own troubles that they were oblivious to what was going on in the rest of the world.

It was the story of Noah's granddaughter once again. They were caught in a deluge that swept upon them from overseas.

The maxim, 'England's extremity is Ireland's opportunity,' accounts for a great deal of the Irish ill luck. It has led them, with singular uniformity, to ally themselves in any great crisis with the losing side.

The Irish were against Charles the First, and Strafford was sent to repress the disturbance. He was recalled from the unlucky Irish wars, and sent to the scaffold.

The Commonwealth was established, and Ireland was unaware of the might of the Puritan till it resisted, and Cromwell's curse fell upon it.

The Stuarts were restored, and one might have expected better times. But open Pepys's *Diary*, and we hear the same monotonous complaints. 'Ireland is in a distracted condition. God knows my heart. I expect nothing but ruin can follow — unless things are better in a little time.'

We turn over the leaves of the *Diary*, looking for better news, but affairs grow steadily worse. 'Mr. Llewellyn, lately come from Ireland, tells how the English interests fall away mightily, the Irish party being too great. Which gives great discontent to the English.'

There is another revolution in England. The Stuarts are driven out. When the cause of James II is hopeless, Ireland rises in his behalf, and another unforeseen deluge overwhelms it.

#### IV

As the South of Ireland has, to its own hurt, acted on the principle that England's extremity is Ireland's opportunity, so the North has held fast to the principle that Ireland's importunity must be met by Ulster's imperturbability. Ulster stands fast in its integrity. It will not budge. It looks upon compromise as one of the seven deadly sins.

Long before the days of Sir Edward Carson, the plucky little province gave its ultimatum. It belonged to the British Empire, and it was willing to fight the whole Empire rather than allow itself to be put out of it. It would fight for its inalienable right to dependence as sturdily as other nations fought for independence.

It was from the very beginning a loyal little eagle, ready to scratch its parents' eyes out if they should ever attempt to shove it out of the nest.

I doubt whether loyalty has ever been more genuine, or has ever taken so troublesome a form. Ulster has stuck to the Empire — like a burr. In the days of the Commonwealth this loyalty almost drove the English Parliament distracted.

In 1649, when Ireland was in a state of chaos, and Ormond was leading a Royalist rebellion, the Presbytery of Belfast passed a series of highly pro-



vocative resolutions which it sent to London. They began in a characteristic manner: —

‘Considering the dependency of this kingdom upon England, we are encouraged to cast our mite into the treasury.’ The mite consisted of enough explosive materials to blow up all parties. There is first a solemn testimony against all who ‘labor to establish by law a universal toleration of religion, thus overturning the unity of religion and the first two articles of our solemn covenant.’ Then there is a denunciation of Parliament, which is declared ‘anti-Christian and Popish, and against the covenant as established by the Church of Scotland, which is now blasphemed.’

Under these circumstances, the Presbytery declared its unshakable loyalty to the government and its determination to express that loyalty in its own way, without fear or favor.

*Resolved*, that we will not extol the persons of notorious sectaries, the plague of these times, that they may believe lies and be damned.

We will not be drawn away by counsels, commands or examples to shake off the ancient government of these kingdoms.

That we will endeavor the preservation of the Union, remembering the part of the covenant which says, We shall not suffer ourselves directly or indirectly by whatsoever combination or terror to be divided from this blessed union. And finally we exhort every one to avoid all opposers of the reformation, refusers of the covenant, or those who combine with papists. We exhort them not to favor the sectaries, nor incline their hearts to favor the malignants, nor to think they stand in need of the malignants.

As by the ‘malignants’ were meant all who sympathized with the Royalists; and by ‘notorious sectaries the plague of these times,’ the English Independents who then were in control of the government, it is not strange that Ulster’s mite was not well received.

The resolutions were answered by John Milton in his most vituperative style.

What mean these men? Is the Presbytery of Belfast a small town in Ulster to talk so arrogantly? Are we under the censure of the Presbytery of Belfast?

He taunts them for their very peculiar kind of loyalty.

These priestlings at the very time their lips disclaimed all sowing of sedition were ready to rebel. News has come that the Scottish inhabitants of Ulster are actually revolted.

The more he thinks about it, the more angry Milton becomes.

These ministers of Belfast, with as much devilish malice, impudence, and falsehood as any Irish, threaten us from their barbarous nook in the North of Ireland. . . . These men imagine themselves marvelously high set and exalted in the chair of Belfast to outface the Parliament of England. What are they ministers for, and who set them so haughty in the pontifical see of Belfast, we know not. How dare they send such a defiance? By their actions we might think them a set of highland thieves and red-shanks who, being admitted by the courtesy of England to hold possessions in our province of Ulster, have proved ungrateful and treacherous guests.

We can imagine the grave ministers of Belfast reading this tirade of the English sectary. His accusations of disloyalty were preposterous. Of course, if Parliament disturbed the blessed union and cut them off from dependence on the British government, Ulster would fight and Ulster would be right. From that position, neither they nor their descendants would swerve.

## V

Again we listen in, to catch what people of intelligence are saying in regard to the situation in Ireland, in the century after Milton. It is Jonathan Swift, Dean of St. Patrick, who

is speaking. It appears that the question, Is Ireland a nation? is still a living issue. Swift says: —

They say Ireland is a depending kingdom. I have looked over all the English and Irish statutes without finding any law that makes Ireland depend on England any more than England depends upon Ireland. We have been obliged to have the same king with them, and consequently they have been obliged to have the same king with us. . . . In reason, all government without the consent of the governed is the very definition of slavery. We have nothing to do with the English ministers, and I would be as sorry if it lay in their power to redress our grievances as to enforce them.

He tells the Irishman that, 'By the laws of God, of Nature, of nations, and of your own country, you are and ought to be as free as your brethren in England.'

All this seems very modern. If we did not look at the date, we might think that Dean Swift had read our Declaration of Independence.

A little later we listen in to hear what Dr. Johnson may have to say. The Doctor is never in a good humor when anyone tries to draw him out on the Irish Question. Boswell inquires cautiously, —

Would you not like to visit Ireland?

*Johnson.* — It is the last place where I should wish to travel.

*Boswell.* — Should you not like to go to Dublin?

*Johnson.* — No, sir.

*Boswell.* — Is not the Giant's Causeway worth seeing?

*Johnson.* — Worth seeing? Yes! But not worth going to see.

But Boswell was not a man who feared being snubbed, and, when the moment seemed propitious, he continued his inquiries: —

But, Doctor Johnson, do you not believe that a closer union with England would be good for Ireland?

*Johnson.* — Sir, it would only give us a better chance to rob them.

*Boswell.* — But union with Scotland has worked well. You have n't robbed us.

*Johnson.* — Sir, the only reason we have n't robbed Scotland is because there is n't anything worth taking.

This was during the time of Grattan's Parliament, when Ireland was for a time granted Home Rule, with a string to it. The Irish Parliament had the right to talk in Dublin, while the legislating was done at Westminster.

At no period was the Irish Question more exasperating to people who were striving for a reasonable solution. In 1780, Edmund Burke writes: —

I have had my holiday of popularity in Ireland. I have even heard of an intention to erect a statue to me. I am glad it never took effect. The fragments of the piece might see service while they are moving according to the law of projectiles against the windows of my friends.

As for the attempts of the government to adopt a policy of conciliation after coercion had failed, he says, —

The awkward parade of tricking out necessity in the garments of choice, the shallow stratagem of defending by argument what is yielded to force, these are things not to my mind.

Coming down to the early years of the nineteenth century, we find Walter Scott meditating on the old question. Writing to Joanna Baillie, he tells of the impressions made upon a visitor: —

I had intended to write about Ireland. But alas, Hell is paved with good intentions. I never saw a richer country, or, to speak my mind, a finer people — but how they do dislike one another! Their factions have been so long envenomed and they have such a narrow ground to battle in. They are like people fighting with daggers in a hogshead. The Protestants of the North are a fine race — but dangerous to the quiet of the country.

As for the particular issue of the day, over which they were violently contending, Scott says:—

I do not believe either party cares much about it. The Catholics desire it because the Protestants are not willing they should have it. The Protestants desire to withhold it because they think it mortifies the Catholics.

Can it be that this long-drawn-out controversy, which was two hundred years old when the Turks took Constantinople and has gone on querulously and angrily ever since, has come to an end? Can it be that the Irish Question is in danger of becoming a matter of purely historical interest? Must there in the future be learned footnotes to explain the allusions to it in English literature? Has it come to such a pass that it ceases to be a stand-by for those who try to start conversation?

Two years ago, this seemed impossible. Now it seems likely. The treaty with the Irish Free State introduced a new idea. There was an abrupt change of subject.

The old question had been, What right had England, or, if you will, the British Empire, to govern Ireland? This question was dropped by the tacit consent of both parties. Instead, an-

other question was propounded: Would it not be for the advantage of Ireland to belong to the British Commonwealth of Nations?

It is this conception of a commonwealth of equal nations, united for mutual protection and bound together by common interests and affections, that has taken the place of the British Empire which Kipling celebrated. Of course, Ireland is a nation, and so is England, and so is Scotland, and so is Canada. These nations, each cherishing its own history and developing its own institutions, are members of one great Commonwealth.

The idea of such a new relation kindled the imagination of Michael Collins, and made him willing to try an experiment that had not been tried before. Thousands of his countrymen have caught the same vision. When they come to discuss the proper relations of the Irish nation to the commonwealth of nations to which it belongs, new questions will arise which must be discussed.

They will prove to be more interesting than the recapitulations of old feuds. A new generation is likely to arise which will ask, What *was* the Irish Question?

## A MOMENT IN FLORENCE

BY MARGARET SHERWOOD

A LADEN cart goes creaking down  
The storied street of the fair town  
Of Florence, where like jewel set  
With subtlest tracery and fret  
Of fair-wrought window, carven door,  
Or San Michele evermore  
Speaks, through the saints' most holy band,  
Of toil and beauty, hand in hand.

They trafficked here in corn and wheat;  
Here thousands came, with praying feet,  
For healing of the gracious face  
Of her who blessed the market place.  
They fashioned this immortal shrine  
To keep the week-day task divine;  
Makers of doublets and of shoes  
Claimed the high speech that artists use;  
Then mason, smith, and carpenter  
Bade sculptors fashion forth for her  
Enshrined within, — as still is shown, —  
Orcagna's miracle of stone,  
Saints haloed, living now as then,  
The holy ones who walk with men:  
So carven lips should speak their praise  
For nights of peace and busy days,

## A MOMENT IN FLORENCE

Making for them unceasing prayer —  
Encompassed round by those aware —  
That gracious hands might still assoil  
The stains of traffic and of toil.  
Of faith and art the golden days  
When merchandise was prayer and praise,  
And merchant princes vied to dower  
With training, young of gift and power,  
Making the lilled city shine.  
Glory of shapen curve and line  
Spoke inmost truth, and art was whole —  
Beauty of body and of soul.

The gold dust of November days  
Gleams down the street in shining rays;  
The mules' bells tinkle through the beat  
Of immemorial hasting feet.  
The carter's boy looks out upon  
Saint Matthew, Mark, and Luke, and John,  
Saint Stephen, in whose youthful face,  
Dawns, in gray stone, the martyr's grace;  
Saint George, in all his armor drest,  
Saint James, Saint Philip, and the rest —  
Saint after saint, in glory met,  
Saint after saint, forever set  
Above the city's toil and stir,  
Wrought by the artist-worshiper,  
Niche after niche, the marble still  
With youthful heart and mind a-thrill  
Of those who had — perchance has he —  
Genius of Tuscan Italy.

The carter's boy looks out and sees  
The tourists stand by twos and threes,



Reading how statue number one  
In fourteen hundred odd was done  
By young Ghiberti; statue four  
In fourteen hundred ten and more  
By Donatello; point to show  
Saint Thomas by Verrocchio,  
Striving with busy mind to grasp  
That beauty, safe within his clasp,  
Woven within of subtlest mesh,  
Bone of his bone, flesh of his flesh,  
Aquiver in his heart, alive —  
The tourist turns to statue five.

Stretched out upon the load of sand,  
Shading his eyes with lifted hand,  
Along the Stocking Makers' Street,  
Which, as of old, goes on to meet  
Façade and campanile, dome,  
Where loveliness has lasting home,  
The carter's boy goes dreaming on  
Of Christ, Saint Thomas, and Saint John.

Had he his chance, what might he do  
To set his kind a-praising too?

# FEMINISM IN NYASALAND

BY HANS COUDENHOVE

## I

For several years after my arrival in Tropical Africa, while living in the midst of natives, and fully conversant, as I imagined, with their customs and their way of thinking, my heart was filled with compassion for the hard-working and submissive black woman. 'What a field!' I often said to myself, 'for the vindicators of women's rights! Oh! if I could only bring here one of those energetic lady champions! What a storm she would raise in the whole world, until she had set rolling the stone which would, in the end, bring if not entire freedom, at least relief to these poor and patient creatures!'

Pending the arrival of a militant ally, I tried my best, wherever I happened to be, to pave the way by word of mouth for a more energetic propaganda in the future; but I must confess, to my shame, that my efforts met with very little success. It is perhaps just as well, under the circumstances, that the expected militant friend has, up to date, as far as I am aware, failed to materialize.

When I tried to explain to a husband that it cannot, in fairness, be expected from the mother of a family to collect firewood in the forest, to bring water from the river, and to carry all the household goods on a journey, I was invariably met by that vacant stare which natives who cannot, or will not, understand know so well how to assume; and as to the women themselves, my discomfiture

amounted to a fiasco! They had two attitudes in response to my veiled incitements to rebellion: the one was that of benevolent toleration, if not exactly approval, of my intentions rather than my words, the humoring, so to speak, of the harmless hobby of a good-natured eccentric; the other, more humiliating still, was that of boundless merriment, finding expression in peal after peal of laughter, to which the listeners gave way, and which kept on reaching me from the distance, growing fainter and fainter, as they moved away from my camp.

The native point of view is well illustrated by the following conversation which I once had with a Yao, a tribe in which every man is a born 'sea-lawyer.' As he was leaving his hut, and had already gone a little distance, he called back to his wife to bring him his tobacco.

I said: 'Your wife has a lot of work to do: she cooks your food, she looks after the child, she pounds the grain, she brings firewood and water — can you not go and fetch your tobacco yourself?'

'Have I not,' he answered, 'given her everything she possesses, clothes, and beads, and money to pay the hut-tax; and do I not give her money to buy food?'

'I see,' I replied: 'you look upon your wife as your servant, and what you give her is her salary.'

'But,' said he, 'is it not the same

with the women of the white men? Does not a white man get a wife because he wants her to look after his house and his food? When he wants a new kind of pudding, he tells her, and she looks into her book, where everything about puddings is written, and then she calls the cook and tells him what to do. Is not that the same as with us?’

There certainly was a time when terrible acts of cruelty were perpetrated against women in Tropical Africa; but these acts were not so much the consequence of the women's enslaved state, as of the omnipotence of the chiefs, who, when they chose, treated their male subjects as barbarously as the female ones. From the moment when British supremacy made it impossible for native potentates to indulge in the satisfaction of barbarous caprices, there was nothing to prevent the existence of native women from running its peaceful course along lines made immutable by a practice which has lasted many centuries.

Undoubtedly, the relations of native men and women to one another are based, not on an idea of inferiority of the one sex to the other, but on division of labor. If, in some tribes, like, for instance, the Wayao, the woman throws in, by way of *pourboire*, an outward show of extreme humility and submission, she does so, as I will show later, on an entirely noncommittal understanding, merely, I am afraid, because the cunning creature is well aware of the weak spot in the cuirass of the lord of creation.

When, in the last-named tribe's country, I saw a woman kneel in the dust when addressing her husband or handing him anything, I could not repress a feeling of indignation with the male, for what I considered to be the outcome of insufferable arrogance on

his part; nor would I believe him when he replied to my outspoken comments with the words: ‘Have *I* told her to kneel down? She is following her own heart.’

I subsequently found out, however, that this excuse was quite correct. In most of the Nyasaland tribes, permanent connubial life is preceded by a term of probation, which can be broken off at will by either party. When the woman has finally made up her mind to stay, she punctuates her decision by kneeling when she addresses her husband. As a rule, she will inaugurate this change in their relations by a little *coup de théâtre*. She will choose an occasion when chance has brought together a goodly number of people, and she sees her husband standing among them. She will then walk right up to him, kneel down before him, put some trivial question, or give some unimportant piece of information, wait for the reply in a kneeling posture, and, after this has been given, get up and join the others. By thus humbling herself, *she has taken possession of her husband*.

In some tribes, as, for instance, that of the Wangoni, where probation is not required, the girls will postpone kneeling until after marriage.

Not only when they talk to their husbands, or hand them anything, are the women of the Nyasa Basin expected to kneel, but also when they minister to their wants, or even when they nurse them during an illness. A common sight is a ‘beau's’ morning ‘toilette’ at the hands of his wives. He sits cross-legged in front of a large cooking-pot filled with water, — a device for a looking-glass, — and his wives, supposing there are two of them, kneel, one on each side of him, one of them holding a small bottle of oil and a long-toothed wooden comb, and the other a knife or scissors and sometimes a flat-

iron to flatten the recalcitrant curls, as it is every black man's endeavor to have as little kink in his chevelure as possible.

The Wayao, descendants of conquerors, very intelligent, and very conceited, set the fashion in British Central Africa. The neighboring tribes are gradually adopting their customs and habits, and even their tribal marks. Something similar to this was, before the war, the Anglomania which was prevalent in Europe among the better classes in all countries.

It would be a mistake to infer, from the ostentation of wifely devotion just mentioned, a particularly humble or timorous disposition on the part of the performers. The whole show is a mere conventional formality, like our surrendering of a seat in a car to a lady, or giving her precedence. Barring a few concessions to traditional custom, native women in British Central Africa enjoy to-day a liberty greater than that of most European married women. Were it not that polyandry is unknown, one might almost be tempted to compare their emancipated status with that of the women of Tibet.

Marriages between natives are essentially *mariages de convenance*, and sentiment rarely plays a part in them. But it is an ill wind that blows no one any good, and the great advantage connected with this materialistic attitude lies in the fact that enforced celibacy is practically nonexistent among natives. Even lepers in the early period of the disease find a mate; it happens that these, even if they are known to be afflicted with that illness, marry persons who enjoy perfect health.

No man or woman is too deformed to marry. Not long ago I saw a woman, a poor little hunchback dwarf. 'Poor creature!' I exclaimed; 'she will never find a husband!'

'She has been married for years,' was the reply.

A couple of years ago, a young Ngoni came to me for medicine for a festering sore on the instep of one of his feet. I asked him how he had come by it, and was informed that it was a bite, inflicted by his first wife in a fit of jealousy, because he had taken a second one. After this act of revenge, she had run away with an Askari. I could not refrain from expressing my pity for the poor woman, who had obviously been very fond of her husband. But Joseph — such was that young bigamist's name — could not be made to accept my point of view. He was a picture of a man, uncommonly tall and strong, and he wore war-medals besides, having been through the campaign in German East.

I met him again about a year later, and asked him how he was getting on, and if he was still happy with his second wife.

'She has left me,' he said; 'she has gone to live with James.'

'James?' I exclaimed, 'the man in the workshop?'

'The same,' he said.

Now this James is a hopeless cripple, who moves about with extraordinary nimbleness on his hands and knees. Like so many native cripples, he is a mechanical genius, and he was, at the time I am writing about, employed in the workshop on the estate of a European. 'You do not mean to say,' I said to Joseph, 'that your wife has deserted you, a strong, big man, to go and live with that cripple?'

'James has got plenty money,' was the brief reply. This, indeed, was retribution.

Nowadays, among the Wayao, the Wanyanja, and the tribes which have adopted their customs, girls are no more bought from the father with cattle or goats, and no girl is given in

marriage against her consent. This is the case also among the tribes of the Livingstone Range. Chief importance is given to the expenses incurred by the husband on account of the woman, in establishing her household. These are considered as imposing upon the latter a moral liability.

A Yao once asked me if Europeans make presents to the father of their fiancée. When I told him that it is the other way, and that the father gives the daughter money for her married establishment, and that her friends give her presents, he inquired: 'Is this because the parents of the girl are afraid that, perhaps, if they give her nothing, later, when the two have been married for some years, and a quarrel arises, the husband might say to his wife: "What! You dare quarrel with me, and yet, when I married you, you had nothing, and I gave you everything!"?'

It is strange how the ideas concerning the conduct which is expected from unmarried girls vary in different tribes. Among the Wayao, and those who have come under their influence, girls are allowed to grow up without supervision or restraint. How great is the influence, for good or evil, of the Wayao over their neighbors, may be concluded from the fact that this laxity of morals has spread even to the Wangoni, although their parent nation, the Zulu of South Africa, punishes girls who have disgraced themselves, by death through warrior ants.

The Wataweta of the Kenia Province allow their young a licence as great as that of the Wayao.

On the other hand, the Wapare of the Tanganyika province, near neighbors of the Wataweta, in order to keep their young girls out of harm's way, were, and perhaps still are, in the habit of shutting them up for periods sometimes extending to four years, often in solitary confinement, in lofts built into the

roofs of their huts! They were never allowed to go out, but were otherwise well taken care of. If, in the same tribe, a boy and girl sinned against custom, their lives were forfeited, and they were killed in the way in which, according to Moses (Numbers 25:8), Phinehas killed the Israelite, the daughter of a Prince of the Midianites.

The Elgon natives of the Kenya province shut up all the boys, every evening, in double-story buildings, and a watch is set over them.

It is to be feared, however, that those tribes which are concerned about the proper behavior of their maidens before marriage, are not so from any appreciation, or even comprehension, of 'virtue' in the white man's sense of the word. Chastity merely increases the girl's value as a commercial asset. That this is the case follows from the fact that it is insisted upon chiefly in those tribes where the girl is bought from the parents by the bridegroom, without being herself consulted; while it is treated as a negligible quantity where the girl's consent is a condition of marriage.

Nothing could be simpler than the process by which, to-day, in Nyasaland, a man and a woman enter matrimony. The following account gives a good idea of how it is generally done. I asked Soliman how he got his wife.

He said: 'I met her on the road and gave her tobacco. Shortly afterward she came in to my hut and brought ugali (porridge). I asked: "For whom is this ugali?" She replied: "It is for you." I then asked her: "Why do you bring me ugali?" She replied: "Because I want you very much." I said: "But you have a husband already." She replied: "No! my husband left me a long time ago." I said: "This is surely a lie." She said: "It is not a lie: go and ask my brother." I then went and asked her brother, and he said: "She has told you the truth: her hus-

band left her a long time ago." I then went to my own brother [his eldest brother] and asked him if he had any objection to my courting that woman. He said he had none and so she came to live with me.'

In due time, when the two came to the conclusion that there existed no radical *incompatabilité d'humeur*, the preliminary arrangement became a permanent one.

What applies to the courting of grown-up women applies in an equal degree to that of girls. Their freedom of movement is absolute. They will go to a young fellow 'on trial' without first informing their parents, until, perhaps, one day, the father asks casually: 'Where are you always going to, taking food-stuff with you?' The girl then replies: 'I go to a young fellow whom I like very much.' Then the swain, after having been informed by his fiancée that the father is beginning to manifest curiosity, will go to the latter and tell him that he wants his daughter; and then the father will say: 'Go and speak with her brother.' It is always the brother, or the uncle on the mother's side, who is consulted as the weightiest authority; but this is not to be looked upon as a disregard of parental authority; quite the contrary, parents are considered to stand so high above their children, that to consult them in anything, or even to begin a conversation with them, would be an unthinkable piece of audacity on the children's part.

Before the two young people agree to live with one another, there is always the same exchange of questions and answers, almost like a ritual: 'Have you not got another man.' 'No!' 'Surely you lie; you have another man!' 'No, truly; I am telling the truth.' The brother is then called upon, for confirmation or otherwise.

If, during the term of probation, the

young people discover that they cannot agree, or if the family of one of the two parties objects to the choice made, they separate. In one case, for instance, in which one of my servants wanted to marry a young girl, the latter's family decided, after she had come to live with him, to settle in another district. Now, among the Wayao, as a general rule, the husband follows the woman and lives in her village. But in this case the bridegroom's family, a body against whose decisions there is no appeal, declared with one accord that they did not wish him to leave the district in which *they* were living. So there was nothing left for the two but to separate.

I felt very sorry for them both; but when I asked Hassan, full of sympathy, if he felt very sorry that the girl was leaving him he laughed, and said: 'Not at all!' He was thinking, no doubt, that there are as many fish in the sea as have come out of it.

As long as the bridegroom has incurred no expenses on behalf of his lady, and as long as the relations of both have not been formally and solemnly informed of the union, the separation is not treated as being of any importance. But where all these conditions have been fulfilled, it is sure to be followed by litigation.

## II

If the native woman's conduct as a spouse, looked at from the white man's point of view, leaves much to be desired, it must be proclaimed, on the other side, that no words of praise could even approximately do justice to her in her character as housewife and as mother.

Her thrift, her patience, her endurance, her uncomplaining and quiet cheerfulness, are the incomparable qualities against which her husband has nothing to put into the balance



except official representation and the prestige of masculine strength, which, as a protection, is becoming more and more superfluous.

Long before sunrise, long before her husband, she gets up to go and fetch water from the lake or from the river. On many occasions this function is accompanied by personal danger, as, for instance, when the only water-supply is a river or a lake infested with crocodiles; or when man-eating lions happen to be about. These generally choose their victims from women who are on their way to the water or returning from it. I have known of many such casualties; yet I never heard of any woman making this a pretext for staying at home.

Other occupations fill the day, from morning till night: wood-chopping, grain-pounding and winnowing, hoeing, planting, cooking, nursing the children, fetching mud for the huts and applying it (the frames are erected by the men), besides, in some places, making pottery — an art reserved to women, some of whom are clever artists in this industry.

When one asks the men what part of the work is left for them to do, as the women do practically everything, they invariably reply: 'Oh, but do not we get the money for the women to buy cloth with, by hiring ourselves out to Europeans? Where are the women to get money from, if we do not get it for them?'

So great is the glamour attached to money in the native mind, that a man who, by a few months' work on a plantation or as a 'boy,' has earned enough to pay the hut-tax and to buy a few pieces of calico, is satisfied that he has done ample justice to *his* part of the contract, and that he fully deserves, for the rest of the year, his *otium cum dignitate*.

The adaptability of native women

to their surroundings, and their equanimity under all circumstances, are remarkable. They are very like gypsies in this respect. Those who follow their husbands on a journey, with or without children, often without any necessity and only for the fun of the thing, find themselves as much at home in a grass hut erected in haste in the bush, as in their own village; and their babies are just the same.

Yet another great quality of these women is the small amount of noise which they make. All the chattering, all the loud laughing and talking is done by the men, who are engaged in incessant conversation on the most futile subjects from morning till evening, and often, when there is a moon shining, all through the night, too, as natives enjoy the invaluable faculty of being able to remain awake at will, without exercising the slightest effort. In a camp, women are scarcely ever heard, unless one of them happens to have a hysterical fit.

Black babies are as admirable as their mothers. They are simply wonderful! Nobody who has not lived in close proximity to them for some time can realize how noiseless they are. Once only in twenty-five years has a black child kept me awake during the night; and I do not know to this day what the reason was, as I arrived after dark and left before dawn, and never saw it!

When I once asked a Yao why black babies make so little noise compared with white ones, he replied: 'The European father teaches his child to make plenty noise and to break everything it touches, because, if it does not, he thinks it is ill.'

The placidity and the contentment of native as compared with European babies is due, no doubt, to their close companionship with their mother, from whom they are as inseparable, *mutatis*

*mutandis*, as little kangaroos from theirs. During the first years of their life, they spend nearly all their time snugly and comfortably berthed in the *kweleka*, the pouch formed by the cloth slung over their mother's back. If they want to sleep, they sleep; when they are awake, there is always something interesting to see, or to hear, by peeping round the corner. The larder is always full, the table always laid, the perambulator always ready to start; they are kept warm by the best and most natural of warming-pans.

The facility which the native has in sleeping under all circumstances, and in all conceivable postures, must be the consequence of this existence of the child on its mother's back where it undergoes all imaginable variations of tossing; for, whatever may be the nature of the work in which the woman is engaged, she scarcely ever puts the baby down. And the skill with which she manages to carry, besides, on her head, heavy logs of wood, or a hoe which often balances within an inch of the small passenger's head, is both marvelous and appalling, as it also testifies to her strength of nerve. Often have I been made quite anxious by thus seeing babies, in imminent danger as I imagined, of being brained; and I have even seen native men who were affected the same way; and I have heard them call out to the women to be careful. Yet it would appear as if nothing ever happened.

I once asked a man if he remembered, in his lifetime, a baby having been injured by the load which its mother was carrying. 'Oh, yes,' he replied at once; 'I remember very well, a long time ago, at such and such a place.' 'And what happened?' I asked; 'did the poor child die?' 'Die? No!' was the reply; 'there was a little blood, though.'

It occurs from time to time that women have hysterical fits — fits which

have the same character in tribes settled thousands of miles apart. One hears sometimes that the reason why the Chinese occasionally run amok is the snapping of the bonds of self-restraint imposed upon them by their crowded existence; the fits of black women may have the same origin. There is, however, nothing dangerous or violent about them. They consist, as a rule, in an avalanche of words, chiefly accusations and complaints, which nothing on earth except violence can stop, culminating sometimes in a headlong flight from the village into the bush, with the avowed intention to await death there. Fortunately, however, the crisis always ends before it comes to this. Husbands, when their wives are taken that way, have two alternatives: either to beat them until they stop, or to run away and keep at a distance until the hurricane has passed.

As was indicated above, among the Wayao and those tribes which their influence has penetrated, woman rules supreme in the household and in the village. I have spoken with many men who, after some hesitation, ended by admitting it. In the villages it is the women who make or mar reputations, as they did in Europe before the advent of the suffragette, and in the house the men follow their advice in almost everything. It is they who decide whether a stranger shall be allowed to settle in the village and to remain there, and whether one of the community who, for some reason or other, is making himself obnoxious, shall be given, by the men, the *consilium aberundi*. When the wife of a native servant desires a change, she will prevail on her husband to leave his situation, however much he may like it personally. 'Boys' who have been scolded in the presence of their women invariably give notice; most thefts committed by men are due

to direct or indirect instigation by their wives. Black men are extremely sensitive to ridicule, and what they fear more than anything else, is to appear ridiculous or weak before their women. The latter know this, and harp on that string with consummate virtuosity.

What gives the women of the Wayao such a hold over the men is the unique custom that, after marriage, the man follows the woman to *her* village, not *vice versa*; and if, later, the man goes to reside in another place, — as, for instance, when he finds employment on a plantation, — it seems to be left to his wife's discretion entirely, whether she shall follow him or not. Frequently she refuses.

I once had a servant named Moses — a good-natured, blear-eyed, pock-marked, flat-nosed, squat fellow, very partial to *pombe*, and particularly unfortunate in his dealings with the fair sex. One day he informed me that he had got a new wife (his third), and that she wanted to come and live with him. So I put at his disposal a large and comfortable hut which stood empty. But anything like the tantalizing behavior of this princess could not be imagined! For weeks she kept on sending messages announcing her impending arrival, without ever turning up. I tried, by scathing comments, to rouse poor Moses, who was daily growing more depressed, to an assertion of his authority; but he was evidently much too afraid of being deserted, to risk incurring his Dulcinea's displeasure.

One morning, when I asked him if his bride had at last arrived, he replied, in English, which he spoke rather well: 'No; she sent her little sister instead; did you not see that little girl who came yesterday?' 'Why on earth does she send you a little girl?' I said; 'why does she not come herself?' To this he replied, in a meek and despondent tone of voice: 'A little sister-in-law for me.'

VOL. 132 — NO. 2

Finally he made up his mind to give in, and left me to join her.

Just as in Europe, it frequently happens that mere boys marry women twice their age, and sometimes nearly twice their size. They make devoted husbands, as long as it lasts; but I imagine that they are rather henpecked as a rule. In one such case which I remember, the wife, a giantess, whom her boyish husband had been carrying, figuratively speaking, on his hands, at last brought matters to a head by requesting him to cook her food! This was too much, and he gave her up that very day.

Yet, such is the power of conventionality, that, if the husband's brother, or his maternal uncle, come on a visit, the wife will at once leave the hut and sit by herself, alone and disconsolately, at some distance, until he has gone. And if one asks her why she acts in this way, she replies: '*Ninaona haya.*' (I feel shy.) The visitor, if the same question was put to him, would probably say, as an explanation needing no further comment: 'Is she not my daughter-in-law?'

One of the chief reasons for the differences between man and wife, which incessantly occur in Nyasaland and are more frequent there than in any other part of Africa which I have visited, is the ease with which the women absent themselves from their homes for varying lengths of time. A pretext is never wanting, and is apparently always taken for granted by the confiding husband.

I have known a Ngoni woman to leave her invalid husband all alone for six weeks; and when I asked him why he consented to being thus deserted in his helpless state, he explained, with perfect equanimity, that she had followed up-country a debtor who owed her sixpence!

Native women who run short of pro-

visions often remedy this by repairing to some village in the district where maize is reported to be abundant, and there hire themselves out to take a hand in pounding it, for remuneration in kind. This offers an opportunity for an absence of many days' duration, during which the control of the movements of the absentee ladies by their husbands is a complicated affair, and quite out of the question when the latter are in fixed employ.

It is deplorable to have to admit that the black woman of British Central Africa, with all her admirable qualities, is sorely lacking in the one essential virtue of her sex.

With the sole exception, possibly, of the few Christian women who belong to the nucleus of *bonafide* converts surrounding mission stations, no native woman is capable of even faintly suspecting that her white sister's attitude toward certain problems of life is either beautiful or reasonable.

A redeeming, although rather ludicrous feature of the question is, that Isolde is expected to make, without delay, full confession of her fault to her husband, who otherwise would die if he partook of food in company with Tristan. This is implicitly believed in by the natives of Nyasaland, and confessions of this kind are of very common occurrence.

A somewhat similar idea is the universal belief that a woman whose husband has been unfaithful will grow ill and die of her next child; or that a child at the breast will die if its father is unfaithful to the mother. All the deaths of women with child, or of a child at the breast, are attributed to this cause. Nothing, however, appears to happen nowadays to the guilty father, except that he is excluded from the family mourning ceremonies.

Open acts of revenge by an injured husband are extremely rare, but that

passion may be exercised in a way which cannot be brought home to him. That this sometimes happens I more than suspect — merely from the character of the people. Also, complete indifference is often assumed, in order to procure convincing proof. But even where this has been forthcoming, the end of the whole intrigue, as a rule, so far as the general public is concerned, consists in nothing more tragic than an endless palaver between the families of the two parties, where the fine payable by the guilty person is definitely fixed.

Rarely does it happen that even the most incorrigible of flirts is dismissed by her husband, if she is otherwise of an amiable disposition. One evening I was awakened by the sound of blows and of a woman screaming. It came from the hut of a man whom I knew, the owner of two wives, one of whom was elderly and steady, the other a wayward young gazelle, who had already twice spontaneously confessed that she had listened to the advances of a neighboring *Don Juan*.

I rushed to the hut; but when I arrived there, I found the husband only and the first wife; the second wife, caught listening to the blandishments of the neighbor, had, I was told, run away. As I feared that he might have seriously injured the girl, I told the man that, unless he produced her, unhurt, within a day, I should have him seized and sent before the Resident.

I waited two days, and then both appeared before me, smiling, *hand in hand*. They were still living together, and on the best of terms, two years later.

The absolute immorality of the women of Nyasaland, strange to say, goes along with a modesty, both of word and gesture, in both sexes, which could not be excelled in the most respectable and *collet-monté* community of white people. Exceptions occur only when a woman gets drunk.

The rule as to what constitutes and what destroys the respectability of a grown-up woman is a different one in almost every tribe. Where morality is practically nonexistent, as among the women of the Nyasa Basin, nothing, obviously, that a woman could do could injure her honor. Among the Wakinga of the Livingstone Range, again, a hardy race of mountaineers, women are forbidden two things: to accept money in return for their favors, and to bestow them on men not of their own race. To the latter restriction was due, before the war, the total absence of all disease — an inestimable boon, perhaps unique in the world. But whether this happy state of affairs has survived the 'passing of the days of war' is, alas, another question. The Masai woman, in the Nyika of what now forms the Kenya and the Tanganyika provinces, is a model spouse; but the unwritten law of the nation imposes upon her husband the duty temporarily to surrender his house and its inhabitants to any one of the Elmorao (members of the warrior caste, who are bound to celibacy as long as they belong to it) who desires to take possession of them, and to keep away as long as he sees the latter's long spear sticking in the ground in front of the door. This husband was an Elmorao himself before his marriage.

Ethically, there is a great resemblance between all native women, from the Juba to Capetown; but physically they are as different as white women of different nationalities; and their ideas as to the kind of ornaments best adapted to their particular style of beauty vary even more.

Most Europeans, I believe, imagine that, although a Negro woman may have a fine figure, the general type of the features is always the same, and shaped, more or less, on the lines of the traditional black woman of story-

books. No idea could be more erroneous and more unjust. People may differ as to the question whether perfect classic beauty is compatible with a black skin; but, leaving the Somali out of the question altogether, because it is not quite certain if, black though they are, one is justified in calling them Negroes, there can be no two opinions as to whether an ebony Venus of Milo — the term black, when applied to the human skin, has as many shades as the spectrum — is not occasionally met with, very much alive, indeed, among the Wagala or the Waswahili. Perfectly regular features are probably more frequent among the former of these two races than among the English, the Italians, or the Greeks. Besides, the headdress of the women of these tribes — small curls arranged on both sides of the central, longitudinal parting, and converging toward a small tuft, just above the nape of the neck — is not unlike the classic ideal.

The headdress of the Masai and the Wataweta women, where beautiful faces, although of a somewhat different type, are just as frequent as among the tribes just mentioned, is also very becoming and very striking, consisting, as it does, of leather bands forming a kind of skullcap on top, and hanging down on both sides of the face, like the curls of our grandmothers, terminating in huge, brightly polished metal discs, the whole being rather suggestive of the faces of saints on Greek icons. Unfortunately, these women shave off their eyebrows, as did the Gioconda and her contemporaries.

But neither the Swahili nor the Masai headdress has, so far, been universally adopted as a fashion; and no woman's face in the world, were it as beautiful as that of 'the serpent of old Nile' herself, can with impunity support a black woolen pincushion in lieu of a *chevelure*.



Native women, who have not grown either self-conscious or bold by much intercourse with Europeans, often have charming manners: the low laugh, the graceful movements of the head, the subdued gestures, the total absence of affectation (which is in itself the hallmark of good breeding) — no *grande dame* in Europe could excel them in these; and those whom age has deprived of the charm of youth often astonish the stranger by their wisdom and their sense of humor.

It is a moment of ever-recurring surprise and wonder to me, that the very tribes in which women enjoy the greatest freedom and have most power, namely, the Wayao and the Wanyanja, are also those in which they are ugliest, and where, besides, they do their best to increase this ugliness by disfiguring themselves with their idiotic ornaments. These 'improvements' are threefold; about the most atrocious of the three, the flattening of the breasts, the less said the better.

The other two are called, respectively, the *chipini* and the *pelele*. Both are studs. The *chipini* is worn in the side of the nose, the *pelele* half-way between the nose and the upper lip. The *chipini* is one inch across, the *pelele* often much larger! Indian women sometimes wear a small piece of jewelry in the nose, which looks very pretty. Natives, however, can do nothing in moderation, and the enormous *chipini* distorts the wearer's nostril, down and sideways, across half the cheek. It looks horrid enough when the *chipini* is worn; but when it has been lost, or sold, there remains nothing but the gap where it ought to be; and the impression given is that of a permanent disfigurement due to some accident.

I remember that, when I came to Nyasaland and saw for the first time a woman who had left her *chipini* at home, I thought she was ill, and told

my attendant to ask her if I could help her in any way! Natives always avoid giving a direct reply if they can, and so the answer which I received in this case was that, 'perhaps' there was nothing the matter with the lady's nose.

The women themselves could probably be prevailed upon to give up wearing these horrible things; but, unfortunately, the men like them, and encourage them to wear them. A Yao, a great Don Juan, once announced to me that he intended going in search of another wife. I wished him good luck and added: 'I hope you will find a pretty wife, one who does not wear that dreadful *chipini*.'

'What!' he exclaimed, horrified; 'nothing at all, like a man?'

If the *chipini* is bad, the *pelele* is worse. A peculiarity of the natives of the Nyasa Basin, some Wangoni excepted, is the great distance between the nose and the upper lip; the line, besides, projects outwards at an angle from the nose, almost like a beak. It is midway between the nose and the lip that the *pelele* is worn, and one asks one's self whether the length of that line is due to the wearing of the *pelele* through countless generations, or whether the *pelele* was put there to relieve its monotony. The natives have a theory to explain the invention. They say that, when a woman grows old, she loses her front teeth, and that then her upper lip, by getting into the mouth, prevents her from talking distinctly; but that the *pelele* keeps the lip up, and that those who wear it can talk just as distinctly without front teeth as with them. Possibly! But why, then, do not the old men wear a *pelele*, too? They never do.

There exists a surprising similitude between the lower part of the face of a woman who wears the *pelele* and the



beak of the female trumpet hornbill,—the *Hondo-Hondo* of the natives,—a bird which is indigenous (although not exclusively so) in the countries whose inhabitants wear that ornament. While the male *Hondo-Hondo* carries, over beak and forehead, the helmet of a Roman centurion, his partner contents herself with a round disc, like a *pelele* in shape and size, which she wears midway between the root of the bill and its tip. The resemblance is so striking, that the observer involuntarily asks himself if it is not due to something more than a coincidence! Can it not be that, in the long, long ago, some of the women decided to follow the bird's example, as a new and original attraction in their intercourse with man? Or was it a sultan, perhaps, who, in a barbarous humor, experimented as to how his women would look with the female hornbill's jewel, and thus set the fashion?

Unlike the *chipini*, the *pelele* is, fortunately, disappearing. It is scarcely ever met with, now, in the Shire highlands, although the people to the east of Lake Nyasa still wear it. The missionaries, I am told, are doing their best to induce the children to refuse to undergo the perforation above the lip, which is necessary for the insertion of the stud.

The indifference of natives to human physical beauty, which practically amounts to its total elimination as a factor in the relations between the sexes, has often been commented upon. A native whose attention you draw to the handsome features of another native—either woman or man—always responds vaguely, indifferently, never emphatically, rather giving the impression that he does not quite un-

derstand what you mean. It is significant that there exists, in the Swahili language, no word which expresses handsome, or beautiful, exclusively. The word *zuri*, the only one used in this sense, means good, as well as beautiful, the first idea conveyed, when it is applied to a person, being always that of moral, rather than physical, excellence.

The incongruity which often exists between parties forming a union, almost suggests the absence of even individuality as a factor in these relations. And yet it would probably be incorrect and unjust to explain the phenomenon by the preponderance of mere brute sensuality over all finer feelings; for it cannot be denied that natives are by no means devoid of a sense of beauty. They admire it in animals, in flowers, in pictures, landscapes, and music; they have clever artists; and their perception of what is ridiculous in expression or appearance is perhaps keener than that of the average European, notwithstanding their passion for the odd and the baroque. One might say, that their indifference to beauty is confined exclusively to sex-relations, or that their æsthetic sense is in default only where these relations come into play.

The explanation of this bizarre trait in the character of the African Negro can perhaps be found in the surmise expressed by the famous author of *The Traveling Diary of a Philosopher*, that natives of the Tropics cannot feel love as we do, our love being founded entirely on an imaginative power which they do not possess; for, surely, the faculty to feel love is an essential condition of the faculty to appreciate physical beauty.

# SCHOOL CONFORMITY

BY EDWARD YEOMANS

## I

It is too easy to write with some fervor on educational matters, and to promote your own ideas based on your own inherited quality of mind and endeavor, thereby to assist in establishing a certain philosophy of education, and even a method of education, which shall stand against the attrition of present and future criticism.

What you do, of course, is particularly to express yourself, and perhaps impress and reassure others who are more or less like you. What you do not do is to convince a great multitude who are not like you, who have a very different origin and habit of life.

From a biological point of view, it does seem rather strange that, with a common ancestry merged into a dense conglomerate extending under water like a coral reef a million years old, there should be such divergence of ideas in the apex, the very small part that is living in the foam and sunlight of the present day.

The animal mind, the greatly preponderating element, is the same; the infantile mind — using Dr. Robinson's divisions — is somewhat the same; the imitative mind is less the same; and the constructive mind not at all the same.

And it is the constructive mind to which we wish to commit our educational fortunes.

It is a constructive mind necessarily founded upon these preceding minds, and so the thing called Fate has a

great deal to do with the working of it. It is not free. It has a certain radius, a tether of a rather definite length, which confines the individual to a rather definite area.

Predestination is no longer a popular word, but let no one suppose it to have lost its meaning and retired from business.

The mistake the old religionists made was in thinking that anyone could plot the curve of predestination for anybody else, and observe its terminus in Heaven or in Hell.

Intolerance we profess not to understand any more, simply because it is usually repressed by social consent and by economic necessity. As the world becomes more crowded, certainly the most intolerable thing is intolerance. When people could get away from each other more easily, when there was more frontier, and you could move off and establish your special kind of intolerance in a new country, why, of course, things did not really have to come to the stony eye, the exasperating word, the murderous hand, and the more murderous heart.

Do you remember the scene in the *Valkyrie* when Hunding comes home amid the thunder and scream of the forest storm, strides in with his spear and dark countenance, and finds Siegmund lying by his hearth?

In the long survey that these two elemental antagonists make of each other, while the orchestra surges with

their emotions and destinies, you feel the tension, the irrepressible conflict between Realism and Idealism, between Rationalism and Faith, between Law and Grace. In modern literature Nietzsche and Dostoevsky represent these extremes, the one excluding all but the masterful, the determined; the other — hopeth all things, believeth all things, endureth all things, knowing that even the things that are not shall bring to nought the things that are.

Intolerance is still the threatening phenomenon, and only a few years ago broke out again, with all its torments immensely multiplied. The inquisitor was abroad in the land, and the auto-da-fé blazed in Flanders and France.

The crust is thin yet, and one must be careful not to start cracks in it by inconsiderate ways of talking and of acting.

Well, of course, the intolerance in the intellectual world, if you want to call the school-world that, is a very gentlemanly and ladylike sort of thing, for which we must be duly thankful. For these schools are derived — and recently derived, too — from religious institutions and even from military institutions, and we are doing very well to have got so far from these sources of ferment, where people forgot so easily that what they had in common was to what they differed in as one thousand is to one.

But if you listen to school-talk, if you listen to the leaders of school-thought and of school-programme to-day, you are struck very much by the difficulties that exist to agreement, to what Mr. Wilson so often referred to as 'accommodation'; and you are confronted again with these deep cleavages, the insulations, which people prefer to foster, to increase, and even to advertise.

To be sure, it all goes to increase the interest of the composition, so to speak, by introducing those dissonances —

those clashings of tones and that dramatic element without which life would be insipid. What would there be for so many of us to write about then, or to declaim about before the women's clubs?

How we do enjoy robing ourselves in the sombre cloak of denunciation and of prophesy, securing for a moment a fleeting attention, before we make our exit into yesterday's seven thousand years, quite alone and unattended, comforting ourselves as we may, but certainly with no assurance of having 'held a hand uplifted over Fate.'

From your own circumscribed area, then, with its preoccupations, with its passers-by in rags, tags, and velvet gowns, each making a passing gesture and condescending a passing glance as they proceed from nowhere to nowhere — you look and listen.

And among many other things you may notice this — that people get the habit of seeing their own kind far too much. That is a by-product of intolerance, and also a self-preservative instinct. But what we need is more cross-fertilization, and school-people need it very much indeed — almost as much as business men or engineers, for instance. Adventure is another word for it.

If you are a typical business man, what you need most is to stop making business men your constant companions. You need to stop going to that round table at the club for lunch. You get poisoned by the exhalations of the same sentiment in an unventilated place, namely, in a business career. What you need is to see more people, — and get on intimate terms with them, too, — who have very different interests: poets, painters, and craftsmen, who do things for the love of doing them, for the thing and not for its selling-price, or its duplicate production possibilities. Among these people you will find, here and there, one who shall

blow away the webs of your timidities and inhibitions and intolerances, and make your spiritual house a more habitable place.

And if you are attached to the school army, of seven hundred thousand or more, that marches almost daily to the attack on childhood, what you need is less pedagogical regimentation, and more walking with the children themselves, with the onlookers, not the living only but the dead, as they still live in their prose and poetry and music.

## II

The great figure of the Puritan, with his face hardened in the rigidities of dogma, with the Book he felt that he alone understood, with his staff for correction and his square-toed shoes beating a ruthless path through the New World — the Puritan's shadow was on all schools and his substance usually in the President's Chair.

Then came two cataclysmic forces, — Darwin and the 'Iron Man,' and together they distilled a very strong antidote for Puritanism and ecclesiasticism in general; and behold, out of a sea of religious psychology, with all its beautiful and its terrible moods, its consolations and its devastations, we get a sea of repressed materialism, becoming more and more expressed as time goes on, filled with the luminosities of pure science, and the vivid gyrations of applied science, and particularly filled with a pelagic species called 'business men,' from whales to minnows.

This water surrounds educational institutions everywhere, and has risen inside to the level outside — or is rising.

And with the water come the fish; and there you see them, as plain as day, around the tables of the Boards of Education and of Trustees, fantastic crea-

tures, so many of them, who plainly are equipped only with gills, and breathe freely only in water, and whose whole effort must be to increase the submergence of education in the business ocean and to exclude the air, the wind, the freedom of that *Spiritus* — that great Roman word in the passion of the cry, *Veni Creator Spiritus!*

Now these water-breathers are very valuable people; I would not disparage them at all if they did not keep coming up too often with that large gaze — the gaze of the successful person; and with the feeling that success in one medium justifies intrusion in another; and with that habitual determination, which made them effective enough to become important, and important enough to be feared.

Whole communities respect them inordinately, and listen too willingly when they speak of things about which they know nothing.

Although as regards schools and colleges they make some gestures and grimaces of compliance with air-breathing, so to speak, it is plain that to them schools and colleges are primarily to enable their children and all children 'in the various levels of social life in which it has pleased God in his wisdom to place them,' to do better and faster and more tirelessly the things society is now engaged in doing, and to increase the proportion of children who can win out — on the survival theory — *in water*.

And when you ask them to compromise; when you, in your most conciliatory mood, and in your most ingratiating manner, and with your most embarrassing arguments, ask them to admit the propriety of some of your claims, you may be treated respectfully; but, after you have gone, the remarks are paternalistic — you are interesting, decorative, amiable, but hardly to be taken seriously.

## III

And now the reader can see plainly where this argument goes, and how simply and inevitably the principle of conformity, which has always controlled educational matters, operates here to promote what we may call 'Industrial psychology' among teachers.

Teachers and the teachers of teachers have been captured by it without much resistance, for the following reasons — aside from the 'peaceful penetration' alluded to. First, because teachers of spirit resent their traditional status as outsiders, as a group relegated to the unrealities, to the immature, by that part of society which is dealing in ponderables — in real estate, goods, machinery, and so on.

And is it not a temptation to be able to make obvious common cause with the people who have so much to show for what they do, and who are so much thought of and thought about and remembered?

Sad is the lot of the teacher, who can show so little; who has to be content to die before his crop matures; whose seed develops so mysteriously and slowly; who by Faith must subdue kingdoms, but rarely participate in the triumphal entry. To be able to show results, to measure the product of education, — the increments added yearly, — to keep a balance-sheet to indicate clearly the success or failure of your efforts! Yes, this is a very understandable temptation. Dear Lord, may we not allow ourselves this indulgence, that, in our own time, the work of our hands may be established upon us?

And another reason is that the people who are running schools can find enough teachers capable of performing the functions of record-keepers, — for it is by records, by a system comparable with bookkeeping and cost-accounting, that this business must operate, — and

the function of 'test givers'; for it is from standardized tests only that records can be made.

The question is, do you think this kind of teacher may be maximized, and the other kind — the kind whose results you can't measure so easily — minimized, until the premium becomes definitely shifted, the very busy and expert-record-keeping stenographic type becoming the ideal, and this teacher of the by-products from textbooks — this teacher who is his own guide and who cannot live at all in this mechanical place, superintended by a person who should be designing motor-boats or automobiles — finally discredited?

He cannot live there or breathe there, because he is not interested in arriving at destinations, but in enjoying every step of the way by which you go; not in lineal progress and speed, but in the significance of things; not in quantity of ground covered, but in quality of impressions received and stored; not in attainment of mind, so much as in renewal of a right spirit and creation of a clean heart.

This is the teacher who turns on the light in that department of the individual's establishment where court is held, and establishes there a judge, who may become distinguished for his decisions, which judge is eventually that strange impersonal critic of the man himself, capable of putting his own emotions on the witness stand and relentlessly exposing his own pretensions and hypocrisies, until he cries out with shame and contrition; a teacher who assists you to attain, finally, to this beatitude, — the one Walt Whitman emblazoned on his shield, — 'Nothing exterior shall ever take command of me!'

And then there is the mass — the ever-increasing mass, the fecund, swarming, unassimilated, and refractory multitude of recent European origin, and particularly Southern European and



Slavic, — whose adult mental age is between nine and twelve years — how can schools deal with this heartbreaking problem except by mechanics, in some wholesale and 'big-business' manner, whereby they are herded along the runways provided by textbook manufacturers, into some conventional acceptance of standards that provide exterior coatings for very chaotic interiors?

The sins of our industrial fathers are visited upon their children. They satisfied their huge appetites for developing the country, and left us to clean up — to endeavor to compensate for a generation of exclusive association with the ugly assurances and crude ambitions of American municipal life, and American tenements, and American industry.

How many Angelo Patris do we need, and where shall we get them?

Does anybody think the thing called Americanization, with its sterile formulæ and lock-step ritual, will ever do more than whitewash the exterior of this matter?

It begins to have, this new citizenship, with its high birthrate and preponderating bulk, some of the aspects of a glacier on the American social landscape — a cosmic thing, which cause, plus time, carries through to destinations which are entirely hidden, but which are perceptibly changing the contours in preparation for a new landscape, and one which may resemble too much a public park on Monday morning, after the pupils in our schools, and their parents, have enjoyed a Sunday in it.

And, finally, the children themselves are also easily captured by the spectacle of the passing circus — for the flower of this industrial era is something like a circus. They all look out of the windows as the procession goes by. There is the gilded band-wagon, filled with brilliant costumes and very confident

music. There are highly decorated ladies and gentlemen on prancing horses, attended by clowns and performers of all sorts — very conspicuous people who are, therefore, enviable people.

To be inconspicuous, to be indistinguishable, is the lot of failure, of the subnormal, of the unprivileged, of the poor, but must not be our lot. The tents are set up in every great city, and the newspapers, as 'barkers,' announce with terrible insistence that the show is now going on. And so, at all costs, let us become visible, by any manipulation of costume or by any possible antic in business, profession, or society, and ride as close as possible to the sounding brass instruments, being careful never to consider what an old sailmaker of Tarsus once said on the subject.

*Externality* — that is the social disease which schools have to combat, and to which they are, instead, beginning to conform — the thing that poisons life at the source, and will make a hideous parade through this country, unless children can be turned aside from following after and, through the agency of teachers who understand the art of furnishing *interiors*, are rescued from becoming mere gregarious dependents on shows, hollow and dark with the hollowness and darkness that harbor bat-like emotions.

Which does not involve any cloistered timidity and morbid aversion. This pageant of modern civilization makes a most dramatic and fascinating display. All it needs is proper interpretation to prevent that entanglement which produces mutilation. It is a machine, disguised as human, which grinds things up — particularly children whom it catches in school.

The mechanical genius of America, which sent the harvesting machines over the whole world to produce vastly more acreage in wheat, greatly accelerating the tendency of men to believe



that they live by bread alone, is now working on educational method.

Instead of the ox and the ass, who were, you remember, present at Bethlehem, and the individual with a plough walking slowly in a single furrow, we have a tractor dragging a multiform horror of wheels, and filling quiet places with its stertorous cough.

Those who make this machinery, and get the joy of creation, then bestow it 'ready-made' on their heirs and assigns, to whom it proves almost wholly a disaster.

Children must be so busy going through these standardized and standardizing processes that, before their own most precious creative impulses get a chance to grow more than a seed-leaf, they are ground up and rolled out and packaged and disposed of in the general market — the beaming organizers and mechanics enjoying themselves hugely in retail and wholesale departments.

If the people who are working in the field of children's affairs with machinery of this sort cannot more than compensate for the losses involved, they are likely to produce crops that would not even please them if they could live long enough to see them.

But they do not. After zealously ploughing and sowing, with bland and confident expressions, they may look, in old age, with dim and tired eyes, at something luxuriant, but something that makes them content to die and escape the hardships of recultivating that desperate field, green — bright green — with a kind of poison ivy, which, on the 'body politic,' as it is called, produces a most irritating rash, the leaves that shall heal the nations being of a very different sort.

What shall we say then to these things? What reconciliation can we suggest?

It seems impossible to avoid 'whole-

saleness'; and yet 'wholesaleness' will not do. It is always the little things that count, that give all the fertility and all the flavor and all the character and all the hope and all the happiness to human affairs. Bigness is a delusion, and the organization that bigness requires is a snare.

Speed and efficiency seem necessary in order to get the job done — and yet both are sterilizers, and nothing *grows* out of speed and efficiency that the spirit of man can live on at all.

So, if we must have wholesaleness and speed and efficiency in school-management, we surely must insist on adequate compensations, and the trouble is that the folks who apply the former seem wholly inadequate to supply the latter. Another species must be called in, — and called in in increasing numbers, and trusted and honored and obeyed, — and the water-breathers and air-breathers must be happy in each other's company. Is that something they can learn, do you think?

'Let me not,' said Shakespeare, 'to the marriage of true minds, admit impediments.'

True minds! Not minds out of true — crooked — distorted by either immediacy, mass-psychology, vocationalism, or, on the other hand, by sentimentality, and a repugnance for hardness and roughness and endurance under strain.

In the pontifical audience halls of the great temples of industry, of statesmanship, and of politics, the explorers in the huge and almost unknown lands of the spirit of coöperation and national and international toleration and assistance get but formal attention — with suppressed yawns and cynical smiles.

In the councils of the N.E.A., it is too often the man with a mechanical device who produces a crowding and a breathless audience; it is the man who proposes to organize things most per-

fectly and deliver goods in packages ready for use — even to deliver ‘leaders,’ though beneficent leaders have never been known to come from any self-conscious organization for leadership.

He begins by doing something that all history has discredited — by endeavoring to take this strange, protoplasmic, wholly mysterious human nature, which comes to him in apparently plastic and passive masses, and appraise the individual units and allot their destinies and specify their functions — some to honor and some to dishonor, forgetting that the thing that has always produced the heaviest weights the race has had to carry has been just that sort of thing — the imposition of rigid measuring appliances in the world of spiritual phenomena or mental phenomena and the apportioning of people to high, low, and intermediate stations according to the result — forgetting that after the ‘Elaborate futility’ of schools, life will make all their confident expression of wisdom look very pale and sickly indeed, its nose broken and its voice a whisper of apology.

Now does n’t it all really seem to you, the more you think about it, to have something of the appearance of that most dismal friendship and conspiracy — this alliance of industry and schools — between the Walrus and the Carpenter, inviting the little oysters — in fact, all the oysters — for a walk along the beach?

So genial, that invitation, so ingratiating, so big-brotherly, and so lacking in disinterestedness, little oysters and bread and butter somehow belonging very much together after all, and the pleasant run ending in the picture of the grim two, sitting, distended and grotesque, in the evening light.

The endowed colleges still shake their heavy heads, though, one im-

agines, their confidence shakes also, as the invitations change in tone to something more peremptory, and the undesirable applicants shake their gates; but, so far, the eldest oysters remain among their humanities and examination-forms, entertaining the Walrus, accepting his gifts and his theory of economics and his social ritual, and smiling condescendingly on the Carpenter, but still retaining a dull sense that, once on a walk with them there is no return, and, so far, decline to walk.

Promoters of education by weight and measure, who underestimate, even if they do not discredit, that *Spiritus*, by refusing to make it the criterion, are likely to be objects for pity and irony, unless the future holds little in store for the individual and for those ‘shy and migratory birds of the imagination’ and the love and expression of beauty, which are, after all, the greatest gifts entrusted to men, and which machinery invariably frightens off, quite as if it were designed for that very function, when it occupies too conspicuous a position.

There is a certain very fine kind of economics, good housekeeping, involved in this so-called ‘scientific education.’ It prevents much waste, and it avoids, when handled by wise people, — which is not very often the case, — a great deal of injustice to individuals who might otherwise be tragically harried to do things they really could not do. This article is meant only to indicate the drift, the permeation of the prevailing psychology into regions that should be more critical and more constructive and directive, and not merely occupied by ‘fans,’ looking on and applauding, and stirred to play the same game themselves — each group on its own rather vacant lot.

And now, to conclude, I wish to refer those realists who feel that they are caricatured and ludicrously mis-

represented in the above series of pictures, to a statement in the preface of that most wise book by Professor Hocking, *Human Nature and Its Remaking*. He says:—

It is precisely the so-called Christian world which, having gone morally to sleep, is now put to a fight for life with the men who persist in reducing their standards to the level of common practice; in reaching their code of behavior from below upward, not from above downward; in keeping their ideals close to the earth, or at least in discernible working connection with the earth. Their creed we may name Moral Realism.

To the competitive element in our own social order we owe much — an impersonal estimate of worth in terms of efficiency, which we shall not surrender; a taste and technique for severe self-measurement; incredible finesse in the discrimination and mounting of individual talents. But we owe to it also an overdevelopment of the invidious comparative eye, a trend of attention fascinated by the powers, perquisites,

and opinions of the immediate neighbors.

The eternal standard is obscured; hence we do nothing well; we lack sincerity and simplicity; we are suspicious, disunited, flabby; we do not find ourselves; we are not free. Unless we recover a working hold on some kind of religious innervation, our democracy will shortly contain little that is worthy to survive.

Here, it seems to me, is a perfectly fair statement of the case pro and con — the pros most excellent “pros,” — as, for instance, — ‘an impersonal estimate of worth.’ But, if the eternal standard is obscured — and if the other contras are true, have you anything to hope for? This flood-tide of mechanism — of swirling, eddying, devouring, industrial frenzy — will ebb some day, and if the criteria of education have been dissolved in it, if the Walrus and the Carpenter are to be all that are left, have we any good reason for optimistic interest and devotion now?

## THE SHIP

BY ARTHUR MASON

‘THE first you know,’ said Bonita Sam, ‘there won’t be one of us able to do a hand’s turn on her. She ’s getting to be a bloody horspittle, that ’s what she is.’

It was his watch below, and he was making the most of it to do his mending. Taking his pipe from his mouth, he held up a pair of pants to the light, and critically surveyed a fine new patch.

Oilskin Jack carefully dusted the dried brine from his sou’wester, and hung it up.

‘The Old Man seems to think ’er

tricks is natural,’ he said. ‘E walks the poop safe enough, but ’ow is it with the rest of us? Wot does ’e say wen she dives and shivers, and one more gets ’urt? Nothink. Just stares at the mizzen with a kind of sadness in ’is eye.’

He picked his jackknife from his pocket and opened it, then reached above his head to the low-set beam of the forecastle ceiling, and deliberately began to add another large notch to the six recent ones which marred its finely finished surface.

'Who 's that for?' inquired Sam, picking up a sock. 'You 'll have that beam all whittled up afore ever we get round the Horn.'

'It 'll be a notch a man, if the whole packet gets whittled,' answered Jack grimly. 'This one 's for the cook. She lifted a pot o' pea soup and dumped on his feet this morning, and him with his boots not laced.'

'Wot did the Old Man say?'

"'Put St. Jacob's Oil on them,'" e says, and marched away talkin' to 'isself.'

An appropriate silence fell.

'I was there wen it 'appened,' said Jack, presently.

Sam nodded, his mouth full of darnin' cotton.

'I was there wen it 'appened, and a meaner piece of work I never see. Says I to 'im this morning, "Pour me 'ook-pot full of coffee," says I.

"'There 'll be no more pouring aboard this ship, with everybody gettin' 'urt,'" says 'e, "it 's dipping there 'll be. I don't want any of your notches for me," says 'e. Wit that 'e dips up me coffee and 'ands it to me.

"'It ought to be strained,'" says I, "it ain't fit for a man to drink."

"'There ain't nobody knows that better than me," he says, "but she ain't still long enough to let the grounds settle."

"'Wot 's all this 'ere for?'" I arks, catching sight of 'ow 'e 'ad every pot wif a wire seizin' runnin' to the stove. Every one, that is, except the pot 'o pea soup, wich 'e was in the hact of fastenin'.

"'Don't arsk such damn-fool questions,'" e answers, turnin' round; and then 'e begins to 'owl from the pain o' the 'ot soup, wich in that time she 'ad lifted and spilled on 'im, in one o' them double-an'-twisted turns o' her'n.'

The Rosabelle was a three-masted bark. Hailing from Cardiff, she was

homeward bound with a cargo of grain from Puget Sound. The old crew who took her out from England left her the moment she docked. They had their reasons, they said. When she was loaded, she shipped a new crew, even to the cook; only the mates stood by her.

She was a fine ship to look at while she lay berthed, and her owners never failed to meet her in home waters. They were proud of her, and pointed her out as the model of the fleet for speed and economy. In spite of the complaints that often reached their ears, they were at a loss to know why she changed crews so often. The fault did n't lie with the captain, they knew that. The food was n't bad, and the wages were standardized. Had they made one voyage in the Rosabelle, their doubts would have vanished forever.

Before she cleared Cape Flattery the crew felt of the rope net spread under the flying jib boom, and wondered, and asked questions, but without satisfaction. Discussion ran high in the fore-castle, some saying it was there to beautify the ship, others wagging their heads gloomily and guessing that it was meant to catch sailors washed from the flying jib boom.

'Wait and see,' said the mates.

They were reaching away south for the Horn. The air of that far southern latitude was bracing, and the little blue waves bore miniature combers, milk teeth of the angry snap of the stormy Horn. In spite of the helmsman's most earnest efforts, the Rosabelle would every now and then leave her course a point or two, to juggle with the waves on her weather bow. The captain told the helmsman what he thought of him, every now and then, in pretty much the same words; and the helmsman, although from time to

time he was a different man, varied little the phrases he used to describe the ship to the captain.

'I 'm a man that can make allowance for some things,' said the captain to the mate one day, 'but she can't wander all over the ocean with me. I 'm going to take it out of her.'

'What are you going to do with her?' the mate asked.

'Give her more head sail,' answered the captain spitefully.

'She has all she can stand now, sir.'

'Oh, she has, has she! What makes her head run into the wind, then?'

'I was just saying, sir —'

'Never mind what you were saying, Mr. Kane; go forward, haul down the flying jib, unbend it, and send two or three men here to get up the spare inner jib. Let the men have an eye to her while they are on the jib boom.'

'Aye, aye, sir.'

'Wot the 'ell is 'e up to now?' said Jack, as the jib came flapping down.

'His glass must be falling,' said Sam, sarcastically, as he caught a turn with the downhaul.

'Out with ye there, men,' shouted the mate; 'unbend it and send it in. Watch yourselves if her head comes up to the sea.'

'The Old Man 'as two men at the wheel now, and 'e 's there 'isself a-bossin' of 'em,' said Jack, feeling his way out carefully along the jib boom.

'She 's a queer ship, Jack, she is that,' — Sam wove his legs around the boom guys, — 'it 's all the fault of the builders — Look out Jack, she 's a-coming! The Old Man 's waving his arms!'

The Rosabelle had taken advantage of the opportunity between sails to broncho her head up to the wind and sea — suddenly, as the trick of her was. Jack and another sailor were washed off the boom into the net.

'Hold on where you are, Jack!' shouted Sam, from the backstay; then muttered to himself, 'Blast her bloody heart!'

Jack was too full of water to speak. The mate came running forward, shouting, 'Is there any of ye gone out there?' Finding two men floundering about like restless sea lions in the net, he placed his hands around his mouth and called aft, 'They 're all here yet, sir!'

'Get it off of her quick, Mr. Kane, before she comes to again, and bend the inner jib as fast as you can.'

That night Sam came puffing from the wheel, with sweat dripping off his face.

'How 's she now?' Jack inquired tenderly.

Sam was in no mood for conversation. He made for the forecastle without a word. When he had changed his clothes and lighted his pipe, he came back on deck.

'You 're a bit grumpy to-night, Sam.'

'God bless me, why ain't I, with the sweat dropping off me in bucketsfull for two hours, and her a-racing and the Old Man a-cursing, and me a-doing me damndest to keep her from jibing!'

'"Put oil on the diamond screw," says he to the mate, "the wheel turns a bit hard!'"

'Then he says to me, as if I was a greenhorn, "Catch her with yer wheel when she starts to run off."'

'Upon me soul, Jack, I lost me temper. Says I, "Captain," says I, "the divil himself could n't steer her. Look at her now. She won't budge an inch. Stands there and defies us, that 's what she does."'

'"She 'll come to in a minute," he says.

'"Not with that big jib on her," I says.



"Keep your helm down," says he, "and shut up, and mind your steering."

"For two hours I fought her around the compass. How the Old Man can find anything to stick up for her about, I don't see. I heard him and the mate talking.

"The half of her trouble 's from the barnacles," says he.

"Maybe," said the mate, looking up at the big jib. *He* knew better, o' course he did. The Old Man stood there looking her over. Bless me if I don't think he 's proud of her.

"There 's some of the crew has nails in their boots," he says.

"Is that so?" says the mate.

"Yes," says he, "I 've seen where they marked the deck. We can't allow that, not on the *Rosabelle*." I 'd like to know what he'd say if ever he saw the beam in the foc's'le. There 's nine notches now, ain't there?"

"Nine," answered Jack laconically; "seven and two more for the net. Don't put it in 'is 'ead to look at the beam. Things is bad enough as they are. Were 'e gets 'is liking for 'er, I 'll be blowed if I knows. "Jack," says he to me this mornin', "when I wants you to scrape teakwood, I wants it scraped, not slivered; and when I wants it sandpapered I wants it sandpapered."

"What were the job?" Sam asked.

And so they talked and gossiped about the *Rosabelle* until the moon came up, and changed the white sails into a hazy amber. The yards were off the backstays, the wind was about a point free, and fresh, with clear skies. To leeward the shadows of spars and canvas showed speed as the bark surfaced the foamy backwash of the waves.

She was smoothly, powerfully beautiful there, under the flattering moon's silvery gaze; and such beauty is dear to the heart of sailormen, for all the

vixenish ways of her. They fell into a contented silence, broken, presently, by the opening of a door amidships.

"How 's the weather?" inquired the cook, sticking his head out of the galley door.

"It 's a beautiful night," said Sam.

"How is she?" The cook came out on deck with bandaged feet, and walking on his heels.

"She 's as unsartain as a eel, and yet to look at 'er you 'd think she was 'armless," said Jack, as he followed the cook's example, and lighted his pipe.

The cook looked at Sam thoughtfully.

"How does it happen that you 'ev been on her over a month, Sam, and never got scratched up yet?"

Sam slobbered and snickered. "It ain't her fault, doctor; I 'm just a little wiser than she is, that 's all. The minute me eye fell on that net, I says, "She 'll be wet and tricky, by all the signs"; and tricky she is."

"Tricky all right, but not wet," said the cook sagely. "If she were wet, things would be different. A man might feel happy in his galley."

The words were hardly uttered, when the *Rosabelle* gathered up a wave on her weather bow, and sent it racing away to the scuppers.

"Blast your bloody cruel heart!" said Sam, between his teeth, shaking the water out of himself like a black spaniel.

Jack helped the cook to his room, and he could be heard talking there long after eight bells.

Soon after this the captain inspected the ship. She was pointed around the Horn now, and was beginning to feel the force of the southwest winds. He wanted to make sure that all was in order, in case of bad weather.

Everything seemed satisfactory until he came to the forecastle. Then his

sharp eye traveled to the notched beam, and rested on it like a homing eagle lighting on his craggy nest. There was dead silence in the forecastle.

'One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve,' counted the master; and then he fell on those unfortunate few, demanding to know the meaning of the notches. One man shifted a bandaged hand uneasily; another started to put his thumb in his mouth, and thought better of it when it was halfway there. They all weakly protested that they did n't know a thing about it.

'You don't, don't you?' snapped the master. 'Well, I 'll find out. Great Heavens, men, this is an outrage! Why, what will my owners say! Mr. Kane, Mr. Kane!' he called to the mate. 'Call all hands aft, every one of them! I 'll get it out of 'em,' he murmured to himself.

The crew laid aft to the main deck, some with sober looks, others brazen about it. Jack, the guilty one, swore that the notches were cut when he came aboard. The captain turned to Sam. 'You know,' he said, with a wicked look, 'who whittled the beam of my ship.'

Sam squirmed under the master's gaze. Jack cleared his throat hoarsely.

'Tell the truth, Sam,' coaxed the captain, 'and the man who did it will sandpaper it out in his watch below if it takes till the Judgment Day.'

It was a tense moment for Jack, and a worse one for Sam.

'The ship can't go back to her owners looking as if she had schoolboys for sailors,' said the captain shrewdly. 'I know by your face, Sam, that you are going to lie to me. It will go hard with you if I find you out. Mr. Kane,' he continued, turning to the mate, 'Sam 's the man that did it. Look at him wriggle. Look at the liar. What did

you do it for? What in hell possessed you to cut up the *Rosabelle*?'

'I did n't do it, sir, as God is me judge!'

'Well then, you know who did.'

'I 'll tell you, sir, it was this way. You know there has been a lot hurt on the ship since we came on board; twelve to-day, and God knows how bad the thir —'

'So that 's it,' interrupted the captain; 'one notch for each one hurt. That 's all you have to do, eh? Come aboard of a man's ship and start carving her!'

In spite of himself, Sam looked from under his eyebrows at Jack. The captain understood instantly. 'So you 're the one?' he said. 'Ho, ho! so you 're going on to cut a thirteenth notch, are you?'

A perceptible shiver ran through the crew.

'Yes,' said Jack, 'I may as well out with it. I 'm the bloke as cut the beam.'

'Mr. Kane,' said the captain, 'see to it that he has plenty of sandpaper, and that he works in his watch below. Remember, I want a smooth beam before we reach England. That 'll do, men; go forward.'

Sam kept to himself the remainder of the watch. The crew would have none of him. They did n't soften even when he passed the word along by Sailor Pete, the temporary cook, that he would relieve Jack in his watch below, and work on the beam.

That afternoon the wind was strong and the sea came lumpy. The *Rosabelle* was hard to manage. The pivot waves wore on the captain's nerves. Never had she acted this way before, he told the mate.

'Take in the royals and the gaff topsail, Mr Kane, and see how she behaves.'

Even that did not quiet her. She

would not stay on her course, in spite of the united efforts of the captain and the mate.

'I'll have to insist on her going into dry-dock at Cardiff,' said the skipper.

'It 's an awful expense,' answered the mate awkwardly.

'Well, maybe we won't'; the captain looked relieved.

While they were talking, the weather fore-sheet carried away. The cannon noise brought all hands on deck. The captain and the mate ran forward, the captain shouting over his shoulder to the helmsman, 'For God's sake, don't let her come to!'

Sam and Jack, whose watch below it was, came cautiously out of the fore-castle.

'Man the buntlines, men, man the buntlines, before she loses the sail!'

The captain was so excited that he, too, pulled on the buntlines.

'Pull with a will, men!' he shouted, and to Sam, 'Catch a turn before it 's too late.'

Sam had not the time to obey. With foresail strain gone, a tugboat could not have kept the *Rosabelle* from broaching to. She lifted a green sea over her bows. As it swept down the deck, Sam and the captain, locked in each other's arms, went rolling along. The sea had a bite of Arctic icebergs; boisterously it raced along, bearing its human playthings with soaking, squashing force, finally depositing them against the bulwarks, as it raced away

through the scuppers to rejoin the ocean.

As Jack unwove from a web of tangled ropes, he saw the captain lift himself clear of Sam, who, being the buffer, lay huddled in the corner where they had finally lodged against a bulkhead.

'Blime me,' he cried, 'poor old Sam! Got 'is this time. Who would 'ave thought it, and 'im so 'appy this morning!'

Sam groaned: 'She 's got me in the rib, she has, and me the thirteenth — stove up off the Horn!'

The captain said never a word. Shaking the water out of himself as he went, he jumped for the poop deck. A fire-axe hung on the after part of the cabin house. He grabbed it, and with blazing eyes and grinding white teeth, he swung past the helmsman.

'Lord ha' mercy!' said the man at the wheel.

Straight to the spot where he had landed went the captain, paying no attention to Sam, who looked on with interest from the scuppers. Up to the beautiful teakwood rail he went, and swung high the axe, the while he called the curse of Heaven upon every rope and spar of the *Rosabelle*. Down came the axe, and a monstrous teakwood chip ricocheted in the air, and fell at the foot of the helmsman.

'There,' cried the captain, 'that 's for you. Take your notch to your Cardiff owners!'

## A NOTE ON THE SOLILOQUY

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

WHENEVER our Juvenile Highbrows are lured into a consideration of mid-Victorian drama, they are likely to denounce it, not because it was unduly theatrical and pitifully empty, but because it bristled with asides and with soliloquies; and whenever one of their diatribes happens to fall under my eye, I wonder why they fail to distinguish between these two devices. They may say what they will against the aside, and I shall not be moved to protest; but when they scoff at the soliloquy, I ask myself if they are not a little too sure, as is the wont of youth, that this device dear to our grandfathers is not going to be found useful by our grandchildren. I am inclined to believe that the protest against the soliloquy is shrill only in the mouths of those who write about the theatre, and that those who write for the theatre are less emphatic, to say the least. Few dramatists to-day dare to let their characters soliloquize; but I doubt if they are all of them convinced that they ought to respect the sentence of death which has been imposed on the soliloquy by the critics.

I was confirmed in this dubiety when I recently read a charming essay on 'Realism on the Stage' by Mr. George Arliss, an accomplished actor who is also a skillful playwright. Mr. Arliss asserted that 'The soliloquy has passed away during my own time on the stage; I should say, roughly, within the last twenty-five to thirty years. That is generally regarded as a step forward in construction: whether it is, or is not,

seems to me open to question. It is true that the soliloquy was artificial; but was it any more so than the thing which has taken its place?'

What gives piquancy to Mr. Arliss's question is the fact that he propounded it in an article written at the time when he was impersonating the Rajah of Ruhk in the *Green Goddess* of Mr. William Archer, and while he was at every performance ending the play with a soliloquy. Mr. Arliss was so deft in his acting that the audience did not notice that his final speech before the curtain fell was not addressed to any character in the play and was, in fact, addressed directly to the spectators. I note also that Mr. Archer, in his stimulating study of the 'Old Drama and the New,' was severe in his strictures on the mid-Victorian playwrights who were given to a clumsy and unintelligent employment of the abhorrent trick; and yet here he is, using it himself — but so dexterously that he was not caught in the act. And when the soliloquy is utilized with this unobtrusive felicity it justifies itself; and it reveals itself as too useful a device to be discarded merely because bunglers have misused it.

I am reminded also that Bronson Howard, a popular playwright, who might have been one of the modern masters of the drama if he had not been born two or three decades too soon to profit by the advance in dramatic technique, and who was also one of the rare artists capable of doing the right thing in the right way and of being

able to explain why he had so done it — I recall that Howard once said to me, 'I believe so strongly in the necessity of the soliloquy that if I were to write a play without one, I should go over it to find a fit place to insert it; thus asserting my right to employ it when I needed it!'

When he said this, he was engaged on the last play of his to be produced, *Peter Stuyvesant, Governor of New Amsterdam* (in which I was his collaborator). As I recall it now our play did not contain a single soliloquy — but it was none the less unsuccessful.

Mr. Arliss admits that the soliloquy is artificial, that is to say, out of nature, not in accord with the facts of life. So is the blank verse of Shakespeare, so is the rimed hexameter of Molière, so is the compact prose of Ibsen; so is the room with its fourth wall removed, that the spectators may behold the action on the stage; so is the raised voice of the hero when he makes love to the heroine; so are all the other conventions which are necessary to the existence of the drama and to its fullest effect. No author ever risks the proximity of real life; and no actor (if so be he knows his business) ever stands or walks or talks as he would in real life; on the stage he can seem real only by skillfully disguising the unreality imposed on him by the theatre. I doubt if there ever was an actress who conveyed the impression of absolute veracity more adequately than Duse did; but hers was the essential reality of consummate art, not the reproduction of unpremeditated nature.

No one can deny that the soliloquy is artificial, although Victor Hugo did attempt a futile defense, alleging that in moments of emotional stress a man is likely to speak aloud. This is true enough; but what a man utters at these moments is, more often than not, 'unfit for publication.' Hugo's feeble

plea does not validate the long soliloquy of the King in *Hernani*, with its hundred couplets of rimed Alexandrines. But, if Hugo's excuse is invalid, is there any other more acceptable? And the answer to this is that there are two different kinds of soliloquy; that for one of them it is difficult to find a good word, and that for the other there is much to be said. The one kind, being beyond justification, has properly fallen into disrepute, and the other has unfairly suffered for the villainy of its double.

In the *Conférences chez Beaubichon*, a light and lovely little farce, acted at the Variétés, in Paris, in the sixties of the nineteenth century, the scene is laid in the apartment of M. Beaubichon, and when the curtain rises he comes down to the footlights and begins at once to explain the delicate situation in which he finds himself. This opening speech of his is addressed to no one in particular, and he is alone on the stage. When he has put the spectators in possession of all the facts needful for them to apprehend the action of the play, he concludes by remarking: 'They say the soliloquy is unnatural. Well, it may be — but just see how convenient it is!' Then another character enters, and the soliloquy is succeeded by dialogue.

That is as simple and as frank as the prologue of any one of the plays of Plautus; and the writers of the French farce had not the excuse of the Latin author, since the Parisian audience was not as dull or as illiterate as the mob of freedmen which noisily assembled in the Roman theatre. The French collaborators — I think there were three of them — had shown an impudent ingenuity in compacting their exposition into a single speech; and the joke was on the audience, which was willing enough to laugh with them. While



these collaborators were franker than was customary sixty years ago, they had precedents for utilizing the soliloquy as the swiftest method of supplying the information that the audience would have to have if it was to understand the events about to be set forth. Molière had done it before them, and he had been only following in the footsteps of the Italian performers of improvised comedy. And the Italians had been carrying on the tradition of the mediæval drama, in which it was not uncommon for each of the chief characters to name himself and to describe himself at his first appearance on the stage.

This mediæval method survives to this day — or until very recently — in the so-called ‘mummers’ plays,’ inherited from the Middle Ages and performed annually in out-of-the-way corners of England. In Mr. E. K. Chambers’s solidly documented account of the *Mediæval Stage*, he records that in one of these degenerate dramas, the Devil comes before the spectators and immediately informs them who he is: —

In comes I, Beelzebub;  
On my shoulder I carry my club,  
In my hand a wet leather frying-pan;  
Don’t you think I’m a funny man?

In another of these mummers’ plays the speaker of the prologue, begins by saying, —

Here comes I, Father Christmas; welcome or  
welcome not,  
I hope Old Father Christmas will never be forgot.

Was it from the mummers’ plays, I wonder, that W. S. Gilbert borrowed this device? Certainly he used it in more than one of his merry ballad-operas. Sir Joseph Porter narrates in verse his origin and his rise to power, until he has become at last ‘the ruler of the Queen’s Navee.’ Of course, Gilbert did not venture to employ a

device as crude as this in those of his plays which were to be said and not to be sung, in *Sweethearts*, for example, or in *Pygmalion and Galatea*. Yet Shakespeare had done it as unhesitatingly as Molière. Iago and Richard III, when they are alone on the stage, talk straight to the spectators, to the gallants on their threepenny stools, and to the groundlings standing in the yard. Both of these bold bad characters unbosom themselves in soliloquy, revealing their dark designs and letting us see into their black hearts.

The reason why no modern playwright would dare to do this is twofold. First, the bare platform of the Tudor theatre (with a part of the audience seated on the stage and almost touching the performers) has slowly evolved into the picture-frame stage of our twentieth-century playhouses, equipped with scenery, furniture, and properties, all chosen to produce an effect of reality, whereby the actor is admonished not to ‘get out of the picture,’ as he would do if he were to come down to the footlights to take the audience into his confidence. A change of theatrical conditions makes imperative a change of dramaturgic methods; and the comfortable theatres of the twentieth century are as unlike as may be to the rude and unroofed playhouses of the early seventeenth century. What was tolerable to our forefathers of three hundred years ago would be intolerable to us to-day, accustomed as we have become gradually to a subtler mode of conveying information.

Then there is a second reason for the disappearance of the explanatory soliloquy: our playwrights are more adroit than their predecessors of the nineteenth, eighteenth, seventeenth, and sixteenth centuries. They may not be equal to their elders in poetic power or in creative imagination, but they are more consciously and more conscientiously

tiously artistic in their construction. Mr. Archer carries conviction when he asserts that the craftsmanship of to-day is far more expert than the craftsmanship of yesterday. Our modern playwrights recognize the difficulty of solving the intricate and delicate problems of playmaking, of planning the unseen steel frame which supports the stories they set before us on the stage. They do not take short cuts across lots; rather do they strive diligently and successfully to force stumblingblocks to serve as stepping-stones. They have the joy of the artist in grappling with technic; and they find their profit — their artistic profit — in overcoming obstacles which may seem insuperable. Here they are treading the trail blazed by Molière, who did not allow Tartuffe any of the self-revealing soliloquies such as Iago indulges in whenever the spectators need to be reminded that he is a villain of the deepest dye. Tartuffe never drops the mask of piety even when he is alone; and yet Molière has so ingeniously presented him to us that we know him for what he is — that we know him better than he knows himself.

In other of his comedies Molière is not so scrupulous; and in some of his more farcical ones he uses the soliloquy for exposition almost as frankly as the authors of the *Conférences chez Beau-bichon* were to do two centuries later. He even goes so far in one play as to let a character who is soliloquizing discover another character about to enter, whereupon he concludes his soliloquy by hoping that the newcomer has not overheard what he has been saying. And Shakespeare lets Romeo in the garden below overhear the soliloquy of Juliet in the balcony above.

Juliet's soliloquy is not for the purpose of conveying information which the audience needs to have; it has a wholly different purpose; it is to reveal

to us the state of the heroine's heart, and to let us know what she is thinking. What she says then, when she is alone with the night, is what she would not say to any other character in the play; it is too intimate, too sacred for actual conversation. So Hamlet's 'To be or not to be' conveys to us the thoughts which were surging in his brain, and which could not be conveyed to us unless Hamlet was permitted by the poet to think aloud. These two soliloquies, therefore, of Juliet and of Hamlet, are entirely unlike the soliloquies of Iago and Richard III. They are not merely methods of allowing the spectators an insight into the real characters of these two villains — they are windows to the souls of Juliet and of Hamlet at those crises of their several fates. Juliet and Hamlet tell us what they are feeling at the moment, whereas Iago and Richard III express opinions about themselves which it is inconceivable that they should hold — since they are made to describe themselves as they really are and not as they probably believed themselves to be. So it is that the speeches of Iago and Richard III to the spectators are not thinking-aloud, as are the speeches of Juliet and Hamlet; and that these soliloquies disclose themselves as false in psychology as they are primitive in dramaturgy.

Professor Bradley puts the case concisely when he tells us that 'in listening to a soliloquy we ought never to feel that we are being addressed.' Now the soliloquy in which the character unpacks his heart and lays bare before us his inmost thoughts belongs plainly to a different class from the soliloquy which has been used mainly to convey information. In listening to the one we do not feel that we are being addressed, and in listening to the other we cannot help feeling that the author is talking to us through the mouth of the character. It is the information-

soliloquy which strikes us nowadays as absurdly artificial, as an artistic anachronism, as a device unworthy of any self-respecting modern dramatist. And it is the thinking-aloud soliloquy which Mr. Arliss regretted, which Mr. Archer utilized subtly at the end of the *Green Goddess*, and which Bronson Howard desired to reserve the right to use.

That even the thinking-aloud soliloquy is artificial, that it is 'unnatural,' in the sense that it is contrary to the facts of everyday life — this must be admitted. And what of it? The drama can exist only when it is allowed to depart from the facts of everyday life. In everyday life rooms have a fourth wall; a lover proposing does not so pitch his voice as to be heard by an audience of a thousand; heroes and heroines do not express themselves in blank verse; and Hamlet and Juliet and Julius Cæsar do not speak English. These departures from the facts of everyday life, and a host of other de-

partures, we accept without cavil when we go to the play. We accept them without remarking them; and if our attention happens to be called to them, still we accept them because they conduce to our pleasure. We want to understand Hamlet and Juliet and Julius Cæsar, so we want them to speak English; and if the theme is lofty, we want them to speak also in blank verse, the cadence of which enhances our delight.

Now that the picture-frame stage is the only one we know, the information-soliloquy has departed, never to return; and there are none so poor as to regret its leaving. But the thinking-aloud soliloquy will be needed whenever there is a revival of the poetic drama, whenever we shall be blessed by the possession of a playwright who is a poet, or of a poet who is a playwright. And in the meantime it can be employed without discovery by dramatists as dexterous as Mr. William Archer.

## THE OLD ENEMY

BY SARA TEASDALE

REBELLION against death, the old rebellion,  
Is over; I have nothing left to fight;  
Battles have always had their meed of music,  
But peace is quiet as a windless night.

Therefore I make no songs — I have grown certain,  
Save when he comes too late, death is a friend,  
A shepherd leading home his flock serenely  
Under the planet at the evening's end.

# THE INDIVIDUALITY OF THE STATES

BY ARCHER WALL DOUGLAS

## I

I ALWAYS think of my vocation in the terms in which Satan, in the Book of Job, gave an account of himself to the High Court of Heaven — 'going to and fro in the earth, and walking up and down in it.' In my case, these journeyings were restricted within the boundaries of the forty-eight states, though it was not until after many years that I made this segregation of the Union. Originally the country was a mere geographical division of conventional sections, — North, East, South, and West, — interesting principally from the nature and comparative importance of the business done in each section. Enlightenment came to me in a journey I made from northwestern Oklahoma to Louisiana, heading South by East.

My first impressions of Oklahoma were those of a commonwealth without form and void, an inchoate and heterogeneous land that had not yet found itself. It seemed doubly so after the certainty of purpose and fixedness of resolution that marked Kansas, which I had just explored. Gradually there came to me the perception of a definite, human atmosphere, that of the endless, wind-swept plains around me. Something of the spirit of youth; self-reliant, quite sure of itself, but not boastful, keeping company with the older states, but not making obeisance to them. All the while conscious of its ability to work out its own salvation, and with no thought of fear and trembling.

Then suddenly, in the twinkling of an eye, it was borne in upon my consciousness, that the most important discovery that I had made was one whose existence I had not even suspected. Yet it was obvious and fundamental, and my study and observation culminated in something far different and far better than I set out to find. The states were revealed to me as no longer mere geographical expressions, but rather as forty-eight separate, human entities, utterly dissimilar in their heterogeneous statehood, and agreeing only in their homogeneous nationality. This accounts for the deathless grip with which they cling to their rights as something inherent in their being; their sufficiency unto themselves; their passing jealousy of each other. As a necessary corollary of such differing, the matter of business, or any other venture, lies not so much in the nature and extent of their material resources as in the nature and character of their people.

Now it was obvious that the people of the country through which I was traveling had both resourcefulness and endurance, else they had not been able to remain there at all. For it is a thirsty soil on the borderland between the gamble of agriculture, and the somewhat less precarious business of cattle-grazing. It is a land of often scanty rainfall, and of sometime recurring seasons of rainless heat with hot winds that blast all vegetation as with the breath of a furnace. Yet I saw

much agriculture along with flocks and herds.

There were drought-resisting plants, alfalfa, Kafir corn, Sudan grass, brought from the arid regions of Manchuria, South Africa, and the Sudan, that man here may cope with an oft-hostile nature. Farming in such regions is a venture with Fate; but year by year the tillers of the soil make slow gains and consolidate them as they go.

Further eastward, rainfall is more constant and orderly, the soil more fertile, and there are great discoveries of oil, and of zinc and lead ores, but everywhere there is the same spirit that is neither stampeded by failure nor made overweening by success. Sometimes in the West, where sudden success comes like a thief in the night, the natural tendency is to copy the ways, in a minor key, of the great cities of the East, and to follow the beaten track of expansion and expression that comes from Aladdin-like overnight prosperity. But the urban people here had ambition to do things after their own fashion and in accord with their environment. Successful men who got in the limelight of accomplishment did so in a large way and in a manner that best expressed their own hopes and desires. Gifts, bequests, and endowments were almost invariably for the benefit and advancement of their own community, or for some state-wide matter.

Wherever I went, I saw in full flower that local pride which was constantly the saving grace of an otherwise drab and monotonous situation. Little villages in the oil fields that grew suddenly into thriving cities were often remarkable for fine residences and public buildings erected by those who made fortunes from the oil wells and who, instead of migrating to the great metropolitan cities, stayed at home and built up their own communities. If

natural conditions were fundamentally different in the extreme eastern and western sections of the state, it was not so with the spirit of the commonwealth; save in the eastern portions, it was crystallized into more definite form and expression. It had seemingly greater visions of the future of the state as a distinct entity, rather than as to its separate parts, and of what must be done to fulfill these ambitions. The larger cities were all alike, sure of what the future held for them. Any present depression had for them no other significance than of a mere passing incident. Contrariwise, they took their good fortune, where it prevailed, as a matter of course and as merely symptomatic of more that was to follow.

I got much light upon the trend and quality of native thought from a ranchman whom I chanced to meet at the breakfast-table in the hotel in Tulsa. I opened the conversation by speaking of the country I had just traversed. 'I know it well,' he said. 'I was a cowpuncher in that section before I was married. Did I like riding herd? Yes, it kind er expressed to me what the country is, and why my family and I spend most of our time on the ranch.' Then it came out by degrees, and in simple phrases — the indefinable charm of the endless plains, their ever receding horizon, their immensity under the silent stars; for cities and their civilization seemed to him cramped and confined, and reeking with all manner of unnaturalness. He was not lacking in education, in a certain amount of reading, and, like most successful Americans, he instinctively picked up, absorbed, and digested all manner of information as he went along. Oklahoma people were his kind. They were willing to try new ventures. The principal impression he had about the East was the way they hung on to the things



often past. 'We have got a great state here,' he went on. 'It is n't tied to the past; we ought to blaze the way for the other states.' It seemed that he had made money; and I gathered from stray hints in his talk that he was getting into public affairs — sometimes for profit, sometimes because he wanted to see things done for the benefit of the people of the state. Physically, he was a type of many that I saw, strongly built but not heavy, and impressing you by the force and determination of his make-up.

It is but a brief trip from southeastern Oklahoma through a narrow strip of Arkansas or Texas to the Caddo oil fields of northern Louisiana. There are some characteristics common to all oil fields, whether they are in Kansas, or Texas, or California; but I realized before I had been long over the border of Louisiana that I was in another world of thought and feeling, of expression and sentiment, even though the landscape had altered but little in my short journey. I felt the difference at first rather than analyzed it. It grew upon my consciousness with the steadily changing scenery. Yet that did not all account for it. But the dialect of many whom I met, and the foreign-derived names of localities, furnished the key to the difference. It was an Old-World factor of inheritance, seemingly unchanged and unchanging, that gave to portions of the state an atmosphere such as I had not met elsewhere in the Union. In the French quarter of New Orleans it had the flavor of historic interest, but otherwise was a stretch of backwater in the tide of modern progress. Out on the countryside, and in the little towns, it was still an exotic in American life, a derelict from the past, with its flavor of romance, but at odds with the rush of modern days as I saw it in Oklahoma. In the villages, it united with

the traditions of the cotton planters and sugar planters to tell of days where it was always afternoon. The moss-draped oaks, the cypress swamps, the palms along the coast, the orange groves, the fields of waving sugar cane, conveyed a far different sentiment from the long-stretching Oklahoma prairies, swept ceaselessly by the winds from the far-distant Rockies. For I had long ago learned that men are largely as their environment and their employment, and that in time these two factors exercise a far more profound effect upon American humanity than do tradition and inheritance. Nor did this truth fail me in this instance.

In New Orleans, the erstwhile citadel of conservatism, redolent with legends of things that once were, I encountered a definite expression of the newborn spirit which is remaking and remodeling the state. I was lunching in the French quarter, in one of those restaurants where both cooking and service are still fine arts. Naturally I expressed my feeling about the cuisine to my host, who was most prominent in the business life of the city.

'You know, some day,' he replied, 'we shall be known throughout the country for matters other than good things to eat, and our natural desire to have our visitors feel welcome. Possibly I am a Philistine, but long acquaintance with many things among us of Old-World inheritance and tradition makes me see the tawdriness, superstition, and deadly inertia underneath the disguise of their foreign-born romanticism and tradition. We have got to that point where we are commercializing these inheritances for the entertainment of our visitors, and that is the last stage, indicating only too truly how the spirit has gone from them. I am of that mind now where I had rather the French quarter were sanitary than picturesque, and where



the charm and hope of New Orleans and Louisiana lies in the future rather than in the past. You asked me to tell you of the real spirit of the city and state. Come with me to-morrow and I will show it to you in the making.'

The next day I saw the true New Orleans and the true Louisiana, which are here, and are yet even more to be. Innumerable beautiful residences and their grounds, with a charm and character, and an absence of modern conventionality, such as I had not met before. The beginning and growth here and there of the ways and methods of higher education. The many fine country roads that took you out into most enchanting scenery. The great canal that is to make easier access from the city to the sea. The cut over cypress swamps that were being transformed from malaria-breeding morasses to cultivated fields. Finally, at Chalmette I got my first comprehensive view of the mighty Mississippi rolling its mighty flood to the Gulf, and bearing on its bosom the commerce of one of the great seaports of the nation. As always in this country of ours, the herald of better and newer ways and thoughts in social and political life is the stirring of the commercial spirit along ambitious and untried lines.

This curious mixture of age that told of past glories, and of youth that thought mostly of the future, got new interpretation in the brief stop I made at Baton Rouge, the site of the State University, in whose grounds I saw the Varsity football team practising with the Freshman team. Rugby football is a comparatively new sport in Southern colleges, but it was welding the English, French, and Spanish strains of the youths into a compact fighting machine for the glory of their Alma Mater and their natal state. The players were of that tall, rangy type so common in the South. They were

quick and agile, rather than of that Western brawn which holds for four downs on the one-yard line. As I watched, I got the story of how fast they were.

The Varsity back had the ball, and instantly was through the line, and flying through the broken field like a racing steed. The waiting guard came at him with a fierce, lunging tackle; they went down together, the back on his knees; then staggering to his feet, he fell over the goal, still clinging to the ball. You understood then how Pickett's men went up the slope of Cemetery Ridge, and how Lee's ragged gray line died in their tracks at Cold Harbor. As I headed north toward the Mississippi line, I had a new conception of the spirit of a state, whether in the making, as in Oklahoma, or being made over, as in Louisiana, but ever-changing, pervasive, intangible, felt rather than seen, yet definite and, in all its phases, telling the story of its birth.

## II

From Natchez northward to Memphis stretches the Mississippi Delta, a strip of alluvial soil of inexhaustible fertility, and the embodiment of the story of Cotton, and of the South, for the two are interlaced and interwoven. The first impression I got was of the transplanted life of the South Atlantic States in the days before the Civil War. There were great plantations that perpetuated the ways and methods of cotton culture, and are the economic and agricultural stumblingblocks of the day. There were spacious Colonial mansions, groups of cabins about the negro 'quarters,' that told of times when Cotton was king, and all other forms of agriculture were of small account.

Until a generation ago, this persevered unchanged and unchanging, like some ancient form of historic life

stranded amid the evolutionary results of the day. Then came the invasion of the cotton boll weevil, and the labored fabric of the past fell into sudden and general ruin. Later, ensued the great discovery that cotton could still be raised, if not so exclusively as before, yet with even greater success as the integral and central factor in new methods of diversified farming. It was again the story of the break-up of old economic ways of thought that changed likewise the social and political face of the state. I saw the outward and visible signs of this great revolution in town and country, in the modern dwellings, each with accompaniments of lawn and garage, and all the things of sanitation and comfort. There were fields of grain where once only cotton grew.

Evidences of the new life in agriculture and in business multiplied as I went up away from the river, and up into the hill countries, where flocks and herds came more upon the scene, and dairy cows were a common feature of the landscape. In a little city of some few thousands, the modern hotel was cheek by jowl with an ancient Colonial mansion, sadly in need of repair. The stately structure of the recently erected bank faced an old-fashioned, elongated store such as now they build no more. On the outskirts of the town, on the fine gravel road leading out into the country, was the pride of the community, the splendid high school, just finished and in use.

That night, after supper, in the house of my host, I got a vivid impression of the new-found spirit of the state. My host was at once a cotton planter and a merchant, and like many intelligent men in small towns and cities, much of a student and a thinker. His talk was of the present, and of the problems which the future held. He had the instinct of men who lead simple lives of facing facts, however unpleas-

ant or unpalatable. First his own community claimed his thought and interest as one of the necessary incidents of his daily toil and duty. Beyond that loomed the changing scene in the state, which he knew well and to whose progress he had given much patient thought and study. What direction this progress would assume was perfectly apparent to him, for he was familiar with all the factors in the equation. Succeeding time has shown how true was his vision. In his conversation there was scarce a trace of the once prevalent fashion of his people of dwelling upon the charms and glories of the past as of halcyon days never to return. He struck an entirely different note, that of pride in his forbears, in their ways and their accomplishments, measured by their environment and their opportunities, and with the consciousness that there were giants in those days. Yet to his thought, to project the ways of the past into the present, was a mere anachronism, and could meet only with failure.

As he talked, there crystallized in my mind the true source of the changing spirit of the state, that of transmuting the past into the present by the process of adapting the early pioneer spirit to the new problems of the day. Nothing better illustrates this transmission and inheritance than that the apparent obsession of the past as to raising cotton and practically little else besides was in reality the stubborn consciousness of the planters of those days that it must perforce always be the great money-crop of Southern agriculture and nothing else could ever take its place. This is as true to-day as it was a hundred years ago, the only difference between now and then being the modification of the one-crop idea into that of diversified farming, with cotton still holding the centre of the stage.

It is but a night's run from the cotton fields of Mississippi to those of southeastern Missouri. Wherever cotton is grown there are certain inalienable characteristics which pertain to its culture, and to those who raise it. There is not the same tendency and custom to rotate it with other crops that is found in other agricultural staples. No amount of damage by weather, or hostile predacious insects, ever causes the growers to abandon entirely its cultivation. It possesses the man who raises it and absorbs his thoughts and interest. It is not alone a vocation, but a lifelong and incurable habit.

Yet, withal, cotton culture in Missouri is not just the same pursuit as in Mississippi. For in the latter state it is a matter of generations, and in the former a thing comparatively modern. Not so long ago the eight counties that are known as Southeast Missouri were largely swamp lands and, since the days of drainage districts, they have taken on new life and spirit. Now they typify that curious commingling of incongruous elements in the spirit of the state that puzzles and interests you from the moment you come in from the Arkansas border until you go out into Iowa. It is an innate conservatism, temperamental rather than mental, the result of tradition and inheritance in general, and only in part caused by environment, and often in utter defiance of it. In contradiction to this are the number of localities where intense modernism and progress are the distinguishing traits of the people.

Southeast Missouri illustrated both of these phases. In the days of swamps it was reckoned as the backwoods portion of the state. In the present times of drainage it is in the van with all manner of outward and visible signs of advancement and progress. Good roads, fine schools, towns, farms with

every convenience and every invention and discovery in sanitation, and community life, were found wherever I went. One little city of some twelve thousand inhabitants has constant visits from the symphony orchestras of the West, and they rally crowded audiences which, for intelligent attention and appreciation, match any I have ever known. Not far away were the Ozarks, peopled by the mountaineers of Tennessee and Kentucky, and in whose recesses there are still some spinning-wheels in use, and there hangs over the fireplace the old squirrel rifle that was known to Dan Morgan's men. Means of communication are not many or good, as yet, in much of this hill country; but ever and anon you run across charming villages, pictures of cleanliness and thrift, where everything modern is to be found. It seems that all that is needed is some sudden impulse, some stirring of the dormant desire for better things, and the mental attitude of conservatism falls away like a garment. The people have only 'to be shown' and the deed is done.

It so chanced, early in my travels, that I found myself at the state capital, at the banquet board with representatives from commercial organizations all over the state. On my left was an interesting personality, that of a preacher, who had developed political aspirations, as any Missourian is liable to do at most any stage of his existence. He told of the elemental people he knew 'up the Creeks'; of the descendants of the original French settlers in the eastern portions of the state; of the atmosphere of old-fashioned ways and customs, and modes of speech and thought. How both their native and inherited conservatism still clung to them, although their 'foreignness' was nothing now but mere veneer; while a little farther north were scattered German settlements of those who fled

from Europe in the days of 1848. Yet how innate was the conservatism that still clung to them, in spite of their modern ways in farming and in every form of industry.

'It is curious,' he said, 'how apparently contradictory elements still tend to produce in us that doubting-Thomas state of mind toward new and untried ways of thought and life. This is a true analogy,' he went on, 'for once being assured, we are afterwards most eager and progressive converts. You probably discovered in your travels in Oklahoma that the natural tendency of the people is to say "Yes" to new things, while ours is to say "No." They illustrate that tendency by voting amendments to their Constitution, while we mostly defeat such proposals, apparently on general principles. The gentleman on your right is a fine example of Missouri progress and conservatism.'

And so in truth I found him. A sturdy wholesome man, just past middle age, and from the rich lands north of the Missouri River which, in the early days, were settled from the aristocratic commonwealths of Virginia and Kentucky. He told me how he found in his travels through Missouri the deep-rooted convictions of the people as to the fundamental truths of the principle of the Republic of the days of Washington and Jefferson. How these convictions yet went along with the utmost enterprise and modern spirit as illustrated in his own college town, which was one of the most progressive and the most charming in the state. He was the founder of one of the many little colleges which dot the central portion of the state. 'It gives me courage,' he said, 'to note the eagerness for learning among the rural communities. How one of their unceasing demands is always for better schools, and how each little town has more

pride in its high school than in any of its other possessions.'

I had opportunity to see what the real spirit is on that score in the little city of Columbia, the site of the State University. It was the day of the annual football game with the dearest foe of the home team, their ancient rival from a neighboring state. There was nothing else in all the world that day but the game. All business houses closed at noon to witness the parades of the two teams, each led by its student band; and the stadium was packed at two o'clock by thousands who came from all over the state, and an immense crowd of students from the far-away university of the rival commonwealth. All the Western state universities are coeducational, and the girls sang and cheered along with the boys after a fashion that disposed effectually of the delusion that I once entertained as to some things that women cannot do as well as men. Every state university is known by the name of its state, and not by that of the town or city where it is located. So the Alma Mater and the football songs come unconsciously to blend the state and the university as one, thus following the general trend of education at these institutions, which has for one of its principal objects that of sending forth budding citizens whose ambition is to make their state a better place to live in. So the last phase of this great function was illustrated, when the game was over, as the vast throng stood bareheaded and sang their Alma Mater hymn, 'Missouri.'

One ever-present element of the state spirit was the deep-seated feeling for personality rather than for things, and the regard for the individual often more than for policies, or even principles. Certain men in history and in the present seemed to typify the virtues and glories as well as the peculiarities of the

people — men of strong convictions and of forceful character, of courage and of determination, and always very human; men who embodied the robustness, the vigor, the independence of the American of lineage and history.

Iowa is a disappointing state as to impressive characteristics, if you judge it only from the train, for it is a long rolling prairie, with not many rivers of moment and scarcely any continuous forests. The scenery is mostly agricultural, and you are not surprised when you learn that the principal products are hogs and corn; and the reason came to me when I stopped over at the State Agricultural College at Ames. We are apt to think of most industries as embodying in their operations the inventions of science and genius, and the latest and most intelligent methods of efficiency, but of agriculture as being learned only by experience and hard work, and not to be acquired after any other fashion. So it was something to realize, at this pioneer among the agricultural colleges, that hogs and corn were the study of all that science and intelligence and experimentation could bring to bear upon the subject; and that this little community of five thousand students was a microcosm of the state and its people; so that when the young men and women went back to the countryside from which most of them came, they were equipped for the business of life on the farm after such fashion as their forbears had never dreamed; that such homely things as selecting seed corn so that it germinates with certainty when planted, and how to feed hogs so as best to fit them for the market, lay at the foundation of the wealth and prosperity of the commonwealth, and also that it was the foundation of its widespread intelligence. For, expressed in figures, if the few Negroes and foreign-born be excepted, the percentage of

illiteracy in the state is about one half of one per cent. This intelligence had the rare ability to see the fact that the things it could do best lay close at hand — products of a soil of rare fertility; for other than this, the natural resources of the state were not many compared with more fortunate commonwealths. Yet Iowa has far outstripped some of these more richly endowed sisters because of the ceaseless intelligence she applies to her problem.

On my way back to Des Moines, I drifted into conversation with a farmer and his wife who had been to Ames to see their youngest daughter, who was to be graduated the coming summer. Their eldest son was a member of the State Legislature, along with a number of other graduates of Ames and of the University of Iowa. It came out incidentally that the two lived near a small town of some twelve hundred people in the northern portion of the state. That they were well-to-do seemed to be due to a knowledge of farming, which Ames had done much to impart. Evidently from their conversation they knew their own country well. 'Yes, we have traveled a good deal,' they said in answer to my question. 'Mostly in our Ford.' They had been up through Wisconsin in the summer-time, and over to Chicago more than once. Last summer they went out to Glacier Park and the Yellowstone. Sometimes they followed the Ames football-team into other states, taking their daughter along. 'It 's good to get home, though,' said the farm woman, 'for Iowa is a pretty good state to live in.' And it developed that among the good things of Iowa were widespread means of education, simple wholesome living, and intelligent companionship.

Once more in the way of figures, Iowa makes larger appropriations to



her State University and Agricultural College than Western states having greater wealth and larger populations. The distinctive spirit of the state differed essentially from that of any other state in my journey, in that it was not easily felt or perceived, but had to be sought for with care and discrimination. When once found, it was obvious that it had been in full sight all the time, but had escaped discovery because of preconceived opinions which, having eyes, see not. In a word, it is a form of intelligence with whose expression we are mostly unfamiliar, and which, therefore, we fail to recognize. We are apt to think of culture and education as the finest flowering of civilization, and expressed often in rare and unusual forms, sometimes in fantastic manner, sometimes in the originality of genius, and sometimes in learned and scholarly fashion.

I found the key to the Iowa problem of culture in a little city of some six thousand inhabitants, which had everything in the way of fine buildings, well-paved streets, handsome residences, stately churches, the invariable high school, parks, and recreation grounds that you look for in a great metropolis. Nor was there wanting a finely appointed hospital, with an adequate and competent staff. I spoke that evening before the local Commercial Club,

which included in its membership not only business men, but likewise women, lawyers, doctors, the bar, the bench, and the clergy. The Western states are acquiring songs these days; and that of Iowa tells of 'where the tall corn grows,' and it was sung by the entire audience as the climax of the evening. It was the song of a people of widespread education and intelligence, much-traveled and much-read; of an unpretending democracy of higher learning that found its best expression in the development of the state and in the welfare of its people. It had a wholesome air, like the breath of the west wind over the prairies of its own state. It was wholly natural and essentially progressive, like the spirit of each state I had visited, yet unlike them in all things save one; and that common bond is the spirit of nationalism that grows with the expansion of the state spirit and as its unfailing accompaniment. That is why such states resent the purblind and pharisaical criticism of the unknowing, who see in intense local state pride only the self-absorption of narrowness and provincialism, when in truth it is the one abiding characteristic which saves the commonwealths from being mere provinces, instead of living and separate entities in the great union of the forty-eight commonwealths.

# THE LITERATURE OF DISILLUSION

BY HELEN McAFEE

## I

I HAVE heard frequent complaint that the years since the Armistice have yielded no imaginative masterpiece of war literature. By which is meant, I suppose, no tale of adventure equal to the *Odyssey*, no drama of pity like Euripides' *Trojan Women*, no philosophic projection of the fate of man on the height of *Œdipus the King* or *Hamlet the Dane*. This is one of the minor disenchantments of the disillusioned period in which we are now living.

I am not sure that we should have recognized such a masterpiece if it had appeared. For we are too close to the facts of the war as we have had them from the soldiers, from correspondents like Gibbs, from letter writers like Page, to be able to see in true perspective their imaginative interpretation. We are still so much under the sway of the overwhelming emotions aroused by the newspaper reports of the Marne and of Gallipoli that we are not quite open-minded toward their treatment in fiction. Art cannot in such a case compete with its raw materials.

This is from the side of the reader. The difficulties for the writer are still greater. An artist, we glibly repeat, must not stand too near his subject. The psychological reasons for this have not yet been fully explored. Generally it is suggested that material, to be convertible into art, must go through some process of maturing. We used to say that the aloofness necessary for re-

creation could not be attained until memory had played upon it, exercising a selective function, time itself inducing a kind of chemical change. To put the same idea in more up-to-date terms, we now assert that raw material cannot be used to advantage until it has been assimilated in the subconsciousness of the artist, and, perhaps, of the community.

It is by some such theory that we explain why *War and Peace* and *The Dynasts* were not written within ten years of Waterloo. That this has held true of our own history, Bliss Perry attests in discussing the books that immediately succeeded the Civil War. 'The significant American literature of the first decade after the close of the War,' he writes, 'is not in the books dealing directly with themes involved in the War itself.' The best men went elsewhere for their subjects. Thus, although some genius may arise tomorrow and knock this hypothesis into a cocked hat, the experience of the past seems to indicate that we had no business to expect as early as this a direct revelation of the war in the form of supreme art; and the chances are that we shall not very soon get one.

Mechanically, the war — especially the war-casualty — has been useful, too useful, to novelists in turning a dangerous corner of the plot, or in getting rid of a character (always a more difficult feat than introducing one) in order to precipitate the dé-

nouement. Some of them have also yielded to the temptation to draw on the great common fund of war emotion for the purpose of reinforcing their own private professional affairs. Others, like Miss Cather in *One of Ours*, have made a legitimate, though many feel ill-advised, use of war experience. On the whole, it has certainly hurt more plots than it has helped.

Yet the general reaction to the war appears to be the motive behind most of the literature we have been reading that has any sort of vitality. Indirectly, if not directly, it is influencing choice of material and manner of approach. About some of these moods which the war has given dominion over our present literature, and about the way in which they have worked out, I should like to speculate.

The most obvious and the most pervasive is the sense of frustration. This is doubly powerful because it controls, though in different degrees, both readers and writers, combatants and noncombatants. The one thing on which thoughtful men to-day seem agreed is that the achievements of the peace have in many ways belied the sacrifices of the war. The last five years have seen an acute spiritual deflation. Most of us who had not been previously so affected were swept off our feet by the terrible spring of 1918 into an apocalyptic state in which an intense idealism mounted to meet the tragedy of the last great Allied retreat. 'Will the Germans get to Amiens?' I remember hearing one man ask another five years ago this month. 'No,' was the reply, 'though I don't know why I think that — unless it's what you call Faith.' You don't hear people to-day talking in that key of current events. Looking backward, we see that the ideals on which we set our wills were unattainable; but the shock of a realistic peace was none the less great for all

that. And the defeat of those high hopes has left the minds of many men in the condition that poets have described as a 'waste land,' or, still better, a 'scarred acre' on which, it seems, the grass will never grow again.

It is natural that writers should wish to share this mood of frustration. As if we who did not actually see the fighting with the physical sight were not sufficiently disillusioned, eyewitnesses must further disenchant us. The incompetence and unworthiness of staff officers and others in authority at the front (on which Tolstoy had something to say in *War and Peace*), Philip Gibbs has illustrated for us in unforgettable scenes from the censored pages of his notebooks; while the younger men, like Dos Passos in *Three Soldiers*, dwelling chiefly on the hardships and mistreatment of the rank and file, have incidentally lowered our opinion of their efficiency and devotion. The authors of *The Undertaker's Garland* in their picture of the brutalized life of the trenches, have spared us no detail, down to the six obscene postcards in the dead soldier's pocket. 'My pen falls from my hand,' wrote Voltaire, 'when I see how men have treated men.' This is not the reflex which the sight of the atrocious facts of war has had upon the authors of our war stories.

Mr. C. E. Montague, with less device and more effectiveness, has turned the power of his pen chiefly against the noncombatants, the 'dogfish' who took the war profits and sought an ignoble peace. His *Disenchantment* is the disenchantment of the ex-soldier who returned after four years to a civilian world as full of lust and hate as ever, and found that he had fought all but in vain. So now each side knows the worst of the other. The noncombatants who read *Three Soldiers* may conclude that those who got to the front were exclusively preoccu-

pied with physical discomfort and sexual desire, while the ex-service men may learn from *Disenchantment* the lower depths of civilian greed.

By his indictment of the profiteers — the crowd who, unlike King David, did not fear to drink 'the blood of the men that went in jeopardy of their lives' — Mr. Montague has served humanity. Yet the force of his thrust is somewhat broken by his failure to take account of the disillusionment of the noncombatants, and their suffering. Over against his instances must be set the common tragedy of Claude's mother in *One of Ours*; and such stories as I heard in a little English village, of an old farmer, the father of ten sons, of whom seven were killed in France. 'He could n't seem to think of his living sons,' so they told me. 'He would always be thinking of the seven who were killed, and he'd go off into fits calling their names; and one day he went into a terrible fit, and cut his throat, thinking of his seven sons that were killed.'

In part, the revulsion of feeling that such books as these depict was to be expected. Under pressure of war emotion we did undoubtedly idealize one another, — at least, all those on one side, — and we sometimes forgot to judge men's motives on the basis of our accumulated knowledge of human nature. The rebound to self-criticism and cynicism had to come. But another element has entered in during these last five years. 'Happy is he who suffers and knows why,' says one of Claudel's dying heroines. With the spectacle of the peace before them, and its aftermath in Europe, some men no longer see why they suffered.

Certainly the most striking dramatization of this depth of confusion and bitterness is Mr. Eliot's *The Waste Land*. As if by flashes of lightning it reveals the wreck of the storm. For this effect it is clear that the author has

consciously striven — indeed he refers to his work as 'my ruins.' The poem is written in what is called the Expressionist manner — a manner peculiarly adapted to the present temper. It does not present the social order in a series of concentric circles, as in Dante, with the individual passing from one to the other in mathematical succession; or as a wall against which the individual dashes himself, — usually in vain, — as in Tolstoy or Ibsen. It rather presents his mind, or his mood, as the centre around which the world gyrates wildly, and with which it makes few contacts, and those chiefly enigmatic. To students of psychology the method of procedure in *The Waste Land* must be highly significant. Impressions, fragments of experience, memories of other men's writings, drift through the author's consciousness at the bidding of the subconsciousness. There is little attempt at completion of any one pattern out of the mass of details and allusions, or at logical climax. But the parts move with a certain rhythm, — the rhythm of daydreams, — and, dream-fashion, resolve one into another and so achieve a whole. It is mood more than idea that gives the poem its unity. And that mood is black. It is as bitter as gall; not only with a personal bitterness, but also with the bitterness of a man facing a world devastated by a war for a peace without ideals. The humor — for it has humor — is sordid, grotesque. Yet even in the barren ugliness of *The Waste Land* there is redeeming grace. After quoting a bit from that most delightful of all spring poems, the 'Pervigilium Veneris,' and two other lines equally fine, Mr. Eliot seems content to rest his case — 'These fragments,' he writes, 'I have shored against my ruins.'

At the opposite pole from *The Waste Land* in all externals of subject and design stand A. E. Housman's *Last*

*Poems*, shot through as they are with that spirit of epigrammatic beauty which we call Greek. Yet at philosophical bottom they are not far from Mr. Eliot's mood. Pessimism is, to be sure, no new phase with the author of 'The Shropshire Lad,' bred of war or peace. And not many of the poems in this volume — only a fourth, according to the Introduction — belong to our period. But Mr. Housman's measure has always been a matter of quality rather than quantity; and a darker shadow falls across those pages that seem to come from the spring of 1922 than is to be found in his earlier work — so that those who read them cannot but 'fasten their hands upon their hearts.'

This sense of frustration has, of course, produced its obverse. How to get out of the narrow house — as full of spiritual sickness and squalor as Evelyn Scott's novel of that name. The sheer drive of feeling has compelled both readers and writers to find a way. It has driven us to take what may be called the long view of life. In order to endure the present, we have had to go far back in history for a new perspective, a fresh basis of generalization — back to 'the trailing past' that Whitman in a more confident hour bade us leave to 'the singers of yesterday.' In the war years we were faced with an undreamed recrudescence of physical savagery, which still persists in sublimated forms. Novel interpretations of history and science and psychology, which would in some manner account for all this and at the same time point the road to the future, became a necessity of the popular mind.

This necessity has been variously and copiously met. For the English-speaking world by the 'Outlines' of Wells and Van Loon and Thompson, still going through new editions, and the *Outlines*

by Drinkwater and Orpen recently completed; by histories of civilization in the United States and elsewhere; by Shaw's *Back to Methuselah*, and Mumford's *Story of Utopias*, and Robinson's *Mind in the Making*; and more significantly, perhaps, by the many volumes on Primitive Man and the layman's edition of *The Golden Bough*. Diverse as these works are in intention and approach, they exude a general odor of optimism, which is what we as the disenchanting war-victors require. Their common implication seems to be that, if we understand the long and difficult road we have come by to this present Slough of Despond, we shall once more take heart and dig ourselves out. The least positive voice in this group is that of the churchman, Dean Inge, whose phrase 'the superstition of progress' suggests the complexion of his thought. Similarly, Spengler's drift is indicated by his title, *Der Untergang des Abendlandes* — the Downfall of the Western World. His work is said to have achieved a popularity in Central Europe comparable with that of Wells's 'Outline' with us. Naturally the defeated nation derives satisfaction from the thought that all civilization has crashed with it.

But many readers crave something more than the cold comfort of philosophized history and science. All of us at times feel the need of books that are a little more personal and less cosmic. And this need has been supplied, in a degree, by the memoirs of the period just before the war, now being produced in quantity. The year 1914, like 1789, marked the abrupt end of an era. To the imagination it was a full-stop in history. Thus it is an obvious vantage-point from which to look back upon the pleasant days before yesterday.

'They who did not live before 1789,' Talleyrand once wistfully remarked,



'knew not the sweetness of life.' It is with a similar wistfulness that men turn to-day to the leisurely reminiscences of the Edwardian régime, as to an Age of Innocence happily untroubled with our troubles. We can enjoy the delightful flavor of Blunt's 'Diary' without worrying our heads about all the political and social problems in which it abounds, because the world's account with them has closed, or has been entered on a fresh page. And so with the fat volumes of biography and autobiography, of letters and records, of persons in all walks of life, from the Kaiser to Harry Kemp, and from Mrs. Asquith to Mrs. Fields, which each publishing year brings forth.

## II

Another complex left behind by the war and still unresolved is the obsession of abnormal psychology. I do not mean to say that there was no such obsession visible in our literature before — far from it. But the war vastly extended its scope and authority. This was inevitable. For war itself is a pathological state of society; and so is the readjustment to a world at peace but the poorer by millions of souls and by the loss of four years of healthy living. Hardly in a generation can the effects of the shock be expected to pass away. Thus surrounded by abnormal conditions without, men's minds have turned inward upon themselves and fixed upon primitive 'instincts' at the core of being, with sex as a centre. In this introspection they have been abetted by the rising school of Freudians and other psychoanalysts.

The forms this obsession has taken in literature hardly need to be enumerated. They constitute nearly all the 'new' fiction, poetry, and drama that has been written in the last five years. Yet their great diversity

should be noticed; and their wide range, from Proust's enormous evocation, *À la Recherche du Temps Perdu*, in five parts, the first part alone in the English translation filling two volumes, Joyce's *Ulysses*, almost as difficult to lovers of humanistic fiction as a medical report, Lawrence's *Women in Love*, and Anderson's *Many Marriages*, surely as single-minded as a scientific paper in its concern with one function, to Hergesheimer's *Cytherea*, O'Neill's *Diff'rent*, and Rebecca West's *The Judge*.

And another thing should be noticed — the fact that this imaginative literature of twisted subconsciousness has engaged a large majority of the finer minds among the young writers. Not all take it quite seriously. Aldous Huxley and Cabell play with it wittily. Some, like Virginia Woolf and May Sinclair and Clemence Dane, perform all manner of brilliant experiments with it. On the readers' side of the fence it is noticeable that those who rail against books of this sort will seldom bother about anything else. As a matter of fact, there has been lately little else to bother about, if one must have material with any vitality.

In the rapprochement between science and literature that has come about, as the term indicates, in this psycho-analytical art, the scientists have surely met the writers more than halfway. Indeed, in many instances the scientists have invaded the territory of literature ruthlessly, and the result has been devastating. With one learned professor declaring that 'Personality is a characteristic of the nervous system'; another regarding it as 'a body-mind complex dominated by the internal secretions,' and dismissing a recent play with the flippancy that it is 'a study of libido variation, with endocrine variation, at two stages of the inner chemical life'; and with all the psychoanalyst

doctors chorusing that the professional interpretation of dreams is the golden key to the secrets of personal experience, it is small wonder that mere novelists have been somewhat intimidated, and that they have sought the protection of an alliance with one scientific group or another.

A quaint suggestion of the new collaboration is to be found in a newspaper account I read the other day of a well-known American author and his bacteriologist friend in the London apartment in which they are now living. The reporter pictures our author as striding restlessly up and down the room, pouring forth a copious monologue. 'The bacteriologist,' he writes, 'an impassive fellow by comparison, sits on the floor beside the fireplace reading, to be interrupted whenever the author wants a correct scientific term, which is about once every 25 seconds.' Perhaps this is suggestive of the way novelists of the future may be imagined as going about their business.

We have heard a good deal lately about the break-up of the novel — or its breakdown, according as the speaker approves or disapproves the endless amount of experimentation now in process. However this may be, science is for the moment the prism upon which the refraction is taking place. It has made of the older realist tradition a thing of many colors. The new realists are dividing into groups, following the groupings of psychologists and biologists. Lawrence and Joyce, Anderson and Rebecca West, lead the Freudian company, though each has an individual application of psychoanalysis. They are all introspectionists of a modern type, taking literally the line that 'we are such stuff as dreams are made on.'

In *Babbitt* and *Main Street*, Sinclair Lewis stands boldly for an opposing school — the behaviorists, who ad-

vocate 'study not of our own self, but of our neighbor's behavior.' Others take as a point of departure Berman's theory of the glands as the regulators of personality; among these Mrs. Atherton with *Black Oxen* has come most recently into the limelight. We have not yet arrived at the physico-chemical novel, though it was brilliantly forecast as long ago as Butler's *Erewhon*, in which the question is raised whether or not 'every sensation is not chemical and mechanical in its operation . . . whether there be not a molecular action of thought whence a dynamic theory of the passions shall be deducible? Whether, strictly speaking, we should not ask what kind of levers a man is made of rather than what is his temperament.' In this as in some other speculations Butler was far ahead of his time, and indeed a little ahead of ours. But perhaps there will be a day when the physical chemists will be able to count the atoms in the human body and give us their atomic numbers — and so make an end of all our literary guesswork.

The time has not yet come for any oracular judgment about the effect of the new science upon the new literature; but so far it is impossible to escape the impression that, although it has reinvigorated it, it has not made our fiction more readable. Even among zealous followers of changing literary fashions, out of ten people who talk about *Ulysses* and *À la Recherche du Temps Perdu* nine have probably not read either quite through. I am among the nine. Indeed, the less the appearance of scientific content, the pleasanter is the effect. *Wintry Peacock* is certainly more readable than *Women in Love*, as *The Judge* is more readable than *Ulysses*, and the first half of *The Judge* is more readable than the second. Like the facts of history the facts of science, it would seem, cannot be of

great service to literature until they have suffered a twofold process of assimilation by the subconsciousness of writer and community. Nor will modern higher physiology be fully available for fiction until it has been related to knowledge that has already been assimilated. It must have occurred to most readers that many of the alleged new psychological equations in our novels are in reality classic. Some have been used over and over again by writers as far back as Shakespeare, or Sophocles, or the recorders of the earliest folk-myths. Probably the Freudians did not tell Shakespeare anything that he did not know, when they psychoanalyzed Lady Macbeth. Nor could they tell Wagner much about Kundry. A considerable part of recent psychology — at least of what filters into fiction — seems to me largely a matter of restatement. Therein also lies a good deal of its charm for the novelists. One can have an interesting time pouring old wine into new bottles. It would be as amusing as a game to rewrite in the modern style the themes of the books of other centuries dealing with abnormality — *Wuthering Heights*, for instance. And, conversely, to think what Fielding would make of *Many Marriages*.

'It is all very estimable, no doubt,' remarks one of Aldous Huxley's male characters about the modern literary treatment of sex. 'But still I for one should like to see mingled with this scientific ardor a little more of the jovial spirit of Rabelais and Chaucer.' — 'I entirely disagree with you,' retorts the girl to whom he is speaking. 'Sex is n't a laughing matter; it's serious.'

Nearly everything is serious to novelists to-day. In fact, some of their work seems to be over-serious, and verges so closely on the ludicrous that a critic writing about it cannot help being fearful of appearing a bit foolish. Humor

is pretty generally lacking in our scientific fiction. Probably it would be truer to say that it is pretty generally suppressed, for there are signs that some contemporary writers have more of it than they are willing to display. Joyce, for example, seems in totality a rather humorless novelist; yet there is in *The Portrait of the Young Man as an Artist* an interlude so comic that one feels the more keenly through all the sombre remainder of the volume the absence of this quality. One might guess that some writers are denying free play to their mother-wit out of deference to the high seriousness with which they take their new rôles, in the manner of a very young man in love. Incidentally it is interesting to have to suspect people of suppression who are constantly preaching the danger of unfulfilled desires. Of course, fundamentally this general absence of humor has also something to do with war — a suggestion that I should like to return to later.

### III

But a still more serious matter, so far as readability goes, than the failure of humor in our fiction with scientific leanings is the failure of geniality. And this may, I think, be very definitely set down to strain — the effort involved in handling new materials which, in turn, seem ever to demand new forms. Such continual experimentation in untried mediums is necessarily harrowing. For the psychoanalytical novelist there exists to-day no inn of tranquillity where he can take his ease with his art. He is tied to the onerous routine of the laboratory. And geniality does not and cannot be expected to result. It is the lack of this quality above all others that has prevented much of the most brilliant recent work from appealing to a very wide public.

The big reading public — and by this I do not mean the wholly indiscriminating public — has gone elsewhere. It has consoled itself in this country with the more humorous social satire of the Middle West and with the South Sea romances. The South Sea tales that I have read, barring one or two things of Somerset Maugham's, have not, pleasant as they are, interested me very deeply; and I do not believe that in itself this school of writers will interest anyone very much thirty years from now. But the work of Mr. O'Brien and his colleagues will continue to interest people as a psychological expression of our time — that is, because it has been for us a true literature of escape, from the war and the war neuroses, including literary pathology. Fortunately for Mr. O'Brien, his Pacific Islands never became mixed up in the war. Writers who wanted to get away from the memories of the front — like Hall and Nordhoff — set sail as soon after it as they could for the South Seas, carrying a large public of vicarious adventurers along with them. Fortunately, too, for their purposes, the Marquesans and a good many other Islanders have never been much involved in that thing called Western Civilization, which has done nothing but worry us since August 1914. From pictures of the organized savagery in Europe it has thus seemed a relief to turn to the naïve savagery of the East. The figure of the Noble Savage of the eighteenth century has been replaced in our South Sea literature by the figure of the Happy Savage — a creation not borne out, by the way, by the glimpse of the primitive mind one gets in *The Golden Bough*.

To a world harassed by every sort of doubt as to its technique in handling the 'instincts,' an impression has been conveyed that the natives of the Islands, especially where uncor-

rupted by contact with us, manage all such fundamentals better than we — particularly sex. Thus this region of the globe has taken on the glamour of a sort of lost Paradise. When the love-affairs of four young people in a smart comedy lately on in New York become hopelessly entangled with one another and the American conventions, someone suggests that the logical way out is emigration to the South Seas. To many people life, partly no doubt as a result of the war, has begun to seem too drab, too difficult here. So they sit down and read *Mystic Isles of the South Seas* or *Atolls of the Sun*.

Another region pleasantly dissociated from the scenes of bloodshed is our own Middle West, which has also been exploited during the last five years, though in a different fashion. It did not lend itself to romantic treatment, for it was too close to us to have glamour. Besides, it was too much a part of our national life to escape the ruthless mood of self-flagellation which the war brought upon its participants. But it has proved a rich field for social satire; and it should be in the end a more productive field for permanent literature than the South Sea Islands, just because our writers are better equipped and trained to work it. The three who have cultivated its soil in this *genre* most notably — Sinclair Lewis, Zona Gale, and Sherwood Anderson — have all produced their greatest successes, which are likewise their most significant works, since 1914. All profited by the impetus that war psychology gave them as writers, and their public as readers, toward a reaction from nationalism, and from belief in the status quo, or, to put it in positive terms, toward criticism and satire. It is interesting to note in passing that their vogue has served to enhance the popularity of other writers in the same field, though not in the same tradition

— Willa Cather, for example, who is not primarily a satirist and whose art had come to maturity before the present period.

It is further to be noticed that the one of the group who has the most abundant humor, Sinclair Lewis, has reached the widest public. Now humor is not logically a direct by-product of war, like irony and satire. Such humor as does immediately spring up is apt to be thwarted by a satirical purpose — as in Mr. Strachey's *Queen Victoria* and the plays of Karel Capek, and in the parodies with which our bookshops are now well stocked. Most of these satirical parodies, it is true, like the hits at the 'Outlines,' at Mrs. Asquith, and at the South Sea romance, by Donald Stewart, Captain Traprock, and others, are very good-natured, though occasionally one comes on a bit of humor with a dangerous edge, like Montague's story of war decorations in *Fiery Particles*. Yet the public after a shocking struggle is naturally more insatiable than ever in its appetite for pure humor, and often must go back for it to an earlier time. As London audiences immediately after the Restoration had to return to the comedies of Jonson, so London audiences of today have had to return to the eighteenth-century *Beggar's Opera* for merriment on the stage. The minds of the leading playwrights — of Barrie and Shaw, Galsworthy and O'Neill, for instance — have been filled with other things. So the boisterous humor of *Babbitt* and *Main Street* came as a boon to the reading public; but although it has augmented their sales, it has not altogether obscured their primary function as social satires.

#### IV

Of another form of literature of escape that has felt the influence of the

war by indirection — the fantastic romance — there is no need to speak at length, though some of the finest writing of our day has been done in this medium. I am thinking of the work of such men as Byrne and Cabell on our side, and Machen and de la Mare in England. Machen and Cabell had been writing fantasies of one sort or another for more than a decade; but not until the last five years can their work be said to have reached their predestined public — and books are never quite books until they are read. But Mr. de la Mare's ironical romance, *Memoirs of a Midget*, belongs body and soul to our time, and it is one of the few things whose quality I feel sure later generations will envy us.

In these speculations about the influences of the war upon our literature, which I see working everywhere though often indirectly and often merely in acceleration of forces already released, I have had to roam rather far afield. It has been necessary, too, to speak of the war as still going on — or, perhaps I should say, of the peace as not yet achieved. Whatever the political facts may be, this is true so far as literature is concerned. It will be a long time, one may hazard, before we shall get to the end of psychological studies of readjustment to a changed world. The young writers should, of course, reach the end first, but for the moment they are in the most difficult situation of all.

Both in literature and outside of it the war created a precocious Younger Generation — too early matured by the shock and prolonged tragedy, as a child may be by the struggle of the slums. (Of one of their number Mr. Galsworthy has done a memorable portrait in *Loyalties*.) It is this group that has given us the books most definitely marked with the war neuroses, as well as the most characteristic ac-



counts of war psychology. Its work has met with some severe criticism. 'It is morbid.' 'It is macabre.' 'It does n't get anywhere.'

To this the Younger Generation has sharply retorted: 'We have a right to be morbid. Life as we have seen it is macabre. Civilization is n't getting anywhere.' They have been charged with being irreligious, uninterested in spiritual things, and have not bothered about a reply. *Civilization in the United States* contained no chapter on religion. An advocate might answer for them that, with the amount of fresh biological and psychological knowledge which they are being called on daily to digest, they can have very little energy left for theology, and it is no wonder that their talk for the moment is all of complexes and never of souls. Whether their introspection be spiritual or secular (and the distinction is rather a fine one), it probably engages too much of their time for their own good, as things are.

As for their work, I choose to think it will be a salutary thing for future generations to have for reference all the dramatizations of the war-reactions that can possibly manage to survive the rude usage of time, if only to illustrate the text of what four such years as 1914 to 1918 can do to youth. Anyone with imagination, it is true, might envisage all this without the aid of tales like *Three Soldiers*. But too many people are blind in the inward eye; and the race memory is notoriously short.

The psychology of war has been too half-heartedly searched heretofore, and too tragically forgotten.

If we are troubled by our literature of disillusion, we can take some comfort from reflecting that our time has, after all, not yet produced anything so cynical as some of the choice specimens of the period following the Civil Wars in England. Also it is well to remember that the old physic could 'not minister to a mind diseased,' or 'pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,' or 'cleanse the stuff'd bosom of the perilous stuff that weighs upon the heart.' Thus for health's sake alone it may be well to give the modern method of uninhibited sense-expression a fair trial. From the standpoint of literature, which is the chief concern of this inquiry, there is no need to worry about the self-revelation of the Younger Generation as long as it comes with so clear an impulse of truth and art as a recent sonnet of Miss Millay's, which ends: —

That April should be shattered by a gust,  
That August should be leveled by a rain,  
I can endure, and that the lifted dust  
Of man should settle to the earth again;  
But that a dream can die, will be a thrust  
Between my ribs forever of hot pain.

In the mass of printed matter that owes its origin or direction to moods left by the war, there is a small body of such work that, one may be sure, will long outlast them; and a good deal, besides, of an empirical nature that is at least straightening the way to more permanent forms.

## HOLIDAYS

BY ELIZABETH CHOATE

'THIS,' said we, 'is slavery.'

We had found Queen Victoria doing her endless knitting in the warm shade of the honeysuckle vines that clustered round the porch of a New Zealand hostel, and we had been living under her régime.

I was her Peel, her Palmerston, her Disraeli, and I held her wool. Virginia was one of those unfortunate women of the Court, who must be continually retrimming their old hats in order to hold the regal favor. We were both quite surely sinking to an 'Albert state of mind.'

'Let us,' we said, 'upset the royal ménage and assert our independence. This vine-perfumed cottage, where an old Queen sets the fashion, has stolen our wills. To-morrow we will take the road and seek adventure. We will go south, by the highway where the larches turn silver in the sun, and look over the edge of the hills.'

So at break of day we started out. We went over the stile that the bull once climbed, and along the road between the blue gums. There was the soft noise of bees, and a breeze chased in and out, touching sometimes our hair, sometimes our eyes, and always cool, like sweet water dashed into our faces. As we looked around, we saw white farmhouses that stood the other side of softly clicking gates, where sweet peas ran gayly up, winking their colored eyes at us and jauntily tilting and turning on their long graceful stems to the gentle push of the summer wind.

But when we reached the top, we saw only more hills going on and on, so we dropped down the other side, into a valley by a brook, where the willows stood on either side and trailed their long green fingers in the water. The air was heavy, so we sat and leaned against a rock. This was a sweet season, when the hills were waving with tall grass, waving a silent lullaby for one to dream to; so we forgot the Queen's monotonous needles, and fashioned fancies for ourselves out of the pleasant noises the brown water made as it ran by the stones. Now, as we watched and listened, we saw come sailing down, bobbing and curling and madly swirling round, what seemed to be a pure-white giant butterfly, and getting nearer, turned into a paper boat upon a desperate voyage. Then, as we waited for its pilot to appear, we saw it was a folded piece of paper, and Virginia, quickly curious, seized one of its white sails and rescued it.

We found it was a letterhead from some Swiss mountain hospital — one of those hospitals where sick people bathe their limbs in sunlight all day long, and, when their chief helper disappears, sink behind horizons into discouraged dreams of illness. There was just one short paragraph on it; the rest was gone, or it had never been. It said just this: —

'Yesterday there was a scarlet fluttering in the wind, a drooping wilted shape, a spark of restlessness defeated and laughed at by the breeze. In walking up the village street, I saw it

hanging from a balcony, a gay flag of distress to passers-by; and later, rumor, which spreads faster than color on the autumn leaves, whispered that a woman, finding life a dreary thing, had left it, jeering, in a scarlet dress.'

'Paul,' said Virginia, 'it is as if the brook were tears and this had floated down it from the heart of sorrow.'

As we sat there wondering how such a thing had come in such a place, a man came down the stream. We saw him striding toward us, looking neither to the right nor to the left, absorbed apparently by something in his mind. And this, besides, we noticed. His step, while large, was heavy, as if he carried care like irons shackled to his ankles.

As he approached us, he raised his head, which had been bent. I could not say that he looked at us, for something seemed to stand before his eyes, which blurred his vision, and gave him the far-searching helpless look one sees sometimes about the blind. Virginia says he was not more than thirty-five, with short black hair and gray eyes, and had the color of hearty weather in his cheeks; but all I can remember is that Pain had stripped herself of all her compensating rags, and shone in her undecorated nakedness from out his face.

He asked us if we'd seen a paper in the stream, and as we handed him the letterhead, he turned to go without a word. Virginia called to him in a clear ringing voice. I heard her words, but all my mind was bound up in my sight, so that it was as if the pencil of a slate had written on a sheet of paper; and yet, if I seek down those long black corridors of semiconscious memory, there comes a sharpness struck across the blank, and then a sigh of some such sounds as words like 'don't' or 'wait' would make.

At any rate, the man turned round; and then, because we had no better

thing to say, we asked him if he would not help us eat our cherry jam and rolls; and he consented, with a half-ungracious shrug, as if to say, 'What does it matter?'

We sat and ate and talked a little, quietly as one does when meeting strangers. And then, quite suddenly, because Virginia had turned her large dark eyes on him, regarding him intently, he asked this question of her. He said:—

'Child, how many of your friends, think you, would you be sure you knew, if, when you died, you were transported to the world of spirits and your body left behind to feed the earth? Have you ever wondered when you saw "Character" stealing his way in and out among a crowd, how many of your friends you know so well that you could name them if you saw their spirits? Would it not be good to come so close to one's beloved, that he or she could be quick-recognized without the help of voice or eyes or hair? Yet could it ever be so?'

Virginia looked at him, bewildered. But he seemed to see beyond her eyes into the heart of the brown waving grass, as if it had been turned inside his mind to a regiment of spirits marching past, and still he kept on talking:—

'How curious it is, our deep dependence on externals. We are conscious of this one or that one from the color of his tie or the way her hair is coiled; and if they change these superficial ornaments, we are directly puzzled as to whether we have seen our friend or no. We boast to ourselves and to our Gods that the soul is what we love the most; and yet, what lover will not forgive a rival who has crushed the spirit from his rose and left the petals of his flower unimpaired. Can we explain it? Perhaps the tie and hair and spotless flower-leaves are simply the expression of the soul. We know that everything

we do or say or think expresses what we are, no matter what we try to hide; and so the suit we wear may betray us to our neighbors if they have the key to our translation. But therein our safety lies.

'It is the multitude of things our spirits are when they disrobe that would confuse us entering another world. We put away so many things in order to keep them from all eyes; so many fancies, thoughts, and longings, that we cover them with veils for different reasons. Sometimes because we're shy, sometimes because we do not wish to brand ourselves as too unlike our neighbors. But when a soul is seen without its garments, would not all these things stand clustering about? would not the traits we never knew our friends possessed make strangers of them? It is, of course, the thoughts and desires of our souls that are most hid, even from our best beloved. Perhaps once or twice in a whole life we get a glimpse of what other persons really mean in living as they do, what their sincerest thoughts are, what they think the point of life is. I wonder if, out of a hundred thousand other spirits on the other side, that for the most part would be much alike, I wonder if we could pick the small distinctions of which we caught so slight a glimpse on earth, and find, by those wee variations on the theme of human souls, that which made up our most truly loved.

'Why would not a horrid loneliness gape round us? Or, what is worse, confusion worse confounded? Not a noise as we conceive it, but a loud spiritual tumult, when we were suddenly immersed in a great sea of souls, all of whom were utter strangers to each other. We should come pouring in with all the thousand others, from our world and all the other worlds that sing about the heavens, like mead out of a

jug. And does not a still more dreadful thought lead on from that? For, if we are a drop of liquid poured into a sea, we mingle straightway to form a solid whole, and who would lose his individuality?

'The idea holds no charm. Think, child, of your neighbors. How many of them would you wish to be tied to in spirit? How many could you bear to cling to as one drop clings to another? If we find one soul in all the world, in all our years, that we feel thus about, we call ourselves true blessed. How impossible, how utterly miserable, to conceive ourselves joined irrevocably to a solid mass of uncongenial spirits through eternity!

'And there would be another disappointment. For when we're full of life and the beauty of the earth the Gods have given us, and yet, when we are snatched away, when the Reaper cuts us down in the heyday of our youth and glory, we give ourselves, to help us through the grim high gates of Death, a compensating thought. We say:—

"When we have reached this land we've heard so much about, when we have taken Charon's boat across the Styx, at least we'll see our heroes waiting in the shades; at least we'll rise or sink to their equality. We can converse with kings and sigh with queens and brush against the garments of the great philosophers. At last we'll know the Tsar of Russia's feelings as he died, and see the beauty of the Queen of Scots. We'll walk with Livingstone, and talk with Rhodes, and fight Clive's battles through again."

'And yet how can we? For we never knew their souls. How can we know which one is which, and whether we are speaking to the Queen or to the cook. We've simply caught at this far end of the world's years a whisper of the character of each. A low cry of Job, a hint of Pontius Pilate, a scrap of

Socrates. We know their faces, forms, and features, we know their dress, we know the kind of food they ate and what they talked about; and yet, where is the key to fit in the translation and show us how to recognize our friends and heroes by their spirits?

‘Child, you will bring comfort to yourself by saying: —

‘“I shall be a spirit, too; and as in this life my soul held sympathy with other souls, so in the next will the ones we loved be drawn toward us, and we toward them.”

‘And yet, if we cannot tell whether it is the soul we seek or some other one that lived a thousand years ago and yet held sympathy with us, how desolate our state will be, forever wandering through immense eternity, dumbly looking for that which we can never find, or, if we find it, not know that we have done so. Think, child, would you recognize the spirit of your best beloved if you saw him wandering past, a shapeless shadow without eyes to see or ears to hear, or mouth to kiss you with?’

Virginia looked at me and laughed a little; but she could not answer. On her lips I read a question: —

‘Paul,’ it said, ‘is this poor man a little mad?’

I shook my head, and then I spoke to him.

‘Will you tell us,’ I said, ‘what makes your mind turn on such subjects?’

He put his hand deep in his pocket and drew forth the letterhead from that Swiss hospital.

‘This,’ he said. And after: ‘Did you read it?’

We nodded.

‘Then I will tell you all the story.’

There was silence for a minute, and then he went on: —

‘She killed herself, that girl, from lack of self-expression. I do believe that earnestly. For is not that the

horse the whole world wants to ride, the nag of self-expression? But most of them don’t know it. They think they’re seeking after love, or money, or success; but they are wrong. What they do really need is just to find a medium in which to pour the goods they have accumulated from the outside world, the thoughts and passions and imaginings. If one is continually collecting, and cannot find a medium into which he can transmit his discoveries and give them to the world; or if by circumstance his medium is forbidden him, he curses fate, but cannot tell us why he is unhappy. She was a Russian, beautiful, I think, as the young princesses, and full of delicacy, gentleness, and charm. She came there ill before the war; and while the sun was showing her the path to health, a man, a Russian, too, and a musician, fell in love with her. Then came the war, and on its heels the Revolution, taking all she had. It was after this that she consented to be married to the man who loved her there. Almost everybody wondered at it, because it was well known that she did not care for him. But here is a point I think they never thought of. The girl wrote plays and stories. Loved it. Good or bad, it does n’t matter; the only thing that really counted was that they expressed her, and everything stored up within her found a natural vent. So, do you see it? There she was, a girl whose brain was wise enough to see that, if you stole her self-expression from her, you must steal her life, and yet having to face “work by the piece,” and an eight-hour day, to keep herself alive. She did what she thought best. She sold her body for the price of eight long hours every day alone. This was agreed upon before she married him; and then she found her husband was dishonest. He stole that which she had bargained and paid dearly for, and



would not give her any recompense. That was inevitable, and she should have known. Yes, but she was young, and youth is never cautious. Then, of course, not being able to find freedom through the tracery of her pencil, her self-expression flew to other channels, and this led to worse disaster. She visited her sister who lived at Interlaken, and there she fell in love. For a while it did not matter, for she found an outlet to the springs that welled up in her mind, and she was content to talk, just endlessly to talk, and feel a quiet sympathy. You see, she was a sensitive child, who imbibed impressions, thoughts, and ideas, as thirsty ground does water; and all that she took in she must, of necessity, find an escape for. But talk won't do forever between lovers, and lips must meet if hearts and minds do. Presently her husband heard, and went straightway to Interlaken and brought her back with him. I wonder sometimes whether he was just an idiot, or whether he perhaps has in his being the refined cruelty that enjoys the sight of lingering torture. At any rate, he loved her, desperately they tell me — so much, in fact, that now they think he will go mad with grief. Perhaps he was a little mad already; that would account for his stupidity or malice.

'When she came back, he passed a sentence on her. He made her come and sit beside him in a darkened room, while he composed for hour after hour, sometimes a whole day long. What for? He said it gave him inspiration. Lord knows he needed it: I heard him play once! But there she sat, without a thing to do, in that half-lighted room, listening to an imbecile or madman search for notes — and always find the wrong ones. They say she kept herself in hand, she never lost her dignity or pride; but finally so many things piled into her heart, it burst for lack of room

to hold them, and the result was what you read there.'

He dropped to silence for a while, and Virginia leaned over to him.

'But how,' she asked in a low voice, 'came you to know all this?'

'I was the man who loved her afterwards,' he answered, 'and there is little that a lover cannot know. I have friends there still, and sometimes I get letters. But all that does not matter now. You see, she went to meet her heroes on the other side; but what I want to know is, will she find them? And, what is more than all the world and life and love and beauty, how am I to know her, look for her, discover it is she, when I am dead?'

Virginia sat still a moment and then looked up to me.

'Paul,' she said, 'what shall we tell this man who is so sorrowful? You and I have sat with Death and Morning on the Silver Horns; surely there is something. We have seen green valleys at our feet, with big dog violets heaped in velvet piles on the grass. Fields like robes of kings embroidered in scarlet and gold. Villages of chalets and a river between, and beyond, through a mist of blue, — smoked blue, which is the color of adventure, — the mountains covered with snow tinted to the shade of angels' wings. Surely there sit the ones who rule our world in the places between earth and heaven, playing games with human hearts and collecting them when they are broken, to play there, too, and make the sky ring with high laughter.

'There one finds the Hymn to Proserpine sung by silence. I wonder, Paul, if I am right. Perhaps the child who hung herself in her scarlet dress had sat and listened, and caught the far end of a whisper of it as it passed from height to height. Perhaps she caught a whisper, Paul, and found it irresistible. Do you think that, if she

had heard a song sung by a God from a mountain peak that she could stay? Listen, would not this blown across the valley lure her?

In the night where thine eyes are as moons are in heaven, the night where thou art,  
Where silence is more than all tunes, where sleep overflows from the heart,  
Where the poppies are sweet as the rose in our world, and the red rose is white,  
And the wind falls faint as it blows with the fume of the flowers of the night,  
And the murmur of spirits that sleep in the shadow of Gods from afar,  
Grows dim in thine ears, and deep as the deep dim soul of a star,  
In the sweet low light of thy face, under heavens untrod by the sun,  
Let my soul with their souls find place, and forget what is done and undone.  
Thou art more than the Gods who number the days of our temporal breath;  
For these give labor and slumber; but thou, Proserpine, death.

‘And then, Paul, the breath catches, and following after, when there is perfume round her and poppies before her eyes, comes the song to a close, softly: —

So long I endure, no longer; and laugh not again,  
neither weep.  
For there is no God found stronger than death;  
and death is a sleep.

‘Then she followed the song; but we, who can but see through a glass darkly, call it Tragedy in a Red Dress. So,’ said Virginia, turning to the man, ‘you will find your lady in the end. For no matter what you say about the sea of

souls, there is always this. It’s a sure fact that, if a magnet has a mighty force and if the thing it draws has also power, they will rush together across worlds irresistibly, and scatter what is less to right and left; and they will be so closely joined by their great force, that nothing in the spheres can come between. Paul, could not what I say be so?’

I did not answer instantly, and when I raised my head, I saw that curious stranger take Virginia’s hand and kiss its finger-tips before he rose and walked away.

‘Virginia,’ I whispered, ‘how very wise you are! Let us go back now and watch Victoria do her knitting.’

And as we went along the dusty highway, we noticed things we had not seen before. We saw those larches, with the wind turning their leaves the wrong way to, pretending they were wrought in silver. The hills before the darkening sky stood clear against low rolling heaps of clouds, and creeping up the valleys there were pines, black clumps of trees like fluffy blots of ink spilled on a paper. Close by the road grew gardens, where roses leaned their weary heads over the gates and fences. We saw them straggling in and out between the rails and lying lightly on the grass.

Just as we turned into the hostel gates, the moon rose, swinging like a yellow bubble through the dark-stemmed trees.

## THE LAND OF NOD

BY HARVEY WICKHAM

WHEN I read about other people's dreams, I am often impressed with the idea that these narratives are not dreams at all, but the work of a waking imagination filling in with more or less unconscious artifice the vague outline of the real dream structure.

For dreams — and here is the secret of them — do not always lend themselves honestly to translation into the language of the daytime. At least, mine do not. A few words, a sentence or two, may stand out vividly as I start to regale the family at the breakfast table the next morning; but I almost always have the sensation of having forgotten the gist of the matter, and of trying to supply the lack by logical deductions from the fragments which remain.

This happens even when I dream whole dreams, composed entirely of words — that is, when I have dreamed with my ears, hearing the words pronounced as by some inner voice, without accompanying visual images. Occasionally the words make sense, but more often the sense creeps into them as they are related afterward. For dreams make liars of us all, and nobody is willing to confess how little he really remembers when he can so easily set everything right with a bare invention.

Let me try to tell a real dream, without retouching or filling in. I dreamed it last night, and this is what I now recall.

A sense of lounging on the ground beside a man who is talking — lecturing, apparently, though the impression

is one of semidarkness, relieved only by an uncertain, fitful illumination as of a bonfire, and I do not see any audience. We appear to be out of doors, and yet under cover. Certainly there is something above us — oh, ever so high! A roof? Rocks? I knew then well enough, for I still have the feeling of having known. But unquestionably it is bare ground, and not a floor, beneath us.

The man says something about letting another one fall. Another what? I have no idea. In a sort of lane or aisle, — it is something like a path and something like a vista in a cave, — just at my left and at quite a distance, I hear a thud, not very loud. It has fallen. I am conscious of surprise that there was not more noise, *for the others were not so heavy.*

I begin to climb, and arrive at an immense height, where they start from. Here is another man. He appears to be shoveling them in. Into what? I have forgotten, and am tempted to say that it was into something like a car or tank; but as soon as I get to the word 'in,' I can go no further without supplying an idea out of my waking thoughts. Let it go as I remember having dreamed it — he appeared to be shoveling them in. Whether 'them' refers to logs, to earth, or to lumps of iron, it is impossible now to say, though the words taken together seem to have a sort of appropriateness. Again comes the signal. This is a yet heavier one. It falls, and the crash this time is awful — beyond all words to describe. He begins to fill

again. I am mortally afraid. I want to get down before this, the heaviest of all, is let loose.

That is all. I don't know what the lecturer was lecturing about, or what lesson he drew from these repeated falls of heavy masses. But they had a relevancy, and this relevancy lay in their sound.

What a stupid, incoherent dream! Yes; but is there not something suggestive in its incoherencies, something which makes you think of a cablegram made unintelligible by errors in transmission? Already we have made some progress, simply by following an honest report of what arrived at the receiving station, without attempting further to falsify it by guesses. Let us take a second example, dreamed just before the other one.

There were very many examples of something — I won't say of explosives, because I do not know. One of them was coarsely powdered. Cast on shallow water, it grew fine and sank. When it reached the bottom, the country blew up — *faire sauter*, to make to blow up, was the way I first recalled it; in French, just that way, in the infinitive mode.

What amazes me is that learned doctors of psychology will take reports like this, or even those much more seriously garbled, and discuss their peculiarities as if they were the peculiarity of the dreams and not merely of the reports. Freud, for instance, in order to account for the grotesqueness common to such narrations, has invented a personage whom he terms the 'dream censor,' and has then thrown wide the gates of 'interpretation' by admitting the principle of 'symbolism.' That is to say, he tells us that what we dream is not really what we meant to dream, but an allegory. The original, it would seem, is nearly always something which we

have good reason to be ashamed of, even while we are asleep; so we clothe it decently from the wardrobes of our unconsciousness, and sneak it past our (still slumbering) consciousness, for the sole pleasure of mischief.

This, I think, is an unnecessarily elaborate theory to account for such a simple thing as the weakness of a sleepy memory and the ready perverseness of the human tongue. But Freud seems to assume that the tales related by the patients at his clinics are made of genuine dream-stuff, intermingled with no dross which cannot readily be detected and removed. Vain assumption. Nod has strict customs-laws, not unlike those in vogue in many European countries at the present time, which forbid the exportation of precious metals. And how easy it is, during our passage through the waters of Lethe, in which is submerged that undiscoverable country from which no traveler ever returns with his wits about him, for the *douaniers* to rifle our baggage and substitute trade dollars for our hoards of the lawful coin of the realm. Nevertheless, I once heard a Freudian tell a dream and vouch for its authenticity, even though it happened to be the dream of another person. When one gets as far as that, naturally all problems are solved.

I am, they tell me, a person having a 'low threshold,' by which I understand a disposition that is not ashamed to dream of anything. If I should have an 'inhibited impulse,' say, to strangle my great-aunt, I should, I have been assured, dream just that, my 'censor' knowing that it would be unnecessary to obscure the meaning of the plot by 'distorting' it so as to spare my feelings. Perhaps I should dream just that, but I doubt if I should remember it just that way. And as for distortions, what I experience is less like distortion than the vague inconsistency

of shapes breathed upon glass, and rapidly disappearing as the sunlight dries them off. Queer outlines and strange vacancies undoubtedly exist in all true dream-patterns, but they seem to be sufficiently accounted for by this simple forgetting of the connecting links and this fading away of the margins. The copy may be little more than a blur. Is that any reason for thinking that the original may not have been a masterpiece of cogency and clearness?

I once had the habit of sleeping with a notebook and pencil by my bedside, making it a point to turn on the light, and write down whatever I dreamed, the instant I was sufficiently awake to be conscious of having dreamed at all. Thus it happened that I jotted down many notes while I was yet half-asleep, and these were by no means as inconsistent as the dream-tales one usually attempts to palm off upon a credulous world at the hour of toast and coffee. Whether it was that I succeeded gradually in penetrating deeper and deeper into the unknown, or that my ability to prevaricate while in a semisomnolent condition gradually improved, I cannot positively say; but eventually I succeeded in catching a complete short story, on the wings of sleep, so to speak, and in publishing it — not as a dream, but as a bit of fiction, almost without altering a line. And it is a curious proof of the faintness of our memory of dreams, even when they have been reimpresed on the mind, that I have now completely forgotten this literary trifle, as well as the magazine in which it appeared. But I have an idea that its atmosphere was weirdly mysterious, that it owed its success to its very lacunæ, the plot with gaps being then very much in vogue.

Another dream-story, written at this period but never published, remains with me thus.

There is a window. I am outside a cottage that is little more than a hut. Gray, weather-beaten boards. The roof slants this way. A feeling of the importance — the blessed importance — of the moment, and of something found and solved.

When I say the roof slants 'this way,' I mean, I suppose, that it slants toward me, and that I am standing under the cottage eaves and not under one of the gable ends. But 'slants this way' better expresses the vagueness that envelops the situation — a sort of fourth-dimensional quality, as if one might be standing in two places at once, or conscious of the roof through some other sense than that of sight. If I knew how, I would make the expression less definite still. For this was not a word-dream, but a dream in feeling and images.

Perhaps it was a toy cottage, and I, a child delighted by the gift, embracing it and thus able to feel all sides. Why can I not remember? My memory is good enough in other directions, and this dream was actually written down and read several times by daylight. But everything having even remotely to do with dreams seems drenched with the certainty of oblivion.

In this slant of the roof, which I feel but do not see, is to be found, I think, yet another reason for the seeming lack of coherency in dreams. The optical and auditory centres are not the only ones which bestir themselves while the terrible, oppressing ego is asleep. We dream not only sounds and sights, but odors, touch-impressions, tastes, and even pure emotions. Dreams are often like music. They give us feelings without any reasons which explain them. We seek for explanations, and immediately we invent. Thus to the difficulty of remembering is added that of translating from one sense to another; of groping back from effects to causes;



and, above all, of giving articulate expression to inarticulate things.

Anyone who cares to make the experiment of looking for it will soon discover that there is always an inarticulate something back of the words he uses even when he is awake. Phrases, sentences come to the mind, but the thought that they are to express was there some fraction of a second before. And during this interval the idea lay naked upon the threshold of consciousness, perfect, undeformed by the clumsy machinery of language which afterward took it up, crushing it to the form of conventional symbols.

Who knows if, save in the instance of a word-dream, this machinery operates at all during sleep? It may be that the wordless space, prolonged, gives us for once the chance to possess the thought or feeling itself, in all its entirety, before its semidestruction between the jaws of verbs and nouns. It may be this which gives to dreams their precious vividness, so sharply in contrast with what we can truly *say* about them — a vividness which often lingers like an aroma after everything else is gone. Words, at their best, are but approximations to the things we mean. To tell a thing is to dip into general experience, — the trimmed and use-worn experiences of other people, — and with types of this metal to try to set up a line not too crudely at

variance with that which is within us.

A dreamless sleep is possibly an entirely dreamy one. Only as we retire from the coasts of Nod, do we begin to realize that we were ever there. But the voyage is rough; we are like fugitives fleeing from an island suddenly submerged. If there were only time to pack and make a comfortable journey, what treasures might we not bring back! Usually we arrive at Wakefulness suffering from the amnesia of a violent jolt. In the rarer case, we do what slowly migrating peoples do when they repeat the songs of the country of their origin in an ever-changing language, until finally the first sense is altogether lost, or survives only in new phrases having none can say what relation to the old. Nursery tales are soon all that is left of once magnificent myths dealing with suns and the gods — poor ruins, seeming only to refer to Puss in Boots, or to Jack the Giant-killer.

Ah, that treacherous memory, which refuses to burden itself with what goes on within us while we sleep! What lost paradises do we not owe to its lack of retention — and what lost terrors, too. For is there any horror like the horror of a dream? Any bliss like the felicity which never was on land or sea, yet was ours in the forever unchartable land of Nod?

# 'THE OUTLAWRY OF WAR'

BY WALTER LIPPMANN

## I

DURING the war it was generally believed that the way to prevent war in the future was to make war swiftly and unitedly on all future Germanys. Theodore Roosevelt, as early as September 1914, had urged the formation of what he called an international posse comitatus against 'outlaw' nations. This same suggestion was adopted subsequently, under the name of a League to Enforce Peace, by Mr. Taft, Senator Lodge, and others. In the spring of 1916 President Wilson was publicly converted to the idea that a war of aggression was the concern not merely of the attacking nation and its victim, but of all civilized nations, that an attack on one was an attack on all, that a breach of the peace should in the future be answered by united enforcement of peace. It was in this context of thought and feeling that a Chicago lawyer, Mr. S. O. Levinson, launched his proposal for 'the outlawry of war.'<sup>1</sup>

Political leaders had not yet divided along partisan lines, and with two million American men on their way to French battlefields none expressed any aversion to European entanglements. Mr. Levinson was safe in assuming that what the United States was then doing, in March 1918, it would in the event of another aggression do again.

<sup>1</sup> S. O. LEVINSON: *The Legal Status of War*, in the *New Republic*, March 9, 1918; cf. also JOHN DEWEY: *Morals and the Conduct of States*, in the *New Republic*, March 23, 1918.

Therefore, it was naturally in the current of public opinion for Mr. Levinson to argue that the Roosevelt-Taft-Lodge-Wilson theory of a League to Enforce Peace would be strengthened and clarified if war itself were declared a punishable crime in international law. There would then be no hesitant neutrality, no doubt about the right and duty of all nations to join in the war against a nation like Germany. Mr. Levinson's phrase, therefore, seemed less novel then than it does now. For in the mood of those days he had merely found a rather picturesque name for the generally accepted theory of a war against war.

The same idea was, of course, taken to Paris by President Wilson. But of Mr. Levinson's phrase nothing much was heard until a year afterward when the first draft of the Covenant of the League of Nations was printed. Then the phrase reappeared in a speech delivered by the late Senator Philander C. Knox. But there had begun a radical change of meaning. The phrase which Mr. Levinson had coined to clarify the purposes of a League to Enforce Peace was now the name of a substitute for the League of Nations. For Mr. Knox, who was the acknowledged leader of the irreconcilables in the Senate, their most courageous guide and their shrewdest counselor, was not content with a purely destructive attack on President Wilson's project. He acknowledged the need of a substitute, and he started out

with Mr. Levinson's help to construct a new plan for peace upon the idea that war should be declared an international crime.

In Senator Knox's first speech, delivered the first of March, 1919, the 'outlawry of war' is still associated with the idea of a League to Enforce Peace. Mr. Knox is definitely opposed to the League of Nations, but he continues to discuss 'a league,' based upon a 'constitution' which is to call upon 'the powers signatory, to enforce' the decrees and awards of an international court, 'as against unwilling states, by force, economic pressure, or otherwise.' However, within a few months, 'concurrently with the rising tide of American opinion against the League and all covenants to use force, Mr. Knox and Mr. Levinson changed their minds. In formulating their 'plan to outlaw war,' they cast aside not only *the* League, but *a* league as well, and deprived their international court of any power to enforce its decrees.

After the death of Senator Knox the outlawry of war seemed for a time to be forgotten. President Harding alluded to it at the opening of the Washington Conference, but nothing was done with his suggestion. Then early in the year Senator Borah adopted the slogan and the idea, and became the political leader of what is now an organized campaign. Mr. Borah is advocating the 'outlawry of war' and the defeat of the Permanent Court of International Justice.

We find then that the phrase was first employed in order to strengthen a league, before there was a League. It was used to defeat the League after there was a League, and to advocate an international court before there was a Court. Now that the Court has been created, it is being used to defeat the Court, and to advocate another court which does not exist.

## II

The phrase is associated then, as a matter of political history, with a perfect record of irreconcilability. But this association is, I think, personal and accidental. It was a chance happening that Senator Knox adopted the phrase in his attack on the League. It is a chance happening that Senator Borah uses the phrase in his attack on the Court. For there are many devoted adherents of the League, beginning with Lord Robert Cecil, who would like to find a way to define war and outlaw it. There are many who support the existing Court, beginning with Mr. Elihu Root, who also would like to outlaw war. The phrase is as appropriate in Lord Robert Cecil's mouth as it was in Mr. Knox's, in Mr. Root's as in Senator Borah's. It is only an accident of irreconcilable politics in the United States Senate which has identified 'the outlawry of war' with active opposition to every established institution for the prevention of war.

How accidental is this association may be judged from the position of Senator Borah. Not once, but many times, Mr. Borah is on record against the League because it is alleged to be a superstate which will destroy our national sovereignty. But this belief about the League does not deter Mr. Borah from employing his eloquence to deride the existing World Court because it has no power to take jurisdiction in all international disputes! Because there has not been formulated by world conference an authoritative code of law covering the matters about which nations dispute! Mr. Borah's confirmed objections to a superstate sleep comfortably in the same mind with his demand for a Supreme Court of the World, modeled on our Federal Supreme Court, having its gigantic powers in conflicts between states,

including, if Mr. Borah's analogy means anything, the power to annul acts of all parliaments, including our own Congress!

A position so illogical must be a political accident. There can be no necessary connection between the outlawry of war and the orthodox philosophy of the irreconcilables. There is, rather, a deep contradiction between them, a contradiction so deep that it has produced the extraordinary spectacle of Mr. Borah objecting to a super-state and at the same time demanding a supercourt, and a superconference to legislate a supercode. We have nevertheless to discuss the outlawry of war in this setting, as a project for world peace offered by the irreconcilable opponents of the existing League and the existing Court. With proposals to work for the outlawry of war through existing international organizations, such as Lord Robert Cecil and Mr. Root have entertained, we are not here concerned. We are faced with the fact that the American campaign for the outlawry of war is led by men who have fought and will continue to fight not only the League, and the Court, but even such conventions as were reached at the Washington Conference.

Straight is the path and narrow is the gate for those who wish to join Mr. Borah's campaign for the outlawry of war. The idea of attempting to make war a crime still belongs to men of all shades of opinion. But the 'outlawry of war,' as a political label, is now the name of what purports to be a comprehensive plan of world peace, fundamentally different from any yet attempted, and in the test of action, antagonistic to all.

### III

The Borah plan for abolishing war is embodied in Senate Resolution 441,

introduced on February 14, 1923. The plan has three parts: first there is to be a universal treaty making war 'a public crime under the law of nations' and 'a solemn agreement or treaty to bind' every nation 'to indict and punish its own international war breeders or instigators and war profiteers';

Second, there is to be 'created and adopted . . . a code of international law of peace based upon equality and justice between nations, amplified and expanded and adapted and brought down to date';

Third, there is to be created 'a judicial substitute for war' or '(if existing in part adapted and adjusted) in the form or nature of an international court, modeled on our Federal Supreme Court in its jurisdiction over controversies between our sovereign states, such court to possess affirmative jurisdiction to hear and decide all purely international controversies as defined by the code, or arising under treaties.'

This is the scheme which in Mr. Borah's opinion is to abolish war. This is the scheme which is to do what the League and Court, in his opinion, cannot do. This is the scheme which has such promise of effectiveness, in the minds of the advocates of the outlawry of war, that they are determined to defeat not only American adherence to the League, but the modest proposal of President Harding to adhere to the Court. It is this scheme, they say, or none. There is no other way to end war.

What they are relying upon fundamentally is not their court and their code, but the treaty 'outlawing war.' They believe that this slogan has the power to arouse and then to crystallize mankind's abhorrence of war. They believe a declaration that war is a crime would legalize pacifism throughout the world, and deprive the war spirit of its legality and authority. The war-maker

would then have to be the conscientious objector, the pacifist would be under the shelter of law and order and conservatism. Once this radical reversal of patriotic and legal values had taken place, war would be almost unorganizable, because pacifism would be the authoritative morality of the nations.

We are dealing then primarily with a moral crusade in favor of complete moral disarmament. If the propaganda were successful, machinery for keeping the peace would not be very necessary, because the propaganda itself, so its sponsors argue, would destroy the will to war. Once nations had learned not to wish to fight, keeping the peace would be an easy matter. Therefore, the advocates of the plan, except for controversial purposes, have given little thought to, and place little emphasis upon, their project for a new court and a new code.

Nevertheless, before men commit themselves universally to a pacifism so radical that it destroys the patriotic code which they are accustomed to associate with their security and their national destiny, it is likely that they will inquire very closely into Mr. Borah's machinery for keeping the peace. He will have to prove, I think, that his court and his code effectively promise to prevent war, if he is to induce mankind to disarm, first morally and then physically. Men will scrutinize rather closely this new code and this new court under which, having rendered themselves militarily impotent, they are to live.

#### IV

It is clearly easier to arouse large audiences to a denunciation of war in general than it is to persuade them to agree on the principles of a code. Men agree that war is a horror and a crime. They do not agree easily on the fixing

of boundaries, the right to secede, the right of revolution, the control of raw materials, access to the sea, the rights of minorities, tariffs, immigration, the status of colonies, the rights of property. They do not agree easily about what constitute, in Mr. Borah's words, 'purely international controversies.' People are fairly unanimous against war. They are wholly unanimous in their professions of love for 'equality and justice.' But they quarrel fearfully about what is just and what is equal. They are divided over the general principles which ought to decide great issues. They are even more divided over the interpretation of the facts in specific cases under general principles.

Shall boundaries be determined by nationality or by economic geography? May Ireland secede from the Empire, may Ulster secede from Ireland, may three counties secede from Ulster? Is revolution permitted? Is revolution assisted by a foreign power permitted? Are the natural resources of undeveloped countries the property of the natives to have and to hold as they see fit, or have European and American nations rights in them, and how are those rights to be apportioned? Do nations which happen to block the access of other nations to the sea owe any duty to landlocked peoples, which ought to limit their sovereign rights over their own ports and railroads? Are national and religious minorities, whether they be Germans in Poland or Negroes in Mississippi, to be protected by any rule of international law? Is the tariff a 'purely' domestic question? Is prohibition applied to foreign ships a domestic question? Is discrimination against immigrants a domestic question? Have colonies the right to revolt? May Mexico confiscate American oil property? May the United States confiscate sealed liquor on foreign ships?



Now when Senator Borah proposes to create a code of international law as a substitute for war he must mean, if he means anything, a code which establishes legal rules covering such questions. But who is to make such a code? Mr. Borah's resolution does not tell us. The Knox-Levinson plan calls for a world conference to perform the feat, and other advocates speak of a convention of experts and jurists. Little attempt is ever made to describe how this code is to be made. The point is passed over lightly with some reference to the codification and creation of international law.

But the word 'creation' is perhaps the biggest word in the English language. To create a code 'based on equality and justice' is to legislate authoritatively on all the major classes of disputes in which nations engage. Nothing like it is attempted under the existing League. For his plan involves, whether Mr. Borah likes the name or not, the setting-up of a world legislature. The conference which was to make the code would have to lay down laws affecting the very existence of governments and the destiny of nations. It would have to legislate on questions touching their political independence, their liberties, their power, their prestige, their economic opportunities, and their pride.

To talk easily about a conference to create an international code is either idle talk, or it is as stupendous a proposal as can be conceived in politics. It requires for the first time in human history the creation of a genuine world legislature. For, if the code was to be anything more than a set of pious evasions, no one world conference could conceivably create it. One might as well have expected the first United States Congress to create in its first session a code of American national law. No: this world conference would have

to convene and reconvene, and keep on, in the words of Mr. Borah's resolution, amplifying the code, and expanding it, and adapting it, and bringing it down to date.

This world legislature would unavoidably represent the cabinets and foreign offices of the day. Can anyone imagine a government which did not keep a death grip on a delegation which was legislating on a rule affecting, let us say, the national boundaries? And thus there vanishes wholly the hope that the world can be governed, to use Mr. John Dewey's terms, by 'legal coöperation' without 'political combination.' If there is to be law for the court to apply, there must be law-makers. And lawmakers are politicians, guided for the most part by the pressures of their constituents upon their own ambitions and habits and personal ideals. Let Mr. Borah ask himself, then, whether he is prepared to entrust the creation of such a code to Lord Curzon, Mr. Hughes, M. Poincaré, and Baron Kato, or to any other men he knows. And then let him ask himself whether he thinks the United States Senate will ratify a code that all the other parliaments of the world will also ratify.

It requires no gift of prophecy to see that if he could induce the world to establish such a code, Mr. Borah and his most devoted followers would be lined up against ratification as irreconcilable opponents. They would hate the result if and when they achieved it. For any code created within this generation would have to legalize the status quo at the time the code was formulated. It is unthinkable that Great Britain, France, Japan, or the United States would agree on any specific set of principles which impaired their empires, their Monroe Doctrines, or their alleged strategic requirements. Lest there be any doubt on this point

I quote from Senator Knox's original speech of March first, 1919, proposing the outlawry of war: 'Under such a code we would not be called upon to arbitrate the policy involved in our Monroe Doctrine, our conservation policy, our immigration policy, our right to expel aliens, our right to repel invasion, our right to maintain military and naval establishments, or coaling-stations, within our borders or elsewhere as the protection and development of this country might demand, our right to make necessary fortification of the Panama Canal or on our frontiers, our right to discriminate between natives and foreigners in respect to right of property and citizenship, and other matters of like character.'

We must not be called upon, said Senator Knox, to arbitrate these questions. In other words, we would go to war rather than yield our position.

One may call this the outlawry of war if he likes, but I suspect that a foreigner would call it the outlawry of those wars which might interfere with Senator Knox's conception of the interests, needs, and manifest destiny of the United States. Let fifty other nations also draw up a catalogue of questions over which they would rather fight than submit to a tribunal, and the amount of war you will have outlawed will not be noticeable.

## V

The advocates of this plan are fond of saying that the 'war system,' consisting of armaments, alliances, and the diplomacy of prestige and strategic advantages, rests upon the fact that war is 'legalized.' Whether this be a correct analysis is not important in view of the fact that the advocates of the outlawry of war propose to continue to legalize all kinds of wars. 'War shall be defined in the code,' says the Knox-Levinson

plan, 'and the right of defense against actual or imminent attack shall be preserved.' Senator Borah's resolution seems to justify, in addition, wars of liberation. Now if you have the right to go to war for what you call your liberty, and the right to go to war because you think an attack is imminent, it would be a stupid Foreign Office indeed which could not legalize any war it thought necessary or desirable. The only war outlawed under this plan is a war openly announced to be a war of aggression. There are no such wars. Even Germany's war in 1914 was dressed up readily enough as a war of defense against an imminent attack by Russia in military alliance with France.

The wars permitted under the outlawry of war are not confined to the defense of frontiers against invasion. If that were the case the advocates of the plan would agree to submit every international dispute to an international tribunal. We have seen that Senator Knox had no idea of doing any such thing. His list of disputes that may not be arbitrated covered all the really vital disputes in which the United States is likely to be involved. It covered all the main contentions with Japan, the whole field of Latin-American relations, our whole economic policy, our whole strategic and military system, and for good measure everything that 'the protection and development of the country might demand.' Senator Borah, though less specific, is no less definitely against arbitrating vital questions. His way of excluding them from judicial processes is to deny that they are 'purely international controversies.' But of course controversies between nations are none the less controversies because you choose not to call them international controversies. If you feel I am hurting you badly, you are not pacified by my telling you to mind your own business.

The Borah plan to outlaw war consists of a code which, in theory, outlaws war and lays down rules governing all the relations among governments. But it consists also of a set of reservations which withdraw from the scope of the code and the competence of the court many, if not most, of the major policies which cause disputes. Finally it disembowels the outlawry of war by legalizing wars in defense of those major policies which are excluded from the competence of the court and the code.

Mr. Borah, in other words, is proposing to outlaw those wars which can be described as 'purely international.' He is proposing to outlaw theoretical wars which nobody wishes to wage, since all actual wars result out of the conflict of sovereign, domestic interests. A 'purely international controversy' which does not involve, or appear to involve, the domestic safety, domestic interests, or the domestic pride of the disputants is not worth worrying about. Even in this wicked and pugnacious world such a harmless and uninteresting controversy does not often lead to war. To outlaw war simply in respect to such controversies is a lot of trouble for nothing. For, until a man is willing to say that he is ready to submit any and every dispute affecting the peace of the world to adjudication, he has not made up his mind to outlaw war. An irreconcilable senator, who is jealous of American sovereignty, can play with the idea. He cannot really understand it and still believe in it.

## VI

It is illuminating to inquire how an idea like the outlawry of war, which expresses so deep an aspiration, should have become so confused and sterile. The answer is to be found, I think, in Mr. Borah's resolution, where he says that 'the genius of civilization has

discovered but two methods of compelling the settlement of human disputes, namely, law and war.' Mr. Borah means by law the judicial process, and in my opinion his generalization is utterly untrue. The genius of civilization has invented, besides law and war, countless other methods of settling disputes. It has invented diplomacy, representative government, federalism, mediation, conciliation, friendly intervention, compromise, and conference. The notion that the judicial process in a court is the only method of peace is fantastic. Mr. Borah, every day of his life, is engaged in adjusting disputes between the state of Idaho and other states, between capital and labor, between the farm bloc and the manufacturers and bankers. If he believed that the only alternative to war was resort to the courts, he would not be wasting his talents in a nonjudicial body like the United States Senate. He would either be a judge or be arguing before judges.

Nevertheless he believes, and many admirable people believe with him, that the only method of international peace is 'to create a judicial substitute for war.' It is on this belief that the outlawry of war has foundered. For when you come to the actual task of creating this judicial substitute, you find, as Mr. Knox found and as Mr. Borah has found, that you cannot, or will not, devise a code of international law covering all disputes, and that you will not give to any court jurisdiction over all disputes. Therefore, in the pinch, you find yourself wishing to outlaw war but not to outlaw the wars you may feel compelled to wage.

You find a large class of disputes which your judicial substitute will not cover. They are the most important disputes of all, because they involve precisely those vital interests about which peoples are most ready to fight.

The difficulty is fundamental and inescapable in any plan to outlaw war by a purely judicial substitute. And, if you are really in earnest about minimizing or abolishing war, it is these marginal, nonjusticiable disputes which must occupy the centre of attention.

By the growth of international law some of these disputes can be made justiciable. But, for as long a future as we can foresee, there will remain whole classes of the most dangerous disputes which no code and no court can deal with. For them diplomacy is required, diplomacy working by conference, compromise, bargaining, good offices, and also, in the last analysis, I believe, by the threat of force. One may admit the rôle of force in diplomacy without embarrassment, considering how thoroughly the right to wage war is actually reserved by the advocates of the outlawry of war.

The central fallacy of their argument is this refusal to acknowledge the necessity of diplomacy for just those war-breeding disputes which are not within the competence of their code and their court. For, if diplomacy is a necessary method of maintaining peace, then no plan which does not provide for it can be an effective plan to abolish war. And if the method of diplomacy is necessary, then the reform of that method is one of the most urgent of human needs.

For 'the diplomatic method,' as Mr. Root has pointed out, 'is the necessary method of dealing with immediate exigencies and dangerous crises in affairs. Under such circumstances there is no other way to prevent disaster. Argument and persuasion and explanation, the removal of misapprehensions, the suggestion of obstacles and advantages, conciliation, concession, stipulations for the future, and the still more serious considerations to which diplomacy may finally resort — all these are employed to deal with immediate and acute

situations. The slow processes of judicial procedure are not adapted to deal with such exigencies.'

Mr. Root might have added that the judicial procedure inevitably is corrupted if it is burdened with the making of major political decisions. For, if the judges of Mr. Borah's Court are asked to decide questions for which no rule of law exists, they must either invent a law and thus legislate, or, in the guise of law, they must make political deals. Mr. Borah, therefore, is not eliminating political entanglements. He is entangling his proposed court in the politics of the world. The result would be a court with all the vices of politics and a diplomacy as cumbersome as a lawsuit.

This conclusion may be tested by considering another remarkable statement in Mr. Borah's resolution. It is a pronouncement to the effect that our Supreme Court has maintained peace between the states. If that is true, what has been the function of the Executive and the Congress these last one hundred and thirty-five years? Does Senator Borah seriously think that our Supreme Court, existing in a political vacuum, could have adjusted the sectional, group, and class conflicts of American history? He cannot think that, and therefore, when he has stopped to consider the matter, he cannot continue to think that an international court, in vacuo, can maintain the peace of the world.

But Mr. Borah has not fully considered the matter. He speaks in his resolution of conferring upon a 'real' international court jurisdiction modeled upon that of our Supreme Court. Mr. Borah has no smallest intention of doing any such thing. We may dogmatically assert this, because we shall as soon behold the sun stand still in the sky as see the irreconcilable Senator from Idaho argue that nine judges at

the Hague should have the same power to annul a law passed by Parliament or Congress as our Supreme Court has to annul the acts of a State Legislature.

## VII

Mr. Borah is not really promoting a practical project that will stand up under analysis. He is giving currency to a metaphor, and a somewhat inaccurate metaphor at that, which, like its predecessor, 'the war to end war,' condenses and expresses, but does not direct toward any organized result, the hatred of war. Incidentally, though that is no part of this discussion, he is exploiting the sentiment which the metaphor evokes in order to prevent our adherence to the only world court which exists, or in this generation is likely to exist. Once more we witness the tragic futility of noble sentiments frustrated by confused ideas.

Once more a fine aspiration, which must be universal in order to prevail, has become entangled in the prejudices and politics of a faction. Once more we behold the spectacle, so delightful to Satan, of men who wish to establish universal confidence and coöperation on earth, refusing in the smallest measure to coöperate among themselves. It is a pity. For if Mr. Borah and his friends took the ideal of world coöperation seriously, and understood its difficulties, they would count it no slight matter that fifty sovereign nations have actually agreed on something, even though that something is as defective as the existing League and the existing Court. If Mr. Borah loved

his ideal of coöperation as constantly as he yields to his habit of irreconcilability, he would wish to promote, rather than to destroy, what coöperation there is. For only by practice can coöperation become a habit. And only when coöperation is a powerful habit, will peoples be willing to make the enormous sacrifices which the outlawry of war must finally involve. But to say to the world, as Mr. Borah's associates have in effect done from the start, that mankind must meet our terms or none, and coöperate on our principles or none, is to perpetuate precisely that temper of mind which the outlawry of war will most need to outlaw.

Nor can we say to mankind: 'Under the leadership of an American president we led you into a League of Nations, and under the intellectual leadership of an American lawyer we led you, with the apparent blessing of both political parties, into the Permanent Court of International Justice. Now that you are in, and we are outside, it occurs to us to lead you out of the League and out of the Court. When you are out of the League and out of the Court we led you into, we promise to lead you into a much better court and perhaps even into another association of nations.'

Were the Senate now to reject the existing Court, we should establish our reputation as a diplomatic philanderer. Prudent foreign governments when we made our next periodic proposal would have to ask bluntly whether the young man's intentions were serious and honorable.



# THE NEW PRIME MINISTER

BY IAN D. COLVIN

## I

WHEN Mr. Lloyd George fell and Mr. Bonar Law came back to take his place, it was common knowledge that the arrangement could not last very long. Mr. Bonar Law never had been a strong man; he had borne a heavy burden in the war as Leader of the House of Commons; two of his sons had fallen on the field of battle, and in 1921 ill health had forced him to retire. He had reached an age when health once lost is not easily recovered, and he returned only because he knew that he, and he alone, could save the Conservative Party from division and disaster.

The Conservative Party had then for a good many years been in the bondage of a Coalition. It might have been better for themselves and for the country they served if they had never entered it. England, by an ancient tradition, expects to be ruled in peace by Whigs and in war by Tories. But when the Great War burst over Europe the Conservative Party had been so long in Opposition that it had ceased almost to hope for office. Its leadership lacked nothing in patriotism but something in confidence. It persuaded itself, or was persuaded, that a united Parliament — for a united country already existed — was necessary to conduct the war. And so its leaders, Mr. Bonar Law then being the Chief, offered their services to Mr. Asquith with no conditions attached.

The arrangement did not prosper, and yet it continued. Mr. Asquith

being thought too apathetic ever to achieve victory, Mr. Lloyd George accomplished the downfall of his old leader by what has been called a Palace Revolution, and reigned in his place. The new Prime Minister's wonderful energy, his marvelous eloquence, and his overweening belief in himself overbore the doubts and scruples of his Conservative colleagues. He became a virtual dictator, and they were, in fact, his obedient subordinates. It is the chief part of Mr. Lloyd George's power that he has a sort of mesmeric influence over those who immediately surround him. The parliamentary chiefs of the Conservative Party were like Tannhäuser in the Venusberg. They were under a spell. They came to forget that they owed a duty to their party and their principles. Yet the rank and file of the Conservatives in the country never altogether liked the arrangement, for they never could quite shake off their ancient distrust of the Wizard of Wales. During the war this feeling was smothered; but after the war it kindled again and grew steadily with the progress of events.

It is no part of this narrative to apportion the blame; let us use the discreet language of the divorce courts and call it incompatibility. If the American reader could imagine a Republican Party forced to accept its orders from Mr. Woodrow Wilson, he would get a fair understanding of the situation. As Mr. Woodrow Wilson always was, and

always will be, a Democrat, so Mr. Lloyd George always was, and always will be, a Radical. But perhaps it is impossible to conceive of Mr. Woodrow Wilson pretending to be a Republican, and therefore the analogy can never be complete.

Mr. Lloyd George sought to please both parties at one time; to the Conservatives he offered his speeches, and to the Radicals his acts. It was a domestic situation that could continue to exist only by the deception of one side, and the Conservative Party and the country came to understand it before their leaders in the Government. Before the discovery brought about the crisis, Mr. Lloyd George, by the help of the Conservatives, had done a great many things that no Radical Government could have done with a Conservative Party in Opposition. He had made a trade-agreement with Moscow and allowed the Bolsheviki to establish themselves in London; he had applied the principle of self-determination to India and Egypt; he had surrendered to rebellion in Ireland; and had almost — although here he failed — effected a nationalization of our coal mines.

If these varied experiments had brought prosperity to a distracted country, the Conservatives would still have found them difficult to swallow. As it was, they led to open mutiny. A Conservative faction in the House, and the great mass of the Conservative Party outside, could no longer be forced to obey the crack of the party Whip. Mr. Bonar Law had retired before the great departure of the Irish settlement. In that settlement, however, Mr. Austen Chamberlain and Lord Birkenhead had acquiesced, and the results of that settlement, as much as the settlement itself, sealed the doom of the Coalition. In vain the Conservative leaders exhorted their followers to obedience; they were almost compelled

to call the famous Carlton Club Meeting. It was at that meeting that Mr. Stanley Baldwin first showed himself the real leader of the Conservative Party.

True, Mr. Baldwin was not then a new or unknown man. He had an hereditary interest in our English politics and in English industry. His family firm, engineers and manufacturers of iron and steel, is one of the largest and oldest in the West. His father, from whom he inherited the business, had been Unionist member for the Bewdley division of Worcestershire, to which he succeeded. He had himself been in Parliament since 1908, had been Secretary to Mr. Bonar Law, and Financial Secretary to the Treasury. He was, then, already known to those who followed affairs, and his reputation, both as a man and a politician, stood high in the circle of this knowledge. But the wider public came to know him only when his Carlton Club speech freed them from the spell of a dictator.

## II

It is the custom of the Conservative Party to rule their affairs from the Carlton Club. There they meet on all important occasions and decide the matter at issue by a general vote. The meeting of Thursday, 19 October 1922, would have made a scene in a drama of politics. Mr. Austen Chamberlain, more than usually pale, made a passionate appeal for the continuance of the Coalition. It was a speech well calculated for its purpose. He warned the Conservatives of the imminent danger of the Socialists capturing the Government of the country. They were faced, he said, by a challenge to the fundamentals of their national life. It was not a moment to break with old friends. Besides, he had good information that the Conservatives by them-

selves could not hope for a victory at the polls. They must keep their Liberal allies — and here Mr. Chamberlain admitted while he concealed the real weakness of his case: he did not even mention the name of the Prime Minister.

For resentment against the tactics of Mr. Lloyd George was the underlying sentiment of the meeting. He had decided on a General Election and had persuaded Mr. Chamberlain to agree without consulting the Conservative Party. It would have forced them into a continuance of the Coalition through the lifetime of the next Parliament. In fact, as everyone knew, it would have meant the end of the Conservative Party. And, indeed, it was part of the plan to form a new Centre Party out of the Liberals who would consent to follow Mr. Lloyd George, and the Conservatives who would agree to follow Mr. Chamberlain.

Then Mr. Stanley Baldwin rose, and his brief speech sounded the knell of the Coalition. For himself, he said, if these proposals went through he would stand as an Independent Conservative. Mr. Lloyd George has been described as a dynamic force. 'A dynamic force is a very terrible thing; it may crush you, but it is not necessarily right. It is owing to that dynamic force, and that remarkable personality, that the Liberal Party, to which he formerly belonged, has been smashed to pieces; and it is my firm conviction that in time the same thing will happen to our party.'

He reminded the meeting how the 'Die-hards' of their party were already 'hopelessly alienated.' And so it must go on, 'until the old Conservative Party is smashed to atoms and lost in ruins.' He had esteem and, he might add, affection for Mr. Chamberlain; 'but the result of this dynamic force is that we stand here to-day — he pre-

pared to go into the wilderness if he should be compelled to forsake the Prime Minister, and I prepared to go into the wilderness if I should be compelled to stay with him.'

It was this speech, by all accounts, and the support of Mr. Bonar Law, that decided the vote against Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Balfour.

### III

Events justified the decision. The Conservative Party came back with a working majority, and it was inevitable with Mr. Bonar Law as Prime Minister that Mr. Baldwin should be Chancellor of the Exchequer. I need say nothing of his visit to America for the funding of our debt. But there was one incident which suggests the quality of Mr. Baldwin that may not be known to you. On the day of his return he told the newspapers what he had done, and by that public act put an end to all debate. It was another indication of his courage and his power. Nor need I trouble you with an account of how he adjusted the load on the back of the camel without breaking its back, though it was hailed in our city as a great achievement of finance. Let us come straight to the recent crisis.

The cause of that crisis was the ebbing health of Mr. Bonar Law. He had overtaxed his strength and, in particular, his throat, in his long service of the State, and after a vain pilgrimage in search of a cure he sent a letter to the King, being too ill to go himself, placing his Office in His Majesty's hands. This was on Saturday 19 May, and some days of wild speculation and uncertainty followed. The newspapers were filled with names and rumors reflecting the interests and intrigues of the factions they represented. One proposed the return of Lord Balfour, hoping thereby to bring back Mr. Chamber-

lain and Lord Birkenhead. But, in reality, there were only two possible men, Lord Curzon and Mr. Baldwin. The former had all the claims of seniority. He had served the Conservative Government before he went to India in important offices. Since 1916 he had been Leader of the House of Lords, and a member of the Cabinet; and since 1919 Secretary for Foreign Affairs. He had twice acted as Prime Minister and thus had all the formal claims to the succession. But there was one great difficulty. He was a member of the House of Lords, and therefore could not speak in the House of Commons; and in England it is in the Lower House that the political battle is waged and the fate of Governments decided. This was the governing consideration, as much, no doubt, in the mind of Lord Curzon as in those of his colleagues. The King sent for Mr. Baldwin.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer was sent for to the Palace on the afternoon of Tuesday 22 May. When he came out the crowd of pressmen asked if they might congratulate him. 'I need your prayers rather than your congratulations,' he replied, as one who knew the weight of the load he had taken on his shoulders. This load became immediately apparent in the choice of ministers. Not that much rearrangement was required. Lord Curzon, who had magnanimously waived his claim to the Prime Minister's office, was willing to continue to serve as Foreign Secretary. Although, according to custom, all the ministers surrendered their offices into the hands of their new Chief, most of them were reappointed as a matter of course. But Mr. Austen Chamberlain, and that small, but influential, section of the Unionists who had gone with him at the time of the split with Mr. Lloyd George, all saw in this change an opportunity for what they called reunion. They conveniently forgot that

there was only one office to share between them, or perhaps they assumed that the new men in the new Government would gracefully resign in the interests of reconciliation. That they acted as a group and not as individual members of the Conservative Party became clear as the situation developed.

This group consisted of Lord Birkenhead, who was Lord Chancellor in the Coalition, Sir Laming Worthington Evans, who had been Secretary for War, and Sir Robert Horne, who had been Chancellor of the Exchequer. It was, besides, notorious that Mr. Lloyd George stood behind Lord Birkenhead, the most active, able, and strong-willed member of the faction. And there was besides a considerable number of members of Parliament more or less attached by interest or sentiment to the combination. With all these hungry mouths to feed it was obvious that the work of reunion would not be easy. Moreover, Mr. Baldwin, as appeared from the negotiations, refused to treat with these gentlemen as a combination, but took it for granted that they were, what most of them pretended to be, individual members of his party. It is said that he offered Sir Robert Horne the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, an Office which that gentleman had filled in the Coalition. If this offer was made it was refused. He offered no Cabinet post to Mr. Austen Chamberlain, but did make him a proposal no less flattering — that he should succeed Sir Auckland Geddes in your capital at Washington. This offer also was refused. It had been made on Saturday 26 May, when Mr. Chamberlain had paid a long visit to the Prime Minister's country house of Chequers. That same night Lord Birkenhead entertained the group at dinner, and after dinner Mr. Chamberlain wrote an indignant letter to a constituent denouncing certain unspecified influences which

had prevented Mr. Baldwin from carrying out the glorious work of reunion. This letter, it may be easily supposed, has not added to Mr. Chamberlain's reputation.

The influence at which Mr. Austen Chamberlain hinted did not, in fact, exist. Mr. Baldwin is not the man to be browbeaten either by the 'Die-hard' or any other faction of the Conservative Party. He saw plainly that Mr. Chamberlain was still under the dynamic force which he had described at the Carlton Club Meeting as likely to be fatal to his party. If he had surrendered to Mr. Chamberlain's terms he would have surrendered to Mr. Lloyd George, and so far from effecting a reunion he would have opened a fissure which, in the end, must have burst his Government asunder.

#### IV

The new Chief looked elsewhere for additions to the strength of his Administration. He offered Mr. McKenna, one of the chief bankers in the City of London, the post of Chancellor of the Exchequer. Here he took a course somewhat unusual, for Mr. McKenna had been a follower of Mr. Asquith, and is still, no doubt, in many of his ideas a Liberal, although, as a matter of fact, he introduced a budget of Protectionist tinge during the war, and supported the Conservatives in the last General Election.

Mr. Baldwin did, however, offer an office of somewhat less importance, the Post Office, to Sir Laming Worthington Evans, a Conservative who had been Secretary for War in the Coalition. Sir Laming, although he had adhered to Mr. Austen Chamberlain after the Carlton Club split, made no difficulty about accepting the post, the warmth of office being a solvent which works wonders on political attachments.

The only other change of consequence was the appointment of Lord Robert Cecil to the Privy Seal. Lord Robert, as you in America know very well, has taken up with the League of Nations, a cause which, in spite of all the propaganda, has not made very much headway with the people of this country. The notion of having our Foreign and Imperial affairs in the hands of a Council, mainly consisting of foreigners, perched upon the heights of Geneva, in the middle of Continental Europe, does not much appeal to the average Englishman. As for the precious word Internationalism, he suspects it, and with some reason. But the idea of anything to prevent another war, even if it be a quack remedy, is popular, and so it comes about that Lord Robert Cecil has a considerable following. Not however in his own party, for the truth is that Conservatism is founded on Nationalism, and Nationalism and Internationalism are antipathetic. These things being so there are some who fear trouble from the intrusion of Lord Robert Cecil into Mr. Baldwin's Government.

However, these are distant and hypothetical questions. The immediate fact is that Mr. Baldwin formed his Cabinet with success, and that the reconstruction was followed by an enthusiastic endorsement by the Conservative Party in meeting assembled. Lord Curzon himself recommended Mr. Baldwin as the new Leader of the Conservative Party; Lord Balfour sent a letter of congratulation; and the only notable absentees were Lord Birkenhead and Mr. Austen Chamberlain. Thus Mr. Baldwin is now firm in the saddle with a united Government, and a working majority of firm adherents.

It is true that he has earned the animosity of Mr. Lloyd George, and the resentment of Mr. Austen Chamberlain and his group; but to make up



for it he has the staunch support, not only of the bulk of the Conservative Party, but of the great mass of solid opinion in the country. It is curious and promising to note how far his influence goes, and in what unexpected quarters his admirers are to be found. Mr. Asquith is known to hold a high opinion of him; the City is enthusiastic; and as Mr. Baldwin belongs to a great manufacturing company the British industrial world has good hopes that he will support its long-neglected interests. It remembers the stalwart part he played in the Safeguarding of Industries Act. Even the *Daily Herald*, the organ of the Labor Party, testifies to his 'reputation for soundness of judgment, and, what is better still, for kindness, for honesty, for a real desire to secure both better conditions at home and peaceful, friendly relations abroad.' Probably this high opinion was earned by what he did in his own business as an employer of Labor: —

As a business man [says the same paper], he had a strong sense of social responsibility. The idea of Disraeli, that the landed gentry of England owe it to themselves to improve the lot of their laborers, he tried to adapt to trade. When there was a lock-out he continued to pay the wages of his employees. His aim, of introducing, by means of kindness and consideration, a new spirit of fellowship between employers and employed, may be impracticable, but there is no doubt of his sincerity in pursuing it.

There are other and no less varied reasons for his popularity. For example, an intimate friend writing of him in the *Morning Post* gives this illustration of his public spirit: —

During the war Mr. Baldwin was oppressed by the consciousness that he could not make the sacrifices for his country which the youth of the nation was so cheerfully rendering. He accordingly had his whole private fortune valued, and contrib-

uted one fourth part of the valuation to the Exchequer as a free-will offering.

Such things were done by stealth. But the human and kindly relations with his workmen could not be concealed. And an artisan, when he heard of the news of the appointment, exclaimed, 'There is one thing to be said: we have now got a workingman's Prime Minister.'

## V

Mr. Baldwin is an Englishman on his father's side, but of Scotch descent through his mother. His mother was one of the daughters of the Reverend G. B. MacDonald, whose other daughters married Sir Edward Burne-Jones, Sir Edward Poynter, and Mr. Lockwood Kipling. Thus the Prime Minister is first cousin to Mr. Rudyard Kipling. The two men, moreover, are intimate personal friends. They have literary tastes in common. There is a pleasant flavor of scholarship in Mr. Baldwin's speeches, and he is never happier than in his well-stocked library.

Mr. Baldwin's home is at Astley Hall, near Stourport in Worcestershire. There he follows country pursuits. As he has himself confessed, his main desire is to live in the country, to read the books he likes to read, to live a decent life, and to keep his pigs. The tradition of Cincinnatus dies hard in politics. Your great novelist, Henry James, once paid a very pleasant compliment to the Englishman. He said that there were two words which described him, one was 'valiant' and the other 'decent.' And so we may say of Mr. Baldwin. He is a normal Englishman. He went to school at Harrow; he went to college at Trinity, Cambridge. He spends his life, by preference, in his own countryside, with his own family, or such of them as remain in the home. Mr. Baldwin's wife is a daughter of the late Mr. Ridsdale, formerly an Assay-

Master at the Mint. Of his four daughters three are married. Of his two sons, the eldest — the second son being too young to join up — served with distinction in the war, his regiment being the Irish Guards. That regiment, by the way, has a family interest not altogether happy, for it was in that regiment also that Mr. Baldwin's nephew, young Kipling, served and died, a circumstance which led Mr. Kipling to make of the history of the Irish Guards a noble and lasting memorial.

There are notable reactions in politics. For years England has been governed by a succession of lawyers — first Mr. Asquith, and then Mr. Lloyd George, astute politicians, experts in phrases and formulas. For years the electorate has been paid with words and has been deluged with eloquence, but has looked in vain for the simple common herbs of the national interest and the national character. We may suppose that they had a surfeit of idealisms and catchwords, and longed to have once more what they used to possess in the not yet forgotten days of Lord Salisbury, common sense and common honesty. Possibly it was for that reason that they turned to Mr. Bonar Law, a simple man of business, without any of the graces of the politician.

A succession of lawyers is thus succeeded by a succession of ironmasters. And as steel is better stuff than words, we shall probably gain by the change. Not that Mr. Baldwin is no orator, for

upon occasions he can speak well and to the point; but his words have that ring of sincerity which comes from a mind accustomed to deal with the strains and tests of solid material. They have, moreover, a simplicity which goes straighter to the heart than a more finished and subtle rhetoric. As, for example, in this very notable extract from a speech in the House of Commons last February, in which he replied to a violent tirade from Mr. Newbold, the Communist member: —

When the Labor Party [said Mr. Baldwin] sit on these benches we shall all wish them well in their efforts to govern the country; but I am quite certain, whether they succeed or fail, there will never be a Communist Government, and for this reason: that to our people no gospel founded on hate will ever seize their hearts. It is no good trying to cure the world by spreading out oceans of bloodshed and by repeating a pentasyllabic French derivative — the proletariat. The English language is the richest in the world in monosyllables, and words of one syllable contain salvation for this country and the world. They are: Faith, Hope, Love, and Work. No Government without faith in the people, hope in the future, love of its fellow men, and without the will to work and work and work, will ever bring this country or Europe and the world through into better times and better days.

Here we feel is something better than fine phrases — the sincere speech of a good and brave Englishman.

# THE BRITISH CABINET AND ITS IMPLICATIONS

BY E. T. RAYMOND

## I

FROM more than one point of view the recent reconstruction of the British Ministry makes history.

The modest strength of Mr. Bonar Law — his shrewdness, veracity, and genuine talent for debate and Parliamentary management — would hardly in itself have sufficed to give him any considerable place in history. Six months' occupation of 10 Downing Street make no man's title clear to immortality; and for the rest, Mr. Bonar Law's whole career was that of an inspired understudy. In a negative way he had large importance, and much might have been otherwise but for his faculty for self-effacement. But such neutral characters are soon forgotten, and but for the manner and consequences of his resignation, there would be little to recall Mr. Law a century hence. He would be one with the Robinsons and the Addingtons. But the last irony of a career always ironical has probably secured him a place of permanent interest in the history of British constitutional development. Bonar Law's throat may be even more famous than Jenkins's ear. The latter produced only a war. To the former the historian may perhaps trace the beginnings of a revolution.

For it can hardly be doubted that the tragic collapse of Mr. Law's health has settled the fate of a still more august invalid. The British House of Lords has been poorly ever

since the operation Mr. Asquith performed on it in 1911. But it could never be said that some combination of favoring circumstances might not restore it to something like its pristine vigor. That possibility seems to have definitely vanished. The House is not dead, but it is almost certainly doomed. In the English way it may take an unconscionable time in dying. It is not easy to conceive the miracle that can now prevent its death.

Mr. Bonar Law fell at a very awkward time, before the breach in the Conservative Party could be healed, and also before new ability could be developed. In destroying the Coalition, and with it the hopes of permanently establishing a disguised absolutism founded on the sterilization of the two historic parties, Mr. Law had necessarily to build his Administration of rather second-rate material. The most distinguished of the Conservative statesmen, profoundly out of touch with the general body of their supporters, adhered to Mr. Lloyd George. They could hardly in honor have done otherwise. They had given him all kinds of pledges. They had worked with him for years on terms of the utmost cordiality. They were deeply committed to his policies. They could not escape the consequences of what seemed to them a loyal co-operation and what seemed to many of their followers a surrender of party principles and interests.

But the fact was none the less unfortunate for the new Prime Minister. He was obliged to dispense with the mature wisdom and great prestige of Lord Balfour, with the rather garish but undeniable qualities of Lord Birkenhead, with the shrewdness and business ability of Sir Robert Horne, with the not contemptible practical faculty of Sir Laming Worthington-Evans.

There are some to whom the loss of Mr. Chamberlain might seem less grave. But it denied to the new Cabinet a man important in his representative capacity, in view of his position as the hereditary chief of the Liberal Unionists, and important also for his ripe experience, his fair renown as a specially honest statesman, his great knowledge of the House of Commons, and his mastery of the details of administration.

Such defection, though it could never be anything but embarrassing, would have been less serious in normal times. For ordinarily there is a constant undergrowth of political ability, and the succession to a particular office is generally indicated long before it falls vacant. But one of the gravest effects of the coalition system, prolonged after its usefulness had been exhausted, was that it dried up the springs. The close relations between the two great parties implied an oversupply of tested men. During the war all the great posts, and many even of the minor offices, were filled either by elder statesmen or by the business men whom the superstition of the time — for it was mainly a superstition — demanded. Thus few recruits were taken from the back benches; the House of Commons itself attracted relatively little young ambition; and when the Coalition fell, there was a scarcely paralleled dearth of experienced juniors.

Mr. Bonar Law showed a shrewd judgment in making the best of a bad job. Lord Curzon's adhesion freed him from his worst difficulty, that of foreign affairs; he was able to fill the other great posts with men of respectable if not brilliant abilities; and he was especially happy in discerning the high potentialities of Mr. Stanley Baldwin. Nevertheless the Ministry, on the whole, justified the criticisms of being largely composed of 'second-class brains.' It had present respectability and some promise, but no distinction. Legend, so important in British affairs, was wanting. Three only of the new ministers, Mr. Bonar Law himself, Lord Curzon, and Lord Derby, were known outside the British Islands, or even, in any real sense, within them. Could Mr. Bonar Law have lasted another two years, the legend would, no doubt, have been created; or, if that were impossible, some of the old ministers might have been lured back. To either result six months was a period altogether inadequate.

Thus, when the stricken statesman was forced to admit the superiority of a malign fate, the choice of his successor lay between two men, and two only. There was no shirking the issue. On the one side was a personal distinction and an administrative experience which must, but for a single circumstance, have been decisive. On the other side was a personality pleasant and not lacking in force, but in no way remarkable, and an experience singularly limited. The one candidate could be rejected only on the ground that he was a peer. The other candidate must be accepted chiefly on the ground that he was a commoner. If the case as between the two Chambers had been deliberately arranged, there could hardly have been a sharper definition of the issue.

## II

There is no need here to expatiate on Lord Curzon's qualifications for the premiership. They were great and obvious. But one relevant point should be given its due prominence. In a political career ranging over nearly forty years Lord Curzon had filled with high distinction some of the greatest posts open to a British subject. To each of them he had been appointed strictly on his merits. His position as a grandee, far from helping him, as it might have done in other times, from splendor to splendor, had been in the main an impediment to his advance. Lord Curzon may be said to be, in any philosophical sense of the word, as much a self-made man as Henry Ford. Granted that his first step on the ladder of promotion was a concession to his birth and high connection, the rest can be attributed to nothing but his personal qualities. His youth was one laborious apprenticeship, his prime one prolonged effort. This peer, haughty and aloof in his attitude toward men, has shown himself, in his conception of public duty, no less earnest and humble than he might have been if reared in a workhouse. His abilities, great as they are, are less extraordinary than his industry. His high conscientiousness, it has well been remarked, is equally intolerant of a mistake and a scandal. Wherever he has served the Crown, ill health, climatic extremes, private grief have never relaxed his energy or dulled his sense of public duty. In the departments he has ruled there may have been occasional failures of tact and sympathy; there has never been sloppiness or inefficiency. Lord Curzon belongs to the grand tradition of English statesmanship — the tradition of spotless integrity, high, and perhaps rather inhuman ideals, acceptance of labor

and responsibility as the proud burden of wealth and position. His meticulous attention to the details of administration, his precise and luminous eloquence, both belong to the time when great nobles managed the affairs of the State as carefully as they looked after their own possessions.

In a word, Lord Curzon had almost every qualification but one — he was not a member of the House of Commons. His aloofness may be dismissed; he was certainly not more aloof than Lord Salisbury, or even Mr. Balfour, though he lacked the urbanity of the latter, and was, unlike the former, very conscious of his importance as a grandee. And if haughtiness were a disqualification, how many unimpeachable British democrats would escape whipping? Indeed, the semiofficial statement of the case was, for once, strictly and literally true. It acknowledged that, if Lord Curzon had been a member of the representative House, his claims could not have been resisted. He was passed over because the constitution imprisoned him in a Chamber containing not a single member of the official Opposition. Labor is now His Majesty's Opposition, and in the House of Lords there is no Labor peer. Therefore — so the argument proceeded — a peer Prime Minister must be an absurd anomaly.

## III

There is, of course, no suggestion that in emphasizing the claims of Mr. Stanley Baldwin those who had the ear of the King prompted the monarch to a choice unfortunate for the country or for the Conservative Party. On the contrary, there is every reason to believe the appointment an excellent one. Mr. Baldwin quite satisfies his followers; England generally is happy over him; he has achieved a notable success



— of which later — in one of his most important appointments; and, so far as can be seen, his Ministry is much stronger than that of his predecessor — stronger morally, because Mr. Baldwin, unlike Mr. Bonar Law, was never associated with the most debatable policies of the late Coalition; stronger materially, because the Government is free from the contingent liabilities attached to Mr. Law's always uncertain health.

For the rest, Mr. Baldwin is one of those plain, pleasant, very English types which so often achieve in British politics a success denied to the highest genius. It was said of Mr. Balfour, not altogether untruly, that he was like a beech tree, 'very beautiful, but nothing would grow under him.' High distinction and ability in politics often have this sterilizing effect; while the chieftainship of the mediocre — Campbell-Bannerman was a case in point — is sometimes singularly favorable to the evolution of fresh talent. It is yet too early to pronounce Mr. Baldwin mediocre; he suggests, both in his quiet competence and in his liberal culture, much still undeveloped potentiality. But he is of that genial type which does attract and subdue to its purposes men of still higher talents; which brings out the best in every colleague; which smoothes differences, reconciles rivalries, unobtrusively encourages good teamwork, and as insensibly represses undue personal ambitions. Certainly Mr. Baldwin, despite his exceedingly short official experience, is more hopeful as a party leader than Mr. Bonar Law appeared twelve years or so ago; and Mr. Bonar Law is now universally quoted as the classic instance of the dark horse justified.

But the point is not that the British nation and the Conservative Party can accept with great philosophy the

disabilities of Lord Curzon as a peer. Those disabilities, it would seem, would have been equally decisive had the Government benches in the House of Commons presented one monotonous level of obvious and incorrigible inferiority. The doctrine has been definitely accepted that no peer can in future expect to control a British cabinet. He may be talented, industrious, efficient, popular; he may be in every sense the man most fitted for supreme power; but while the present conditions hold, — and nobody pretends to see a future in which Labor will not have a considerable Parliamentary representation, — he must not expect to fulfill the natural ambition of a statesman. Over the portals of the House of Lords are now inscribed the words: 'All hope (except of a departmental job) abandon, ye who enter here.'

This decision, which will undoubtedly be felt at once by the class affected to have the force of a precedent, cannot but accentuate a tendency which has already greatly modified the character of English public life. One of the most noticeable facts of the last twenty years has been the partial abdication of the British aristocracy. 'The Dukes,' as Mr. Lloyd George called them, had been a waning force long before he declared war against them. They have since almost disappeared from the political scene. The debates in the House of Lords are generally limited to the members of what may be called the official peerage — the retired proconsuls and the translated House of Commons politicians — and the newly ennobled plutocrats. In the House of Commons the young aristocrat still lingers, but only a relatively insignificant number of cadets of noble houses can be found to undergo the drudgery of modern electioneering and the routine at once

tiresome and exacting, of an over-worked legislature. With the new ban on the Upper Chamber, the temptation of a peer's heir to take up public life must be very considerably diminished; and a further diminution must be expected of the supply of that kind of talent and instinct for affairs which has in the past contributed so greatly to the efficiency and stability of the English polity.

#### IV

But of course the unconditional preference of the House of Commons over the House of Lords cuts far deeper. It means, logically, that the House of Lords cannot survive. For the declared ground of the preference is that the House of Lords no longer represents the people, or, at any rate, a very important section of the people. 'Labor is and may always be the second largest party in the State; Labor has no peers; therefore what is the sense of the Government having its chief spokesman a peer?' Such was the argument elaborated in every Conservative newspaper friendly — and none were unfriendly or even dubious — to Mr. Baldwin.

But it did not seem to be realized that this argument can be pushed much further. If the chief spokesman in the House of Lords is an absurdity, what of the minor spokesmen? If the House of Lords does not represent the whole nation, what part of the nation does it represent, save and except itself? If Labor has no part in the House of Lords, and is yet recognized as the second most important element in the House of Commons, how long is this anomaly to be defended? For what time is it still to be maintained that the duties of a second Chamber can be left without scandal in the hands of a body of men representing one small wealthy class — for, if we accept Labor and

non-labor as the dividing lines, and deny the House of Lords its former claim of representing the nation as a whole, that is the inevitable description of the hereditary branch of the legislature. It becomes simply a soviet of the rich.

Nor is there any refuge for the dilemma of the kind dear to the compromise-loving British temperament. Labor peers cannot be created, for a variety of reasons. The peerage is founded on wealth. No man, whatever his distinction, is created a peer unless there is a reasonable presumption that he will be able to support the dignity in decency. Care is always taken, in the case of men who, while themselves comfortably off, can leave nothing to their descendants, so to arrange matters that the title will not long survive them. The formation of a poor hereditary caste — an aristocratic proletariat — has always been dreaded and guarded against in Great Britain. Therefore a Labor peer could not be, in the vast majority of cases, an hereditary peer. The majesty of England could never endure the prospect of its highest honors descending to a hand in a factory or a peddler at the street corner. The titled classes must rebel at the notion of their inherited or dearly bought distinctions being shared by agitators and demagogues. The Labor peerage, therefore, would have to be a strictly *ad hoc* affair. It would have to be limited certainly to the life of the peer, and probably to his term of office. But what sort of man would accept membership of the House of Lords under conditions of such invidious and derogatory limitation? Even if the Labor Party were otherwise prepared to join the present second Chamber, they would surely reject with decision, and something like anger, any proposals that they should be admitted on terms which implied their social inferiority.

But, in fact, the Labor Party cannot, without stultifying itself, consent to have anything to do with the House of Lords. Its whole philosophy is hostile to the root ideas of that Chamber. It objects to the House of Lords, not only as an unrepresentative, but as an antihuman institution. It stands for the equality of all citizens; and while it would doubtless admit the convenience of purely official titles and distinctions, it is at war with all that tends to class-stratification. If it became omnipotent it would probably retain the monarchy. It would most certainly make short work of all aristocracy. Naturally individuals rise above or fall below their creeds, and no doubt there are many worthy democrats in the Labor Party who would be greatly tickled to be called 'Your Lordship' by their tradesmen and housemaids. But they realize quite well that their influence would be gone the moment they consented to any formula of ennoblement. Labor's jealousy of its own leaders is already a most important and far-reaching political fact; but if it irks the obscure shop-steward to be addressed by a Labor Privy Councillor, it is clear that a Labor Lord would be intolerable and untolerated. In brief, it would probably be perfectly easy to shovel two hundred Labor representatives into the House of Lords. But before their patents were made out, they would have become unrepresentative.

Thus the moral case for the House of Lords, weakened by the admissions of 1910, is destroyed by the admissions of 1923. That does not, of course, say that the House of Lords will go yet; logic does not rule in things English. But it must mean that the House of Lords will henceforward decline continuously in authority, power, and consideration; and that when its position is at last recognized as impossible, it cannot be 'reformed' on the lines

made so familiar in the discussions of the 'veto' days. It must be replaced by something quite unlike itself, something in which the hereditary principle plays no part, or at least figures only as a slight flavoring.

'At last' may be many years ahead. The probabilities are that nothing will be done, from the sheer difficulty of doing anything at once theoretically acceptable to the conservative-minded, not ridiculous to the reforming temperament, and tolerable to the practical politician. But such inaction can hardly save the House of Lords. It will become less than ever the theatre of active and vigorous protagonists; it will become more than ever the debating society of superannuated wiseacres. It has long ceased to be a chamber in which aspiring genius could find its fit atmosphere; but it did until quite lately afford an asylum for the more meditative kind of statesman who preferred, in ruling a cabinet, to be free from the constant labor of Parliamentary leadership. If, however, no Lord Curzon, however able, can hope for more than subordinate rank, there will be an end to the Curzons, and the Curzons were, after all, the one justification for the House of Lords.

## V

I have dwelt on this feature of the Cabinet reconstruction because it seems to mark the beginning of a change in the British polity which must, for good or ill, have enormous influence on the future. But something should be said of a matter less significant, indeed, than the passing of Lord Curzon, — or rather than the declared reason for his passing, — but still not without a more than personal interest. Mr. Reginald McKenna's conditional acceptance of the great post of Chancellor of the Exchequer puzzled many observers in

England, and has probably not been fully apprehended abroad. Mr. McKenna began life as a most unpromising Radical. He was, it is true, a Radical of the distinctly gentlemanly type. He belongs to the high bourgeoisie whose outlook is essentially conservative. The McKennas are now chiefly a legal family, but they are, or were, associated with a business bringing them into very intimate touch with the commercial world; and, though they have thrown up in Mr. Stephen McKenna an admirable literary artist, they retain on the whole the hard-headed character of the expansive middle class of Victorian England.

Mr. McKenna has public-school and university culture, got into the House of Commons by the good offices of the late Sir Charles Dilke, made himself a favorite of Mr. Asquith, and became successively Home Secretary, First Lord of the Admiralty, and Chancellor of the Exchequer. He fell with his old chief, and after some stay in the cold shades, decided to leave politics for banking. As a statesman, he seemed rather like a banker; as a banker, he has revealed himself a very considerable statesman, whose disquisitions on the national finances possess far greater authority than those of any official exponent. Nothing appeared less likely than that he would sacrifice a princely salary for the uncertainty of political power and emolument. Still less possible did it appear that the former protagonist of Welsh disestablishment, the pillar of Free Trade, the framer of an Education bill which was to bring, in his own phrase, 'not peace but a sword,' the target of innumerable Conservative shafts during the 'ginger' period of the war, should join a Cabinet containing a Churchman like Lord Robert Cecil and directed by a Protectionist like Mr. Baldwin.

The explanation lies in a history

which, if not exactly secret, is rarely related in explicit print. Mr. McKenna has an ancient grudge against Mr. Lloyd George. That pushing statesman deprived him of the Treasury in 1908; was his special thorn during his tenancy of the Admiralty; and was in sharp opposition to him all through the first two years of the war. Mr. McKenna was for economy; Mr. George for lavishness. Mr. McKenna was prosaic and matter-of-fact; Mr. George was all intuition and vision. On the whole Mr. McKenna was probably quite right in detail and not quite right in gross; Mr. George probably saw the grand contours and nothing else. At any rate, Mr. George stayed, and Mr. McKenna went; Mr. George triumphed, Mr. McKenna suffered eclipse. The one had the glory of 'the man who won the war'; the other the stigma of the man through whom the war might conceivably have been lost.

Unhappily for Mr. Lloyd George, he persisted in trying also to win the peace, which was emphatically not his job, but much more suited to the less poetical temperament of Mr. McKenna. The latter is not likely to have allowed mere personal pique to influence him. His course at the Admiralty proved him a true patriot, and he is undoubtedly a man of high principle, who would not allow a mere dislike to influence his public conduct. But, if he has not seen in Mr. Lloyd George an enemy to be pursued, he has certainly viewed him, all these years, as a nuisance to be controlled and, if possible, extirpated.

Hence his dramatic appearance last October in support of the Conservative candidates for the City of London. He realized that the only hope of keeping Mr. Lloyd George out of further mischief lay in the success of Mr. Bonar Law. With a working Conservative majority Mr. George was power-

less; an uncertain electoral verdict would make him master of the situation. To Mr. McKenna the one evil was more Lloyd-Georgism; compared with that, the difference between Liberalism and Conservatism was but dust in the balance.

The same motives urged him, no doubt, to agree, if his health permits, to relieve Mr. Baldwin of his main difficulty—the want of a first-class Chancellor of the Exchequer. Probably, indeed, the decisive factor with Mr. McKenna was Mr. Lloyd George's indiscreet declaration of unlimited warfare against the new Administration. The Baldwin Government had two obvious dangers. It was weak in debating power, and its finance did not exactly satisfy those who looked to a Conservative government to effect large economies. The last budget was, on the whole, sound, but it contained neither present comfort nor future hope for the payer of direct taxes. Mr. McKenna may possibly do no better for a time; but his presence at the Treasury carries an assurance better than that of the various Bardolphs who have been there since he left it.

If Mr. McKenna is indeed strong enough to restore effective Treasury control; if he can force the Government to face Labor criticisms and defy a certain temporary unpopularity; if, after a year or two of retrenchment and prudent finance, he can effect some manipulation of debt which will relieve the taxpayer of an appreciable part of the present exorbitant burden of interest, he will end by placing the Baldwin Government in an unassailable position.

Mr. McKenna's action is generally interpreted in England as betokening his conviction that Liberal should co-operate with Conservatism against the threat of Labor. I doubt very much

whether the fear of Labor so much as enters Mr. McKenna's virile and objective mind. What he is afraid of is a return, in some form or another, of Lloyd-Georgism. With the Liberal Party as it is, a Liberal of Mr. McKenna's views can only regard Lloyd-Georgism as the chief danger. Labor is unlikely to gain an independent majority. But it is conceivable that there might be a majority of advanced Liberals and Laborites, which would mean, no doubt, a rapid strategic movement of Mr. Lloyd George to the Left. And if—a very large assumption—electoral fortune should so favor the two Liberal wings as to give them an independent majority, there would still be a high probability of Mr. George returning to a position in which he could put into practice his social theories.

That, to Mr. McKenna, would be the last calamity, however it might be brought about. He quite sincerely believes—and he is by no means solitary in that conviction—that only the collapse of Lloyd-Georgism saved the country, and another dose of the same virus might, he fears, be fatal. In joining the Government he has certainly given Mr. Lloyd George the worst blow that statesman has so far received. Mr. McKenna, though no superman,—and even because he is no superman,—can supply, if his health permits, just the kind of stiffening the Baldwin Government requires. He has no powers of fascination, he can bind no spells, and even were he to perform miracles, they would be received with no particular enthusiasm. But he is trusted if he is not loved; and with many, the knowledge that he would go to the Treasury mainly to prevent Mr. Lloyd George returning to power would add largely to the satisfaction which his conditional appointment has occasioned.



# JÓZEF PILSUDSKI, ARISTOCRAT-REVOLUTIONARY

BY RALPH BUTLER

## I

IN one of the famous philippics of 1840, when the Chartists were instituting the first Labor march on London and well-to-do citizens were enrolling themselves as special constables, Disraeli said in the House of Commons: —

The time will come when Chartists will discover that in a country so aristocratic as England, even treason, to be successful, must be patrician. They will discover that great truth, and when they find some desperate noble to lead them, they may perhaps achieve greater results. Where Wat Tyler failed, Henry Bolingbroke changed a dynasty; and (this with Lord John Russell listening on the benches in front of him) although Jack Straw was hanged, a Lord John Straw may become Secretary of State.

But the country of the aristocrat-revolutionary *par excellence* is Poland. The most popular man in Poland today is Józef Pilsudski who, before becoming chief of the Polish State, had been in succession an exile in Siberia, a political prisoner in Russia, a brigadier-general in the Austro-Hungarian army, and a prisoner in a German fortress. He is the founder, and the hero, of the Polish Socialist Party; and he is by birth a country gentleman.

It is maliciously reported that he once told a foreign diplomat that there were two decent families in Poland, the Czartoryski and his own. But that is a story which might be told of any Pole. Pilsudski came, in fact, of an old Samogitian family of *szlachta* (country gentry), settled in Lithuania. They

lived, when Pilsudski was born, on an estate called Zulów, which had been inherited by his mother, in an old Polish wooden house, low but roomy, full of old furniture and shadows and political legends. It was the very setting for the youth of a Polish patriot; and the turn for conspiracy, which is innate in every Polish schoolboy, had ample and delightful scope. He was born in 1867, and the memories and the wounds of the rising of 1863 were fresh and bleeding. His father, under the insurrection government, — or rather one of the insurrection governments, for the insurgents unfortunately could not agree on a single one, — had held the post of Civil Commissioner for Samogitia. When the rising failed, he had to flee, and lost his own family estate.

The house was a large one. There were a number of useless but devoted family servants, and some of the married children of the family lived there, on the patriarchal model. There were governesses and tutors for the children, so that they should not go to the Russian school. But there were other inmates as well. There were proscribed insurgents, who had returned to Poland under assumed names, and lived for months on end in semiconcealment in houses like that of the Pilsudscy.

There was a sliding panel and a secret chamber, and there may well have been nights when young Józef woke, like Harry Esmond, to find some Father

Holt whispering, 'Silentium! 't is I, my boy!' from the window sill.

The father of Pilsudski was described by one of his sons as 'a many-sided encyclopædic mind, but unfitted for practical work.' He had wished to become a professor, but had been obliged to take over the family estates, as there was no one else to manage them. He wrote occasional articles on agriculture in technical journals, and he built a turpentine factory and a brickkiln at Zulów; but they did not pay.

The mainstay of the household was Pilsudski's mother. Of a family of Samogitian marshals, a Bilewiczówna, of the type described by Sienkiewicz in *Potpie* — she was an only daughter, delicate, aristocratic, fearless, and truthful. She was only forty when she died; but before that she had borne a family of ten, six sons and four daughters. The children, as in most large families, were very independent and got their education largely from one another. But all looked to their mother as to an ultimate authority and a source of inspiration.

Józef has himself written of his mother in his book *Walka rewolucyjna w zaborze rosyjskim* (Cracow, 1902). In the evenings, he says, she used to assemble the family in her room, where she would produce from some hiding-place, known only to her, forbidden Polish books, out of which she would read to the children, making them learn certain episodes by heart.

In the summer of 1874, in the space of two hours, a fire destroyed the house and farm at Zulów and two kilometres of forest: and the Pilsudscy, who had of course omitted to insure their property, found themselves very greatly reduced in circumstances. They moved from the country to Vilna, the nearest town; and the boys were sent to the Russian secondary school. Here Józef

Pilsudski came for the first time face to face with the hated Muscovite. At Zulów his mother had never received even the highest Russian officials; and there were no Russians other than officials outside the towns. Contact with the ruling race did not modify the youthful patriot's views. He is said to have been threatened with expulsion for 'writing in Polish on the walls of the school.' We are not told what the writing was.

When he reached the higher classes, he formed a secret society, which combined with the study of Polish history discussions of the social question. Socialism was treated by the boys, says Bronislaw Pilsudski, as 'the great ethical basis of the new life and of patriotism.' The Russian influence was very strong in the early eighteenthies in young Poland. The contemporaries of the Pilsudscy used to come down from the universities in vacation, with secretly printed copies of the works of Herzen, Bakunin, Tolstoy, Turgenev, and Dostoevsky. They affected the 'struggle against prejudices,' and 'theed' and 'thoued' and 'Little-brothered' one another after the Russian manner, instead of speaking to one another, as the Poles do, in the third person. The members of Pilsudski's secret society set its face against this tendency, and took their Socialism with a strong dash of Polish nationalism.

Józef was completing his studies at the secondary school when his mother died. Soon afterward he was sent to the University of Kharkov to study medicine. He was expelled, before his first year was completed, for taking part in student disturbances. There were several others of the expelled ones in Vilna; and as usual they formed a secret society. This time the society was to be not merely for debate and conspiracy: it was to devote itself to 'educational work' as well. They

taught one another, and also, when they could get them, workmen, craftsmen, and young sempstresses.

In the winter of 1887 a delegate of the Russian terrorists visited Vilna, and endeavored to induce the young Poles of the Pilsudski group to join in a projected attempt on the life of the Tsar. Józef Pilsudski was opposed to the suggestion. It was Russia's business, he argued, to change her form of government, if she wished. One of the group, however, Tytus Paszkowski, though he did not tell his companions, was convinced by the Russian's arguments, and promised — he was a chemist by profession — to help the terrorists to procure explosives. When Paszkowski's activities later were discovered by the police, Józef Pilsudski was involved. He was arrested and sentenced to five years' exile in Siberia.

## II

In Siberia his outlook widened. His exile brought him in contact with Russians of classes with which he had hitherto had little to do — peasants, religious sectaries, merchants, and criminals. But a Muscovite was always a Muscovite to Pilsudski. 'They are all,' he once wrote, 'more or less disguised Imperialists, not excluding the Revolutionaries. An elemental centralism characterizes all their speculations. They hanker perpetually after absolutism. They do not brook differences. They cannot reconcile contradictions. Perish everything if only the machine is preserved! That is the cleverest solution according to them, for it is the most downright and the easiest. That is why there are so many Anarchists among them. It is a remarkable thing that I have never once found a Russian who was a Republican.'

In 1892 he returned from exile with the martyr's halo, and was warmly wel-

comed by his relations. His brother-in-law, a doctor with a large practice in Vilna, was ready to find him well-paid work; and his sisters and aunts had carefully matured a rich marriage for the martyr's approval. But he proved refractory. The lure of politics was still too strong.

Vilna was in those days a great rallying-ground for political outcasts. They formed a social circle, where they could talk politics. But they did not do much else besides talk. After his exile Pilsudski found them dull. He turned to Warsaw, and visited the Warsaw politicians of that date, among whom was Roman Dmowski. But he 'found something lacking in them all, something of which they found I had too much.' He fell back on Socialism, and founded the P.P.S. (Polish Socialist Party), which is to-day one of the principal parties in the Warsaw Diet, and with certain scissions and secessions has always remained the faithful exponent, as it has been the principal instrument, of its founder's nationalistic ideas.

In the nineties of the last century, of course, under the Russian rule, a Polish Socialist party could not show its head above ground. The P.P.S. accordingly confined itself to 'educational work,' by which was meant in this case the production of a clandestine newspaper. The newspaper, which was called *Robotnik* (*The Worker*), was entrusted to Pilsudski and Alexander Sulkiewicz: and later on an additional editor was appointed in Stanislaw Wojciechowski, the present President of the Republic. But Pilsudski was the heart and soul of the paper, especially in its earlier years. He was, in fact, at once editor, publisher, manager, printer, and news-agent. It was produced on a hand-press, which he kept hidden in a cupboard in his room in Vilna, and later in Łódź. He used to make long journeys as far as Moscow, Petrograd,

Kiev, and Odessa, distributing copies. He had very little money in those days, and used to sleep in carts, and public parks, and on the benches of churches which opened early. In 1896 he married Marya Juskiewiczowa, the widow of an engineer; and she helped him with the work of the paper.

The writer has in his possession an early number of *Robotnik* (No. 6, of 24 December, 1894). It is well printed and, except for an abnormal number of divisions of words at the end of the line, does not seem to betray the amateur compositor. It contains articles by the German Socialist leaders Bebel and Bernstein, some verse, paragraphs on recent arrests, a review of current events in Austria and France, and a long article (which from the style looks as if it had been written by Pilsudski) on the recent death of the Tsar Alexander and the accession of Nicholas II. In short, it resembles very closely other clandestine newspapers appearing in Russia at this time.

The next episode reads as if it came straight from the film. One morning the police, making one of their periodical surprise visits to Pilsudski's flat, discover the hand-press in the cupboard. He is arrested and imprisoned in 'Pavilion X' of the Citadel at Warsaw. Here he feigns madness, rejecting food, cutting extraordinary antics, and so forth. The doctors watch him carefully, but are not convinced. After some weeks he gives it up, and begins to take food again. This, as luck — Pilsudski's luck — would have it, convinces the doctors: for such lucid intervals are common in this kind of malady!

Instead of transferring him to the local asylum, however, the Warsaw authorities sent him to the Military Hospital of St. Nicholas in Petrograd. Alexander Sulikiewicz traveled to Petrograd by the same train, and there arranged that a young doctor belonging

to the Petrograd branch of the party, Bronislaw Mazurkiewicz, should be given a post at St. Nicholas.

Preparations were then made for the escape. One morning — it was May 13, 1901 — the young doctor sent for the patient Pilsudski for private examination in his room. The examination lasted an inordinately long time, and no response came when the hospital attendants knocked at the door. The door was broken open, and doctor and patient were found to have decamped.

They made their way to Reval, Riga, and from there southwards to Kiev. From here Pilsudski went to a Polish estate in Podolia, where he met his wife who had been released on ticket of leave. Together they made their way into Austria, crossing the Russian frontier at a point in the vast forests owned by the Zamoyski family.

### III

After a short visit to London and Paris, he returned to Austria in 1902 and settled down in Cracow. He was warned by the Galician authorities that, if he interfered in the slightest degree in Galician politics, he would be expelled from Austria. But the tortuous internal politics of the Austrian Poles did not interest him. His mind was still concentrated on the main issue, which he saw always as a common uprising of Austrian and Russian Poland, the signal to be given by a European war. The conservative Galician Poles, whose horizon was bounded by the Austrian Reichsrath, laughed at such visionary ideas. But he found friends among the weak but growing Socialist Party of Galicia, notably Ignaz Daszynski, whom he first met at this time; and for the rest, like Louis Napoleon in his English exile, he believed in his star.

When the Revolution of 1905 was on the point of breaking out in Russia the P.P.S. organized a demonstration in the Place Grabowski in Warsaw, which the Russian Government was too timid to suppress. Pilsudski argued hotly for a general rising; but he was opposed by every element outside, and by some elements inside, the party. The Poles accordingly made no distinctive national move in 1905; the Tsarist Government got the better of the Revolution, and Pilsudski retired to Galicia, conscious of failure and convinced of the impotence of improvised Revolution.

From this time on, till the war of which he had dreamed came, he devoted himself to what he called *Organizacya Bojowa*, the organization for war. His idea was to found rifle-shooting clubs, in which young Poles would learn the elements of military training, and the use of the rifle. When the war came, the clubs would form the *cadres* of the Polish legions, which he then meant to create as the nucleus of an army for the future Polish State. Of the vast amount of material and organization that is required to make an army, he knew little.

Rifle-clubs had long been an institution in Austria, and there was little difficulty in obtaining government sanction for their institution. The difficulties came, as with most Polish institutions, from within. The P.P.S. was more than suspicious of the nationalism of the clubs, and eventually endeavored to suppress them. The bourgeois elements were continually breaking off and starting new organizations of their own, while the extremists of the Left were anxious to divert the young men to the work of political assassination in Russia. Pilsudski, who wished to include all classes in the movement, steadily endeavored to hold the balance between the bourgeois and Socialist

elements; and the tact and impartiality which he developed in the process gradually won for him a position which left him, when the crisis of war came, the almost universally acknowledged leader of the movement.

But few persons in Galicia at this time shared his belief in the coming war, and recruits were not plentiful. The Bosnian crisis and the part mobilization of Austria-Hungary in 1912 swelled the numbers. In 1912 there were estimated to be some 600 to 800 members of the rifle-clubs, of all parties. But they fell off again; and when the war came at last, it took the leaders completely by surprise.

All through these years of waiting, Pilsudski's house in Cracow, 16 Ulica Topolowa, was a centre for Polish revolutionaries and exiles of all shades, while Finns, Caucasians, and even Russians, of the same way of thinking, would frequently turn up to see how the *Organizacya Bojowa* worked. It was rare that a night passed without beds being improvised on sofas, tables, or the floor. And with the daylight began again the babel of young voices discussing politics. Conspiracy of this sort is meat and drink to a large class of Polish intelligentsia. But with Pilsudski it was only a means to an end.

He was in Paris early in 1914, and the following extract from an address which he delivered in the hall of the French Geographical Society on February 21, 1914, will serve to give the note on which he always harped. After saying that there was a Cretan question, and a Macedonian question, and an Irish question, but no Polish question, he continued:—

‘The world has given up considering us in international calculations and combinations. The military movement brings the Polish Question back on to the European chess-board. . . . Since 1904 we have witnessed a whole galaxy



of conflict and upheaval, in which the decisive rôle has been played by armed force. The sword alone weighs to-day in the balance of the destiny of nations. A people which should shut its eyes to this evidence would compromise its future irretrievably. We must not be such a people.'

The last annual camp of the Strzelcy (riflemen) was in June 1914. When it was over, instructors and volunteers dispersed. The treasury of the movement was nearly exhausted. The stocks of arms and ammunition were very low; and there was practically no other equipment. Under these conditions the alarm of war was sounded, and the whole problem of the recruiting took on a new aspect. Subscriptions and recruits began to pour in. The Socialist and bourgeois elements in the movement sank their differences, and for a time — a very short time — even the pro-Russian National Democrats, of whom Roman Dmowski was then the most prominent leader, were cowed and fell into line. Michal Sokolnicki, one of the founders of the movement, hurried to Lemberg to organize mobilization and to smooth over the differences between the various organizations. Pilsudski went to Vienna, to find out what would be the attitude of the Austrian Government toward the proposal to create legions.

He returned from Vienna at three o'clock in the afternoon of August 5. (The Austrian declaration of war on Russia was dated the following day.) The Strzelcy (Socialist riflemen) and Druzyny (bourgeois riflemen), who had collected in Cracow, were drawn up to meet him. Pilsudski, wearing a strzelecki cap and carrying a whip, inspected and then addressed them. He said: —

'From this time on there are neither Strzelcy nor Druzyny! All of you here are Polish soldiers! Particular emblems

henceforth disappear. Your only emblem is the white eagle. Until, however, new emblems can be issued, it is my order that you should exchange one with the other the white plate of the Druzyny for the eaglet of the Strzelcy, and *vice versa*, as a sign of the brotherly unity which must rule amongst Polish troops. You will shortly, it may be, proceed to the field of battle, where I trust that the last traces of differences between you will disappear.'

As he spoke, Pilsudski handed the emblem on his own cap to the chief of the Druzyny, and pinned the emblem from the latter's cap on his own. All present followed suit, embracing one another with tears in their eyes. Pilsudski gave a short order to one of the officers, who came forward and called the roll. About one hundred of those present were then told off, amid intense excitement, for active service.

#### IV

The romance of those hot still nights in Cracow in the first week of August, 1914, will not readily be forgotten by any who lived through them. It was the lull before the storm. The Austrian and Russian mobilizations were still proceeding, and the armies had not yet been launched. The boy volunteers paraded the streets of the ancient Polish town, singing '*Jeszcze Polska nie zginela*' (Poland is not yet lost), and the rest.

At three o'clock in the morning of August 7, the first company of the legions left Cracow for Krzeszowice, the frontier station. They were 160 strong, and they had with them five men with horses and three carrying saddles, for which they were proposing to requisition horses, as soon as they got across the border. They were followed by a second company the next night, with which Pilsudski himself

went; and other detachments with more mounted men followed. The total number of the Legionaries at the end of August, 1914, was 1982 men.

They got as far as Kielce, rather over sixty miles from the Austrian frontier, practically unmolested. In Kielce they set up a provisional government, removed all the Russian lettering from the shop signs and street corners, and beat a Jew or two as occasion offered. Then there was a pause, till the Austrian armies of Dankl and Auffenberg developed their offensive (10-31 August), received their check (1-3 September), and were forced to retreat. Pilsudski's two thousand Legionaries were of course involved in the retreat. They were led by Pilsudski himself, and his mounted men did excellent reconnaissance work, which the Austrian corps commander, to whom they were — loosely — attached, warmly appreciated. The aeroplane had not come into its own in those early days of 1914.

From this time on they were merged in the Austro-Hungarian army. The Austrian Government had informed the Headquarters of the Legions in Cracow, through the Viceroy of Galicia, on August 10, 1914, that the Minister of War recognized the formation of a corps of Polish Strzelec, would provide it with arms and equipment, and facilitate the transfer to its ranks of the Polish conscripts from the rest of the army. On September 5, 1914, after a solemn open-air Mass, celebrated by a Capuchin chaplain of the Legions, the Legionaries swore that they would 'keep faith and obedience to His Apostolic Majesty, our Most Illustrious Monarch and Lord, Francis Joseph I, by God's Grace Emperor of Austria, King of Bohemia, etc., Apostolic King of Hungary, Polish King.' They then went into camps in Galicia for serious military training. Pilsudski was made an Austrian brigadier-general.

By the beginning of 1915 three brigades had been formed: and the number of the Legions remained for some time at about 30,000 men. That was approximately the number of Napoleon's Polish Legion. The Legions took part in most of the Austrian fighting in Galicia and in Russian Poland in 1915 and 1916, and greatly distinguished themselves as fighters. After the occupation of Warsaw by the Austro-German armies, they became restive. The German Governor-General von Beseler, was prepared to recognize them as 'the nucleus of a future Polish army'; but required them to take an oath of allegiance. At Pilsudski's instigation the majority refused to take it, and were accordingly interned in a camp on the borders of the kingdom. Pilsudski himself was arrested and imprisoned at Magdeburg, where he remained until the Armistice.

That was the end of the Legions: and to all outside observers their record was a record of failure. Save for a few weeks at the outset of the war, they never represented more than a section of the Polish people. Their strength, first and last, was in Galicia (Austrian Poland). In the kingdom (Russian Poland) they were received, even in the early days when the enthusiasm was at its height, at best with indifference and often with dislike. In Kielce, when they occupied it in August 1914, they were attacked in the local (Polish) newspapers, and their meetings were interrupted. And in the country it was worse. The peasants viewed them with profound suspicion; and only the presence of priests as chaplains with the Legionaries was able to convince them that the Legions were not bands of robbers. To political propaganda the peasant remained, as in 1830 and in 1863, deaf in both ears. There is a proverb in Poland, of the truth of which the peasant has had

ample occasion to convince himself in the last few hundred years; and it is likely to take as many hundred years before he will unlearn it. The proverb is, '*Czego panowie nawarza tem sie poddani poparza*'; which means 'The lords make the soup, but the peasant's lips are scalded.'

Nothing is impossible in Poland; but it is highly improbable that, if the first Austrian offensive, in August 1914, had succeeded, the Legions would ever have formed the nucleus of a general rising in Russian Poland. Later they were swamped in the vast masses of the Austro-German armies. And in the end, when the Muscovite evacuated Warsaw, it was to the German invader that Poland owed her freedom. And yet, when all this has been said, nothing has been said. Pilsudski's 'Invasion' of Russia is on a par with Garibaldi's descent on Sicily with the Thousand. The significance of such actions is not to be sought in their success.

Three years before the war, Trevelyan wrote in his *Garibaldi and the Making of Italy*: —

Garibaldi is not to be judged as a professional soldier leading modern armies, but as the greatest master of that special department of human activity known as revolutionary war. . . . Owing to the size and efficiency of modern conscript armies, there cannot be another revolutionary war precisely of the Garibaldian type in the Europe of the coming era. . . . But Garibaldi's claim on the memory rests on more than his actual achievements. It rests on that which was one part of his professional equipment as a soldier of revolution, but which surpasses and transcends it — his appeal to the imagination.

It is here that the secret of Pilsudski's significance is to be sought. The soil over which the handful of his Legions marched was sacred with memories of past Polish insurrections. In Miechów, halfway to Kielce, Langiewicz, the

Dictator of the 1863 rising, had fought with the Russians; and Kosciuszko and Poniatowski had watered their horses in the streams which the Legionaries passed. There were other Polish legions formed in the war — in the Far East to fight under Koltchak, and with the French army in France. All these were better equipped and better trained and better paid; and doubtless they fought with equal distinction. But they were not treading, like the Strzelec, in the footsteps of the heroes of the past; and romance was not with them. Their record will find a place in the war histories of the Allied victors, whose cause they elected to support, and will be forgotten. But the record of Pilsudski's Strzelec is preserved among the memories of the Polish people; and the passage of time will not affect its lustre. 'The history of events is ephemeral and for the scholar; the poetry of events is eternal and for the multitude.'

## V

When the German resistance finally collapsed under the Allied pressure in 1918, Pilsudski was released. There was a Council of Regency at this time in Warsaw, consisting of two large landowners and the Archbishop of Warsaw, who had been set up by the Germans to represent the Supreme Power pending the appointment of a future king. As soon as Pilsudski reached Warsaw, the Regents hastened to hand over their powers to him; and from this time on he ruled, or reigned, down to the end of 1922, with (for the greater part of the time) the title of Chief of State. His personal prestige appreciably increased during his tenure of this office, while most of his adversaries, and notably Roman Dmowski, who bulked so largely at the Peace Conference, receded into comparative obscurity. To the Socialists of his old party, the

P.P.S. (outside of an extreme Left wing and a small but growing group of Communists in communion with Moscow) nothing he could do was wrong. His personal demeanor was admirable. Though he lived in the Belvedere Palace, and was surrounded by a considerable staff, mostly in military uniforms, he never tolerated the rigid protocol and super-regal splendor which many of the presidents of the new European republics affect. A student of foreign politics will find it easier to interview the King of Spain than to be admitted to President Masaryk. But Pilsudski has always been approachable. It is one of the advantages perhaps of not being born bourgeois. To the whole of Poland, irrespective of class and party, he is known by the *petit nom*, dating from his revolutionary period, of 'Ziuk.'

At the close of 1922, he laid down the post of Chief of State, to enable the first President of the Republic to be elected. Pilsudski did not himself stand; but a candidate whom he supported was elected — only to be assassinated a couple of weeks after taking office by a Pole of the Conservative Right. Pilsudski took over the post of Chief of Staff of the Army, the previous Chief of Staff conveniently becoming Prime Minister! These things happen in Poland. As Chief of State, Pilsudski had always carefully cultivated his influence with the army by close personal control of promotions and appointments. As Chief of Staff, he is able to continue this policy. So long as peace is preserved in Poland, he is not likely to lose his popularity with the army.

But the marshal is no longer a militarist. The years have begun to tell on him; he is very bent; and his health is anything but satisfactory. More than that, he has tried the intoxication of militarism with disastrous results;

*et il s'est dégradé.* In 1920 he seized a favorable moment to invade Russia, and captured Kiev. The entry to Warsaw on his return was like a Roman triumph. Among the booty was a contingent of camels from a Turkestan unit of the Russian army. They were led in procession through the streets behind the marshal's carriage; and two of them were kept permanently on view in his gardens at the Belvedere. That was in the spring of 1920. Before the summer was out, the Soviet armies were almost within gun-shot of Warsaw, and were arrested only as by a miracle.

The average Conservative in Poland detests Pilsudski, and has consistently accused him of being 'sold' — first to the Austrians, then to the Bolsheviks, and latterly to the Jews. To an outside observer it seems that, if the Polish Conservatives had rather more political sense than they commonly have, they would realize that Pilsudski has really been fighting their battle in the critical years which have followed the Peace Conference of Paris.

It was said of Kosciuszko — with very limited truth — that he brought the peasant for the first time into Polish politics. Pilsudski has brought the worker into Polish politics. He has not solved the internal problems, with which the new Poland is confronted. The Land question, the reform of the State finances, and the problem of the development of the new industrial territories in Silesia and of the port of Danzig, all loom for settlement in the future. But at a critical period Pilsudski's influence has steadily held the safety valve open and barred the door to a reaction. The Fates, who are never so ironical as when they are dealing with Poland, have made of the old militant and revolutionary the strongest element of stability in the flux and welter of the new Eastern Europe.

## THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

### INTENSIVE FLIVVING

HALF a mile from my White Mountain cottage runs the state highway. It is easily distinguished from other roads by being much wider, uglier, and dustier. In dry weather, every leaf and blade of grass within fifty feet of it is thinly coated with dust, and a faint cloud is permanently suspended above it. All day, along this road, roll countless automobiles, full of people touring the mountains, under the impression that, in so doing, they are seeing the mountains

This is a curious impression. The mountains, to be sure, are visible from time to time in fleeting glimpses from the state highway; but to the motorist they are of secondary importance. The most conspicuous features of his landscape are signs. Signs telling him that he is eight miles from Lancaster; that he is now entering Lancaster, and should consider himself welcomed by the Board of Trade; that he is now leaving Lancaster, to the distress of the Board of Trade, who nevertheless have recovered sufficiently to urge him to come again; that he is only six miles from Smith's Garage, where air is as free in fact as in proverb; that he is two miles from the Tourists' Teahouse (chicken dinners and home-cooking, automobile parties accommodated), or is approaching Jaunters' Joy (home-cooking and chicken dinners, automobile parties a specialty); that he must imperatively buy such-and-such varieties of tires, gasoline, oil, or batteries, and abstain from all others; that his life is presently to be placed in jeopardy by a dangerous turn, or the lives of little children by

the imminent approach of his automobile to a school. Sometimes, on a particularly large sign, a little local history is displayed to sugar the pill of a tire-advertisement, thus showing that even history can be put to practical uses.

These signs, of one sort or another, are everywhere. Apparently the enterprising gentlemen who erected them did so with a very fine sense for conservation of scenery. They did not believe in wasting it wholesale on the motorist; they believed in the beauty of the fleeting glimpse, the charm of the elusive. And so, whenever they came to a spot where the motorist had an uninterrupted sweep of landscape before him, these gentlemen discreetly shielded it from his direct gaze.

I have a friend who is so perverse as to differ with these apostles of moderation. He says that he intends to take his views straight, and claims that he has as much right to tear down those blooming signs as anybody has to put them up. So he tears them down, sometimes openly by day, sometimes secretly by night, but always savagely. Already he has assembled in his barn a notable collection. One can enjoy some of the most characteristic sensations of motoring by simply standing in the barn and running one's eyes over the signs. One can watch the distance to Smith's Garage being gradually cut down from fifteen miles to ten, from ten to five, from five to two; and one can learn almost as much about the varieties of motor-oil on the market as in an entire tour of the White Mountains.

The garages themselves form another conspicuous feature of the scene as the



passing motorist sees it. He can enjoy their full beauty without leaving his seat, while the car stops to take on gasoline. In the foreground he beholds the chaste outlines of the gasoline pump, with its serpentine pipe; beyond are the faucet and pipe-line where free water and free air are administered; that man walking out to a waiting automobile, with a quart measure in his hand and an expression of eager service on his face, is a purveyor of oil. Consider the sturdy architecture of the garage building; the scene of activity within, where black-shirted mechanics, like so many surgeons, are gathered about a sick little runabout and deciding whether or not to operate; and the cigar-stand by the door, with its brightly colored cigarette-cases hinting of the romance of the East. Take in the whole picture; don't miss a bit of it; you are now, my dear sir, seeing the White Mountains as the motorist sees them.

There are, of course, occasional automobile tourists who are not entirely satisfied with gazing at signboards, garages, and the dusty road. These people want to see the mountains and the forests and the brooks. Sometimes one hears coming from the tonneau their plaintive cries of 'Oh, wait a minute; there's a waterfall'; followed by replies of 'Stop, George, Harry says there's a waterfall'; and other cries of 'Where is it? I don't see it,' and 'Oh, don't let's stop before we find a place for luncheon!' until at last that plaintive voice closes the discussion with a feeble 'Never mind, it's miles back now.'

There are occasional fanatics who want to stop to look at a view right in a hilly place, where the car, if it loses its momentum, will have to go into low gear, which anybody can see is beyond all reason. But the main interest of most of us, when we follow the state

road, is, naturally, in how far we can get before luncheon, how soon we shall have a chance to pass the car in front, whether the road is getting bumpier or less bumpy, and whether we can get up the next hill on high. Sometimes we lift up our eyes unto the hills, but seldom for long; the road demands our attention.

We are watching for bumps ahead, that we may know when to be prepared for a jounce; and for curves ahead, that we may know when to be prepared for a lurch. In our minds is the thought that the machine is doing finely: we have covered seventy-three miles since lunch. Wrapped in dusters, we sit in the tonneau, gazing at the surface of the state highway as it unrolls before us; the automobile carries us steadily along, uphill and down, past signboards, garages, other automobiles, and yet more signboards; and on the face of every one of us is an expression that seems to say, 'Only eleven miles more of this, and then I'll have my chicken dinner.'

Suppose you come upon us later, as we are annihilating the chicken dinner. Are we conversing about the scenery? Not a bit of it: we are discussing more vital matters, such as carbon in the cylinders and the number of miles we can do per gallon. You interrupt us to ask whether we visited Chocorua in the course of our tour. There is a vague moment; then one of us pipes up: 'Oh, yes, of course. I remember. Chocorua was where we got the ice-cream cones.'

For you who may possibly know Chocorua fairly well, it may be something of an effort to adjust yourself to a view of the place in which ice-cream cones are the dominant feature; but you must remember that the automobilist's point of view is a very special one.

Is it, then, impossible to see the countryside from an automobile? Sometimes I think there is just one way of

doing the thing properly. And that is to poke around.

By poking around, I mean setting out with no definite objective, or else with an objective so ridiculously easy of access that there will always be time to stop anywhere on the way; and then driving as slowly as you like; and whenever you see anything that excites your curiosity, getting out and investigating it. This is what one of my neighbors, who owns a small but active car, calls intensive flivving. Steer off the traveled highways, on to the narrow old brown dirt roads, which are listed in no bluebook and are n't of the slightest use to the tourist, and are not embellished with billboards and garages; roads built in the old days for carriages, and even now showing hoof-marks in the middle. They may be a little stony here and there; you may have to go very slowly over the jounces in the hollow, where the loose-plank bridge rumbles under your wheels; and you will find that passing another flivver necessitates much jockeying, and running two wheels through the bushes, and cheerful shouting back and forth. But there is time for all these things. What you seek is not speed and distance, but entertainment.

You may like to gossip with the wayside farmers about the state of the crops, which you will invariably find to be terrible on account of the drought or terrible on account of the rain. You may have a passion for pressing your nose against the windowpanes of deserted farmhouses, and picturing to yourself the life that once went on within those cracked and crumbling walls. Or else you may simply crave a chance to see the open country. You can do it, even in an automobile, if you are content to poke around.

Here the road sweeps up to the skyline, and who knows what may not lie beyond? There it curves through a

grove of hemlocks, their tips pointing sharp and dark into the blue sky. No dust here, no signs, no roar of traffic, no wayside soft-drink and balsam-pillow booths, no enormous cars intent on going 150 miles to-day and 200 to-morrow. Here the road comes to a gap between the trees, and you have a vista of orchard and lake, with the clear blue of mountains beyond. Don't drive on just yet, there is no hurry. Turn off your engine, climb out of your car, and stroll out between the trees. The grass is innocent of cardboard boxes and eggshells. You can hear the thrushes singing, now that your engine has stopped. No motorist on the state road hears thrushes. You can smell hay and balsam, which you may prefer to tar and oil. You can see to your heart's content the slow march of the cloud-shadows over the hills. At last, when you are ready, climb into your car and follow the road again.

#### BARBER SHOPS: NIPPONESE AND MANHATTAN

SCENE: *Like similar places elsewhere, the usual chairs, mirrors, and bottles; the usual odor of the usual hair-tonic.*

CUSTOMERS: *allowing for differences of dress, and the single feminine presence — much the same.*

But here the resemblance ended; for all five waiters were half asleep, including the lady who had dropped round for an eyebrow-shave, and who now nodded, with one kimono sleeve held modestly before her face, like a tired lily. The occupants of the four chairs scarce held up their heads; the very barbers dozed. Blessed little shop, far from Yankee rush and moil; such a spot one might find in Paradise, if — Dantean thought! — the angels shaved.

From my seat by the huge iron firepot, I drowsily fell to studying a near-

by poster, relic of the summer's Sanitation Campaign. 'Swat That Fly Before It Swats You,' flamed the Chinese legend above a little girl pouring oil (or was it water?) on some magnified *musca domestica* larvæ, while her baby brother — in spectacles — looked on approvingly.

Whether it was the weariness cleverly depicted on their chromoed faces, or the sleepiness always associated with flies, or the drowsy contagion of my fellow customers, I know not; but the volume of 'English Humorists' crowding my pocket somehow did not appeal just then, and I also slept — and the scene changed.

I was being shaved in New York.

'Yeh,' said the barber, waving his razor perilously near my nose. 'I'll say the fat boy has n't a chanct. With Teddy's hat in the ring it's all over but the shoutin'.'

The reader now knows how long, how very long, ago the scene of my dream was.

'But what about Wilson?' objected a lathered face in the next chair.

My barber stropped judiciously, his head on one side.

'Has n't a chanct. Not more than you or me has, or them — those guys out there on the coiner. When Teddy's around, who wants a college professor? I seen — saw Teddy last week down to the Grand Central, and I says to myself —'

A neighboring colleague was also pontificating: —

'You've got to hand it to Ty. Best all-round player baseball ever produced. Yes sir, I'll say so. Of course Wagner was a good man in his day; so was Mathewson; so was Napoleon Lajoie; but —'

From all about came luminous phrases: 'Went down for ten' — 'No, I don't want a bath' — 'Yes, I suppose so, but make it brief' — 'She says to me' —

'Shampoo, sir?' cooed my barber. 'Scalp really needs it, sir.'

The little Japanese barber was shaking my shoulder.

'Next,' he grinned.

Obediently I took my seat in a fauteuil built after — a long way after — the style of Louis XIV, and gratefully opened my *Thackeray*. What bliss to have one's locks snipped in comfort to the pulse and rhythm of great literature!

'In treating of the English humorists of the past age, it is of the men and of their lives, rather than of their books —'

'Bery hot to-day,' essayed my barber in English.

'Yes,' I agreed pleasantly.

'*Taihen atsui desu*,' repeated the barber, this time relapsing comfortably into Japanese. 'Is it hot in Sensei's country?'

'Very — in winter,' I fear I said.

'What are your impressions of Japan?'

I sighed. 'Really,' I countered with a vain attempt at sarcasm, 'as I've lived in Japan only ten years, I have n't any.'

A fat individual, large for a Japanese, — evidently a crony of my barber's, — planted himself between me and the solitary light, and I closed my book in disgust.

'Who's the foreigner?' he inquired, obviously considering the local dialect a sufficient lingual camouflage.

'Lives up at Hakoshima. Teaches in the Normal College.'

'Oh-h-h. Sa-a-a. *So desuka?* [Is that so?] Young yet, ain't he?'

'Yes,' somewhat hesitatingly replied my barber. 'But not so young as he used to be. See, over the ears here he has some gray hairs.'

The friend looked.

'Sa-a-a. Oh-h-h. *So desuka?* Can he talk Japanese?'

'Yes,' grudgingly; 'but not so well as he thinks he can.'

'*So desuka?* Oh-h-h. Sa-a-a,' the fat fellow commiserated.

After a generous stare, returned with interest, he sat down in the place I had lately vacated.

For a time my barber snipped in silence, and then suddenly shouted, —

'The gentleman in the next chair on your right is a great musician. He plays in the orchestra of the Nisshin Moving Picture House.'

'*So desuka?*' I queried politely in my turn. 'What instrument?'

My barber did not know, but would inquire. In an equally loud voice, he put my question to the gentleman's barber, who put it in a louder voice to the gentleman himself, who replied at length (and not at all gently) to his barber, who, by the same circuitous route, and with ever-rising intonation, relayed the information back to me.

'The violin, piano, 'cello, bass viol, kettledrum, and flute.'

'And I am also master of the cornet, piccolo, and organ — both baby and mouth,' the gentleman himself added modestly.

So far, so good; contrasted with its Yankee contemporary, the Japanese barber-shop could at least offer something piquant.

'Sensei, Waseda defeated your boys last week, did n't they? Why was it? Ichioka's a good pitcher. My theory is they trust too much to his speed and don't stay wide-awake enough on bases. I was just saying yesterday —'

The shop had generally come to life. The fat newcomer was deep in dialectic converse with the man the other side of the fire-pot. Liberally translated, his remarks would run something like this: —

'Sure, 't was a knock-out. What am I tellin' yuh? Under proper conditions and with fair rules, boxin' ain't got a

chanct, not a look-in, with jujutsu. Why, at the bout last night up to the Eiga Club, Murata threw Murphy in five seconds by the timekeeper's watch, landin' him on his ear for the count. Naw, boxin' ain't got a chanct, not wan.'

And the barber on my left — the light-colored boy with the knife-scar over his right eye — was discoursing emphatically on politics, the while he flourished a razor perilously near his victim's nose: —

'Baron Kato is n't much of a premier. That's all *I've* got to say. Hara was better. Look at what Kato done at Washington! Sold out to the Anglo-Saxons. Now Japan can't do a thing.'

'Shampoo, sir?' my barber cooed. 'Scalp really needs it, sir.'

#### THE BROWNIE IN THE BRAIN

CHESS-PLAYERS say that after the first few moves they are not conscious of any further activity of their own minds, but play the game according to the dictates of a subconscious master, a wholly different personality, who comes avidly to the fore and takes command of the intricate tactics.

It is as if a puppet, a small Robot in the brain, were acting for them: while the game is in progress, he works with super-brilliancy and activity; when it is over, he disappears instantly from the conscious mind. Many creative minds admit the same thing — it seems that it is not conscious thought or will-power which produces the poem, novel, or play which delights the world, but the workings of an independent creator, who hides within the brain.

Cordelia, whose delightful essays and stories of modern life are well known to *Atlantic* readers, once told me as we sat before the blazing logs in her library, that her subconscious mind did all the work for which she receives the glory.

'I just start the thing,' she said, reflectively, 'jot down the main points, perhaps describe the characters, start the story, and then — don't laugh will you? — then I put the papers away in my Korean chest — you know the one that stands up in the little room off my bedroom? — and put the whole thing out of my mind. Perhaps that night, when I am dropping off to sleep, I think of the thing again, and then I say, firmly, to my subconscious worker, "I want that thought out and ready in the morning. You know as well as I do that it *must* be ready to go Saturday, or we shall hear from the publishers!" Well! That's all there is to it! He always does it, or almost always. Once in a while I must confess, he sulks, says he can't do anything with that old idea, and I need n't expect him to. But — if I pretend I have forgotten all about it, keep the whole thing right out of my mind, and think hard about other things — why, then, one morning Mr. Subconscious wakes me up with a triumphant, "Here I am! Here's your plot, everything just as smooth as possible. Don't you realize how busy I've been, and that I can't *always* have things ready right on the minute. You might praise me a little; I'm feeling very pleased with myself." Those are the days when I must write, must, must, must! The words fairly hurl themselves from my lips if I am dictating, or on to the typewriter if I am working by myself. Then I get a day's work done that is worth while.'

'Cordelia,' I said, 'why the Korean chest? Would n't your jinni find the notes if they were put anywhere else?'

Cordelia smiled whimsically. 'Perhaps he would,' she said, 'but I have trained him to look there. Do you know, some nights I lie half-awake, and half-asleep, and feel as if I could almost see him. I think he is a comical little sprite, with a puckered, slightly Orien-

tal yellow face. He goes softly to the chest, opens the old brass locks, and takes out my papers; then crouches down and runs away with them. I don't know where he takes them — I wish I did! Sometimes he jumps out the open window, and looks back at me before he vanishes into the moonlight. He has a tricky, Puck-like expression. Oh, I am well acquainted with that sprite.'

Before I went home I went to look at the Korean chest. It is old red lacquer, with cumbersome flat brass locks. It had an aura, I had to admit; and when Cordelia opened it, the room was filled with a curious, sweet perfume, a faint breath of 'cassia, sandal-buds, and aloe-balls.' In some of the little drawers were small carved ivories, and rice-paper pictures, as well as piles of papers which, Cordelia said, were waiting for the touch of inspiration.

'But, Cordelia,' I cried, 'this is nonsense; suppose you lost the chest, would n't the subconscious sprite work at all?'

'Oh, I suppose he would get used to another place in time,' said Cordelia: 'the chest is just my whimsey. You remember Dr. Johnson could n't write unless he had at hand dried lemon peel, decaying apples, and a purring cat. I imagine all writers have their idiosyncrasies. Surely my sprite may have his when he likes, when he works so hard for me. You will say it is all imagination, and so it is; but you *must* admit the Japanese have caught the essence of it when they say, "Since reality is never real, how do we know when a dream is a dream?"'

Since that talk with Cordelia I have found that other writers admit the jinn, too. A Boston author has recently published an article on 'The Bewilderment of an Author,' in which she says: —

'But though the author must go into



the streets and the office, to rub against all sorts and conditions of men on their own ground, not his, he must merely cast these variant types into his own mind, to fuse, to fructify, until, on an unpropheied day, some irresistible human picture will rise before him, not of memory, but of creative vision, and he has his story, and needs only to turn it over to the pen. While his pen lay idle, the good genius imagination had been at work.

'There is something so obscure as to be almost incredible in this oblique action of the mind. That never-resting Brownie in the brain! He shows you how he has tied a knot in the thread of narrative that failed to hold. Quietly he moves a piece on the puzzle-board of your conception. And if you are an old hand at Brownie-driving, you do not, after his first sign of activity, pay much attention to him. You do not "think it out." You leave it all to the *unresting mind within the mind, and go to sleep*; and next morning the job is done and you can deliver it with your pen.'

The same thing that Cordelia said, you see.

You know how Barrie referred to his M'Connachie?

'M'Connachie? M'Connachie, I should explain, as I have undertaken to open the innermost doors, is the name I give to the unruly half of myself, the writing half. *We are complement and supplement*. I am the half that is dour and practical and canny; he is the fanciful half; my desire is to be the family solicitor, standing firm on my hearth-rug among the hard realities of the office furniture; while he prefers to fly around on one wing. I should not mind him doing that, but he drags me with him! . . . He has clung to me,

less from mischief than for companionship; I half like him and his penny whistle; with all his faults he is as Scotch as peat.'

Sir Walter Scott always looked to the dawn for a solution of his literary difficulties; indeed, he came to rely on his early morning thoughts. 'I lie simmering over things at night,' he said, 'and if they fail to reveal the wanted ideas, I say, "Never mind. I shall have them at seven o'clock to-morrow morning."'

Maeterlinck's wife said: 'When one is able to follow Maurice's experience, step by step, one gets a revelation of the formidable rôle played by the unconscious in our spirits. His work is not the result of mental attention only: it emanates from a force which is in perpetual movement, always awake, which acts unknown to him, and seems to take on a human voice to dictate to him those profound pages which he has written.'

Philosophers probably explain the Brownies by saying that, in men of genius, a fortunate relationship is established between conscious and unconscious mental activity, and that such a relationship is not a matter of education or discipline, but a gift of the High Gods; but I prefer to think of their work as the result of a magic connection, spun of 'such stuff as dreams are made on,' between our humdrum world and the Realm of Imagination. From this world the Brownies come, and perhaps it was of one of them that Masfield was thinking when he wrote:—

O wanderer into many brains,  
O spark the Emperor's purple hides,  
You sow the dusk with fiery grains  
When the golden horseman rides.

## THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

For the first time since his retirement, **Mr. Wilson** gives written expression to his views of the profound social and economic questions that are agitating the after-war world. His power to embody vital thoughts in a great message is here displayed afresh. **Philip Cabot**, a former *Atlantic* contributor, has had a varied experience — as clerk, trustee, promoter and manager of public-utility corporations, as banker, and finally, it seems, as religious mystic. He has now turned his energies to the work of King's Chapel, Boston. ¶ Readers who went 'Up Eel River' with **Margaret Prescott Montague** (June *Atlantic*) may meet again that mythical and superhuman lumberman, Tony Beaver, in 'The To-day To-morrow.' **Mary E. L. Hennigan** is a Chicago school-teacher, a graduate of the University of Chicago, and a former pupil of Robert Herrick. She writes: —

To give all sides of a situation as many-faceted as that in Ireland at present would, even for the *Atlantic*, be quite impracticable. Yet I dared to hope you might print just one more point of view, that of the simple lover of the plain Irish. I have read and studied about Ireland since I have understood words of one syllable, visited it four times, twice in the last two years. I live in a suburb of Chicago, on three gorgeous acres of cherry, apple, pear, and plum blossom, with 'Himself,' three boys, and the baby, dogs, pigeons, chickens, ducks, and flowers. I take care of them all.

\* \* \*

**Samuel McChord Crothers** is Minister of the First Church (Unitarian) of Cambridge, Massachusetts, and famous to *Atlantic* readers as essayist and philosopher. **Margaret Sherwood**, professor of English literature at Wellesley College, is an old *Atlantic* contributor. ¶ From his post of observation in East Africa, **Hans Coudenhove** sends us the accumulated evidence of eighteen years concerning the status of woman in Nyasaland. **Edward Yeomans** is a Chicago manufacturer, the author of

*Shackled Youth*, and a leader among the new thinkers upon education. ¶ Author of 'The Ship' in this number of the *Atlantic*, and of 'The Sailmaker,' and his cat, in the July *Atlantic*, **Arthur Mason** is an old salt who in forty years of sea-faring has sailed on more than fifty ships. ¶ Author, dramatic critic, and professor of dramatic literature at Columbia University, **Brander Matthews** has written many volumes on literary and dramatic criticism. **Sara Teasdale** has a secure place among American lyrical poets. She is the author of *Rivers to the Sea*, *Flame and Shadow*, and other volumes.

\* \* \*

For a number of years it has been a part of the official duty of **Archer Wall Douglas** to keep in touch with business conditions all over the United States. He is one of the vice-presidents of the Simmons Hardware Company. **Helen McAfee**, associate-editor of the *Yale Review*, sends us expert criticism of the literary by-productions of the Great War. **Elizabeth Choate** is one of the younger generation of essayists becoming well known to *Atlantic* readers. **Harvey Wickham**, a traveled and a traveling essayist, confesses with both embarrassment and pride that he is the author of four books of detective stories.

\* \* \*

**Walter Lippmann**, formerly associate-editor of the *New Republic*, and now on the staff of the *New York World*, sends us this carefully considered and keen analysis of Senator Borah's plan to outlaw war. **Ian D. Colvin** is the leading editorial writer on the *London Morning Post*. He makes his first contribution to the *Atlantic* in this number. ¶ Student and critic of political forces, **E. T. Raymond** adds to his earlier *Atlantic* portraits these incisive studies of certain members of the new British Cabinet. **Ralph Butler**, already well known to our readers through his paper on 'Little Missions,' in the *Atlantic* for May 1922, is

an Englishman and a member of the Reparations Commission. He writes from Berlin.

\* \* \*

Mr. Arliss's attractive paper has brought us letters from a small multitude of people seriously interested in stage theory and practice. Every theatre-goer will, we think, wish to read the following comment from a famous critic and successful playwright, who lately paraphrased an old adage with signal discrimination when he hitched his play to a bright particular star.

MY DEAR ARLISS,—

I have just read with pleasure and substantial agreement your article in the *Atlantic Monthly*. It pleased me none the less for including a most effective puff of my 'Playmaking.' The anecdote would have been all the more telling if you had added, 'the author of which had never written a play'—which would have been true to all intents and purposes. Who was the actor-dramatist, by the way? The author of 'The First Year'? I forget his name.

While we are on the subject, the title of my book is not *How to Write a Play*. I should have regarded that as far too dogmatic. 'Playmaking' suggests, I hope, a discussion rather than an *ex cathedra* deliverance.

I am entirely with you in thinking that the modern young man, with his symbolism and expressionism, and all the rest of it, is butting into a blind alley. All such movements (to change the metaphor) are mere eddies in the current. They alter the surface aspect of things for a moment, but don't make the Mississippi run backwards or flow into the Atlantic instead of the Gulf of Mexico. Such stuff as *Six Characters in Search of an Author* has no future. It is freak work of momentary interest, if any—it had none for me. I think it's quite likely that there will be a large departure before long from our current three-or-four-act technique. I have myself written an historical play in seven scenes, instead of acts. But such matters as act and scene division are wholly nonessential. The great point is that there is no symptom of people being permanently attracted by any play which does not tell an interesting story through the medium of recognizably human characters.

I think you are inclined to exaggerate the element of convention inseparable from the best stage-work. The true glory of the modern stage is precisely that it has reduced convention to a minimum. I should say your own acting was a case in point. The fact that it is minutely studied and adapted to the optic of the theatre does not render it conventional. Perspective, in

painting, is not rightly called a convention; the convention is in the willow-pattern plate which ignores perspective. Champions of the soliloquy and the aside (I don't seriously accept you as one of them) are fond of saying, 'You can't get rid of the great convention which removes the fourth wall of a room; therefore there's no good in boggling at any minor conventions.' But this is awful rot. There is *no* convention in the removal of the fourth wall. Nature, in forgetting to provide us with eyes in the back of our heads, has effectually 'removed the fourth wall' of any given room for us, at any given moment. In a modern interior set we see exactly what we are seeing every day of our lives. That is why it at once strikes us as ludicrously incongruous if a gentleman walks into such a room, and says, 'Ha! this dear old drawing-room! How glad I am to see it again after seventeen years' absence as a tea-planter in Assam; and there, over the mantelpiece, exactly where it used to be, is the portrait of my old dad in the uniform of the Blankshire Yeomanry! I have a strong suspicion that he did not die a natural death, but was poisoned by my wicked stepmother, now Marchioness of Carabas. Ha! here she comes! I must dissemble.' (*Enter the Marchioness, back C.*)

Of course, I am not denying that there *is* an element of convention even in the most delicately faithful modern art. But it is a pity to admit too much *vis-à-vis* the latter-day paradoxist—for if you give him an inch, he will take an ell.

On the question of dialect parts, I, as a Scotchman, must venture, with some slight reservations, to disagree. To carry the war straight into the enemy's country: I appeal to you as a Londoner, to say whether we ought to have had Watkins played by an American actor? Of course, it is possible to lay on dialect too thick, as your actors seem to have done in *The Professor's Love-Story*. There are some Scottish dialects which I myself could not understand. In Barrie's plays the dialect must be *generalized*; but any reasonably skillful Scotch actor can do that. Is not Harry Lauder comprehensible all the world over? I shall never forget the torments I endured in listening to the 'Scotch' of the actors in Barrie's *Little Minister* as done by Maud Adams in 1899. True, it went down all right with the Brooklyn audience; but it would have been easy to find Scotch actors who would have made the unskillful laugh just as much and would not have made the judicious grieve. Several English actors have been fairly good at Scotch, but none, I think, *quite* convincing. And when you come to Ireland—conceive *The Playboy of the Western World* acted by an English or American company! How intolerable is

the American-stage Englishman, and the English-stage American! As for stage Frenchmen, it is no doubt true that the conventional type will go down at least as well with the average English audience as the genuine article. It is a case of the public which applauded the man who imitated a pig's squeaking, and hissed the man who had a real pig under his cloak. But I can recall one or two Frenchmen who were very effective in French characters. Surely you must remember Mons. Marino at the old Strand.

I don't believe in the revival of incidental music (in serious plays) any more than I believe in the revival of the soliloquy and the aside; but I can give you a striking instance of the power of music (*any* music) over the emotions. In 1918 I went to Evian on the Lake of Geneva, to see the *rapatriés* from the occupied districts in the north of France reënter their native country. They came in in two daily batches of many hundreds in each, and immediately on their arrival were marched down to the great hall of the Casino where a simple meal—bowls of coffee, rolls, etc., awaited them. I sat in the gallery and watched them. Every place at the long tables was occupied by the dead-weary, listless, one would have said quite unemotional, crowd. But, after ten minutes or so, a band struck up some military march. I did n't know it, but it was a lively air, and I am sure it had no special emotional appeal. Yet before ten bars of it had been played, every soul at these tables (*except* the children) was in tears! It was one of the most curious effects I ever saw. This was the evening arrival. I was again present at the entertainment of next morning's crowd. This time a choir of girls sang the *Marseillaise*; but it had n't anything like the same appeal. There was perceptible emotion, but not universal. Evidently the great effect of the previous evening had lain in the mere instrumental *tone*.

You must thank for this long screed the interest of your article.

Ever yours,  
WILLIAM ARCHER.

\* \* \*

In February we began a discussion of Japan's recent attitude toward armament, entitled, 'Japan: A Sequel to the Washington Conference.' The discussion still continues. We are glad to print a letter from David Starr Jordan, Chancellor Emeritus of Leland Stanford Jr. University, critical of that article.

Dear Atlantic,—

Without questioning a single statement of this well-informed author, I think that the publication of this article, with its implication of bad

faith on the part of Japan, is most unfortunate. This discussion, with similar statements from less competent authors, has tended to revive the feeling of suspicion toward Japan—for the time allayed by the Washington Conference—and the notorious sequence of suspicion is fear, hate, and open move toward war. There are but two powers in the Pacific, and in each the war authorities speak of the other as 'the enemy'—impersonally of course, but there is no other 'enemy' to be considered. Our habit of discussing 'the enemy' has been the main support of militarism in Japan since Russia abandoned the unpleasant rôle.

This much is clear. The letter and spirit of the Washington Conference has been more fully respected in Japan than anywhere else. Japan, as a nation, has no longings for the Philippines—would not and could not take them even as a gift; if she wastes money in fortifying her own off-shore islands, Bonin, Amami-Oshima, or the Riukiu, it is her business not ours: her people as a whole crave the closest friendship with the United States; on both sides considerate treatment and a civil tongue in the Foreign Office are worth more than battleships; for us to allow international questions to be decided by local referendum is a dangerous policy; nations like nervous dogs flare up after ill-considered barking; and, finally, war in the Pacific for any cause would be a world calamity of the first magnitude. To us there could be but one catastrophe more awful than war with Japan, and that would be war with Great Britain.

Every dollar spent sincerely for peace counts more for 'security' than a thousand spent on munitions. There will be no war in the Pacific unless we force it.

\* \* \*

Dickens, we find, wrote about 'The Experience of Dying' long before Dr. MacKenzie's paper in the May *Atlantic* and asked a question which the philosophers have n't answered yet.

DEAR ATLANTIC,—

I have just been reading Dr. MacKenzie's article on 'The Experience of Dying,' and it has brought back to my memory the first time I read *Our Mutual Friend*—not many years after its publication—and a question Dickens asked there of which I have often been reminded since. When Rogue Riderhood's body had been fished out of the river and carried to Miss Abbie's house, they were working over it to see if they could bring it back to life; and while the result was still doubtful the author asks, 'If you are not gone for good, Mr. Riderhood, it would be something to know where you are hiding at

present. This flabby lump of mortality that we work so hard at, with such patient perseverance, yields no sign of you. If you are gone for good, Rogue, it is very solemn, and if you are coming back, it is hardly less so. Nay, in the suspense and mystery of the latter question, involving that of where you may be now, there is a solemnity even added to that of death, making us who are in attendance alike afraid to look on you and look off you,' etc.

You will remember that they did finally revive him, but where was he in the meantime? Was he in the same place or state or whatever you choose to call it that he would have been if he had not been rescued from the water? Where was Dr. MacKenzie in those periods which he describes so vividly? Can the question be answered?

EDWARD ROBINSON.

\* \* \*

'And since I never dare to write as funny as I can,' wrote a famous counselor of the *Atlantic*. The author of the happy burlesque in a recent issue of the Club may well make a like resolution after considering all that the National Trade Extension Bureau of the Plumbing and Heating Industries has to say:—

GENTLEMEN,—

In the 'Contributors' Club' of your April 1923 issue, you give publication to an article entitled 'The Plumber in Residence.' Where in the world the authors of such things get their ideas from is a matter of wonder. *The facts* are all entirely in conflict with the impression of the plumber, which things such as this present.

Out of a nation-wide contact with the trade, and as a result of exhaustive research into the facts and figures of the business itself, it is clearly proved—first, that the usual plumbing dealer or heating contractor, considering capital investment, technical knowledge required, and time spent on business, reaps a smaller return than the general run of business men; second, that the grievances charged up as faults of the plumber are 999 times out of 1000 the faults of the householder or property-owner.

A careful reading of this particular article, and a logical analysis leads irresistibly to the conclusion that the plumber is not only a necessary, but a praiseworthy servant of the community. The unfortunate fact exists, however, that the average reader is neither logical nor analytical. Consequently the impression that

the average reader gains from this thing is going to be along the line of contrast between the plumber's Buick and the householder's Ford; or between the plumber's superiority and the householder's condition of helplessness.

As a matter of truth the plumber is not the incompetent bungler that he is so often pictured as. On the contrary he is the highly skilled mechanic and designer who invents, installs, and maintains the intricate and efficient means of sanitation, without which the modern community would be impossible. He is not the conscienceless profiteer who is so often held up to scorn. On the contrary, he is too often the man who, through modesty or a lack of financial acumen, fails to charge his customer at all adequately for the result of that customer's own ignorance and stupidity.

Under the circumstances, we would appreciate some indication from you of the reaction to this communication. In it we hope we have seemed as dignified and courteous as we have tried to be. Some small published amends in your magazine would undoubtedly be gratefully received and noticed by the industry we represent.

Cordially yours,

THE NATIONAL TRADE EXTENSION BUREAU.

As ever the plumber is at the community's service. We advise no one to attempt to dispense with him.

\* \* \*

An irresistible impulse impels us to reprint from the *Erie Railroad Magazine*, this successful thrust at an Atlantic 'pote.' Railroadng gives a background for literary criticism we had n't expected.

A pome in the February *Atlantic* contains this line:—

Of the dim places where the moonlight burned.

Well, we have seen the moon from a vantage-point in the Bad Lands; from Good Ground, L. I.; from the top of Laramie Peak; from a ranch in the Jim River Valley; from the Prado and the Malecón at Havana, Cuba; from a distillery roof in Louisville, Ky., and a brewery in Milwaukee; from the top of the Chicago Annex and a lumber pile at Escanaba, Mich.; from a ship of the Ward Line in the Caribbean; from Skowhegan, Oshkosh, Kalamazoo, Oostburg, Sarnia, Pewaukee, Oconomowoc, Kewaskum, Painted Post, and Skaneateles; also from Hoboken, N. J. — but we never saw it burn, smoke, or even smoulder.